

IN FREE AMERICA

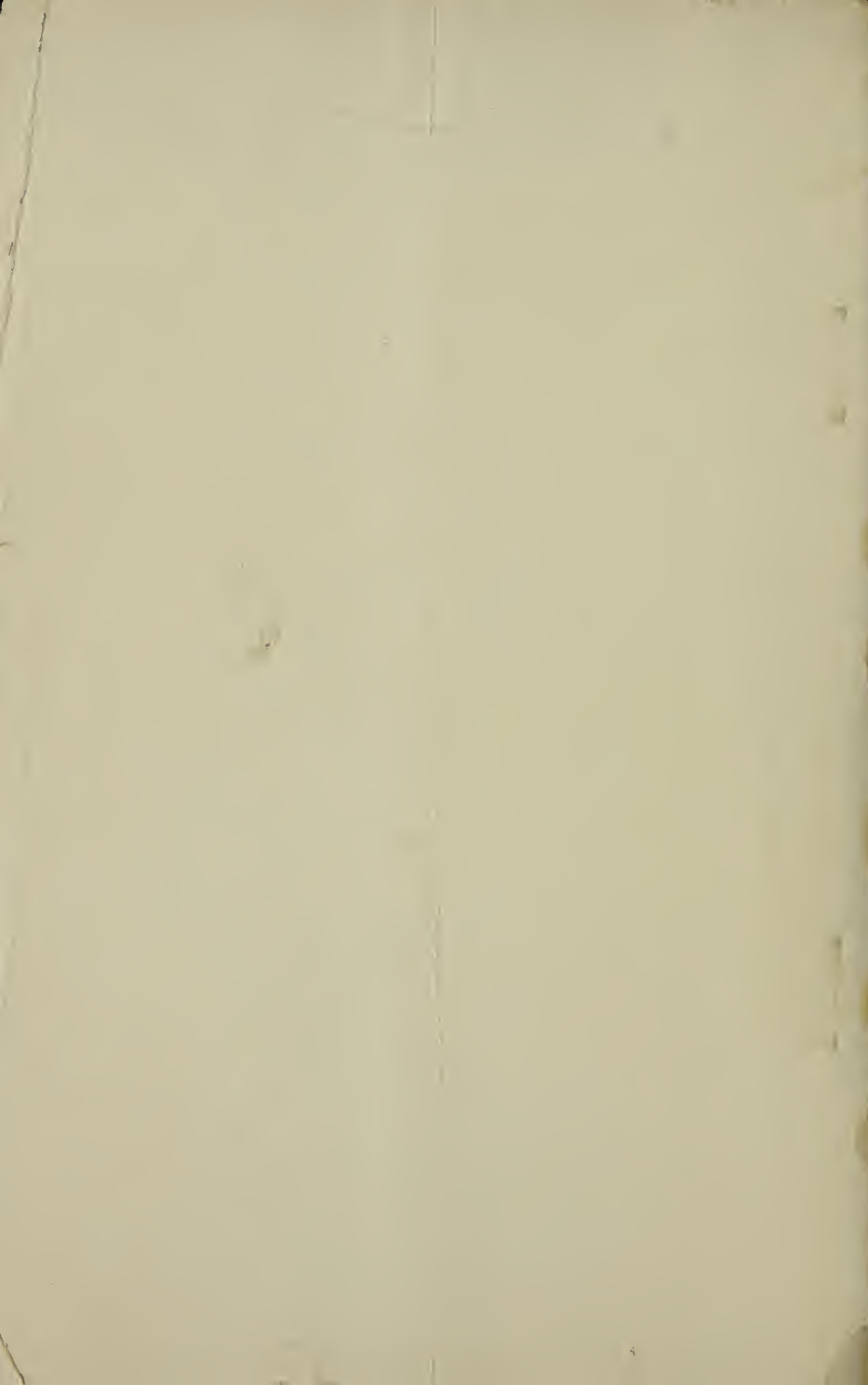
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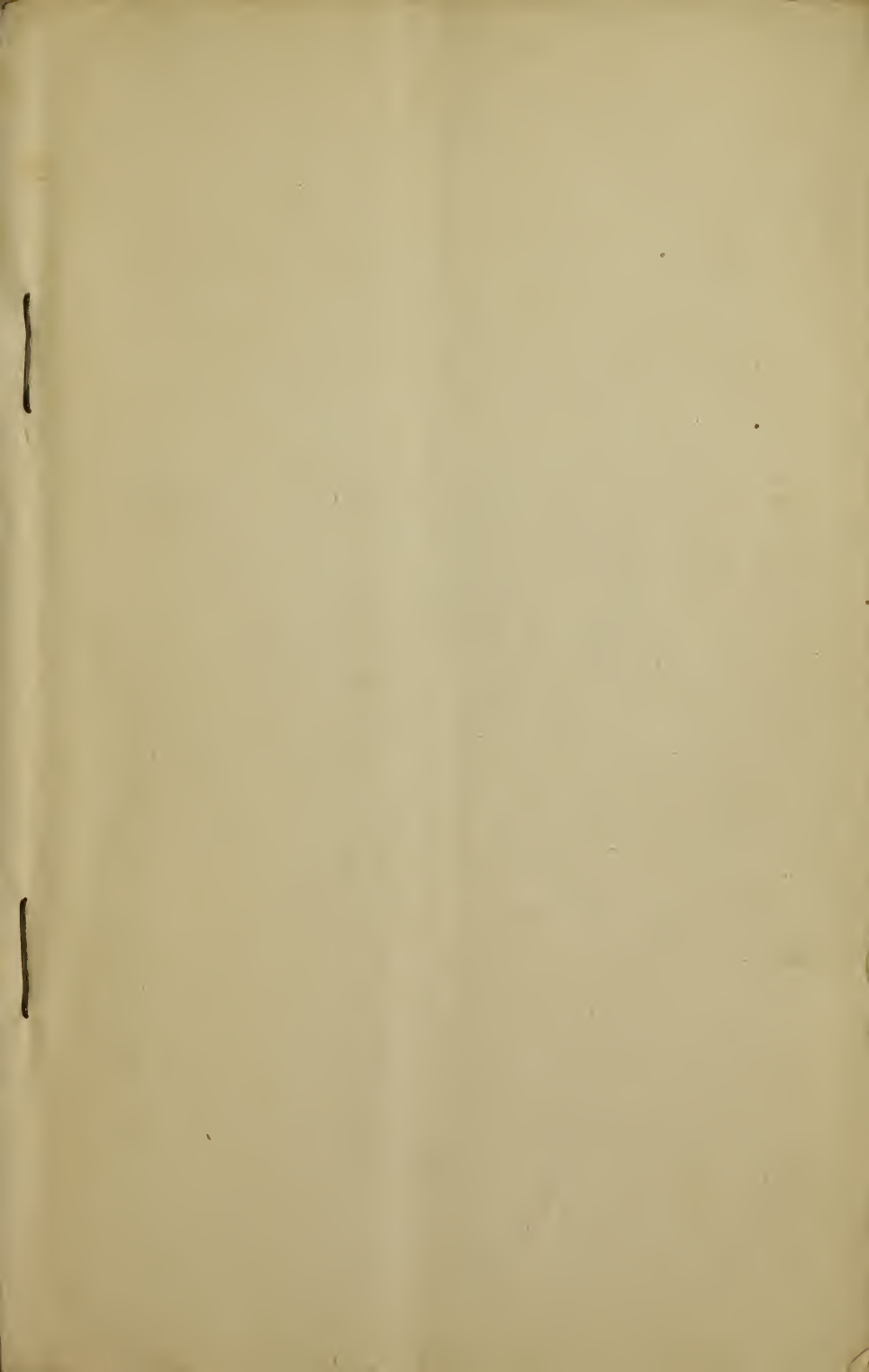
ELLEN F. WETHERELL

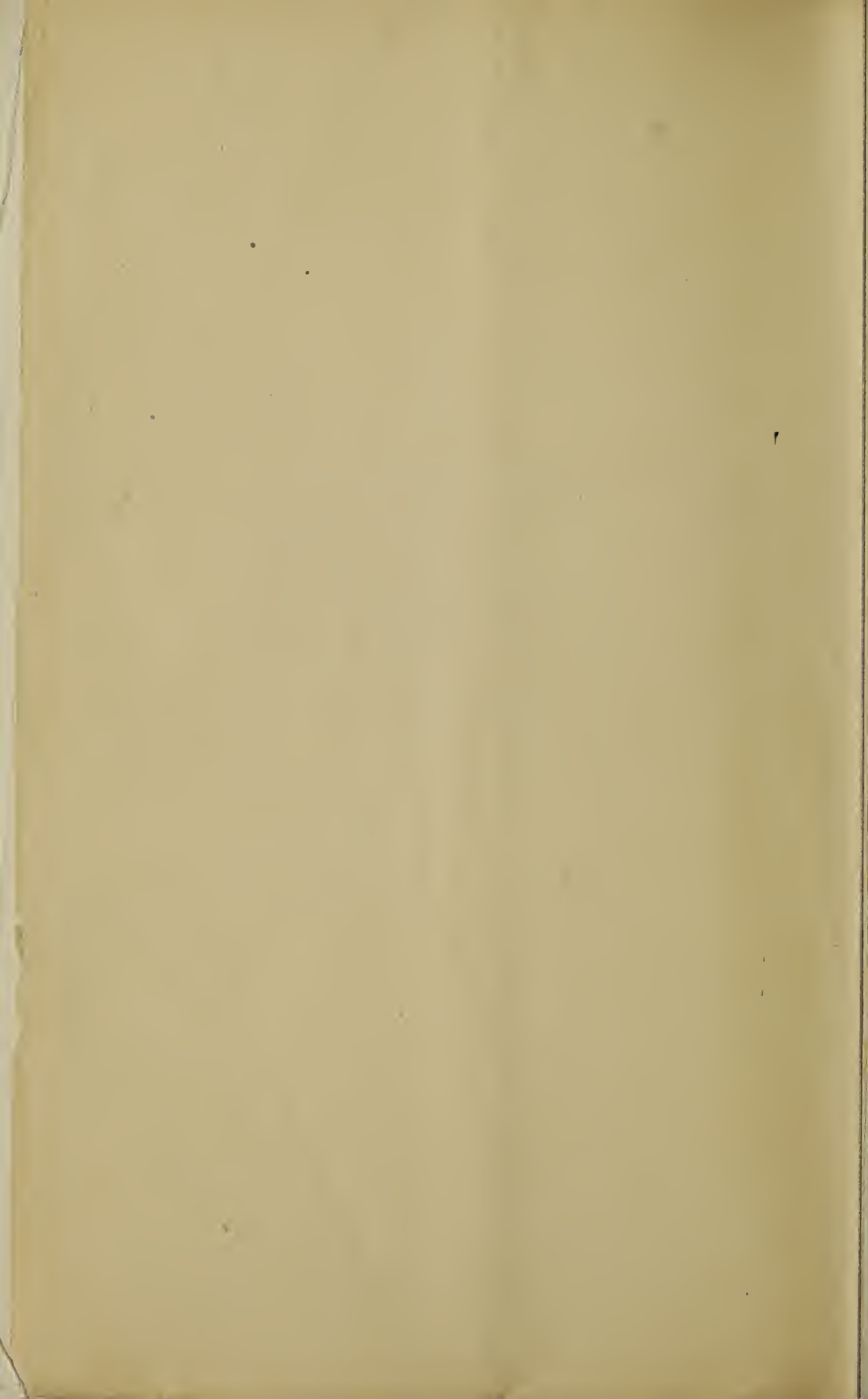


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“RIDDLED FROM THE WAIST UP.”

(See page 22.)

IN FREE AMERICA
OR
Tales from North and South

BY
ELLEN F. WETHERELL



With introduction by
Hon. ARCHIBALD GRIMKÉ
American ex-Consul to Santo Domingo

BOSTON, MASS.
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Dedication.

TO MY SISTER :

MY INSPIRER, MY GUIDE, MY COMPANION,
IN THE WAYS OF JUSTICE,
THESE SKETCHES ARE LOVINGLY INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR.





HON. ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKÉ.
American ex-Consul to Santo Domingo.

INTRODUCTION.

As "good wine needs no bush," I am sure that Miss Wetherell's sketches from real life in *free America* need no word of introduction from me. For they have the rare merit of simplicity, and of going straight to the heart of the wrongs which they depict. I found them frank, sympathetic, natural, and breathing throughout an air of human brotherhood and liberty. In a land where so much of the national life is out of joint with justice and equality, this little book is the brave attempt of a brave woman to set that life right with the fundamental principles of the Republic. It has, therefore, my hearty wishes for its abundant success as it issues from your press on its noble mission.

ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKÉ.

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PREFACE.

DURING the year 1896 there were one hundred and forty persons lynched in the United States.

In March of the year 1897 in the state of South Carolina a colored woman and her son were taken to a public square and there whipped to death for a slight misdemeanor.

In the same state and county a black man was lynched by the white people of his town, merely on suspicion of being an incendiary.

A short time ago two women, mere girls, were hanged in Florida without a trial.

In 1898 but a few miles from New Orleans a Negro was dipped in kerosene oil, bound to a stake, and burned to death in the presence of the town's population.

In the same year in Texas six Negroes, charged with arson, but afterwards proved to be innocent, were lynched.

Recently in Kentucky in the presence of assembled thousands a colored citizen of the state of Illinois was lynched in the most cruel manner, because charged with the murder of two young girls; although, as was afterwards proved, he was forty miles away at the time.

In Louisiana in the present year two Negro brothers were lynched, and their mother and sister severely whipped, because they would not or could not tell of the hiding-place of a Negro charged with shooting a white man.

In the same state in 1899 an old man and his son were lynched for protesting against the arrest, by officers, of a Negro who had slapped a white child.

In 1897 in Mississippi three hundred "respectable citizens" marched to a schoolhouse and murdered in cold blood an educated, well-behaved young teacher, a mulatto, Frank B. Hood, because he wrote a so-called insulting letter to a member of the school board.

No arrests were made for any of the above *murders*, for they expressed the sentiments of the governing class.

E. F. W.



Yours for Equality.
Ellen F. Weatherell.

IN FREE AMERICA.

In Free America.

MY sister and I walked slowly down the sandy Florida road leading to Christian Johnson's. It was a cold, windy day in late February. Over in a field on the branch of a dying orange-tree a mocking-bird was sweetly singing. We passed a low pine wood, where lean cattle were pulling at the brown sparse grass. We also passed a row of whitewashed cabins, and came upon some children playing in a yard. Their skins were a little darker than our own, and their hair curled tightly to their heads. We stopped to inquire of them the way. "Dar's Johnson's," said one, pointing a little yellow finger straight to an unpainted house farther down. The child's voice was as sweet as a silver bell, but her idiom was suggestive, and I said to my sister, "A case of neglected education?" My sister said, "*Those children's ancestors, their fathers and their mothers, for many generations, were whipped, aye, even whipped unto death, for daring to try to learn to read.*"

We found Christian Johnson at the back of his house sawing wood. He was a lithe, dark-skinned, intelligent-faced man, with teeth as white as milk. He came for-

ward, greeting us pleasantly. He said his wife was not at home; would we go in and wait? Assenting, we were shown into the "parlor." It was a large room, unplastered and uncarpeted. Its furniture was simple, consisting of two neatly made beds at one end, a pine table, a few rude chairs and a small stove. There were wide cracks in the walls, through which the wind whistled and the sand silently drifted. Our host, seeing we were cold, opened the kitchen door and called loudly, "Della." A bright-looking child immediately responded. "Fetch some wood fo' the fire," said he. Quickly the child returned, her arms full of "fat-wood." This she skilfully arranged in the little stove, then drawing a match across its rough edge she laid it against the resinous mass. The flame flashed and leaped and went roaring up the long chimney.

"Your daughter?" asked my sister, her eyes kindly following the little girl's movements.

"Granddaughter," said he laconically.

He turned his chair away from us as he spoke, tipping it sidewise against the wall, his long legs thrust out to the fire. There seemed a slight embarrassment in his manner.

"We are from the North," said my sister after a silence — "Yankees."

"Yes," said he, his eyes still upon the fire.

"The Northern people are your friends, are they not?" asked my sister.

Our host showed his white teeth pleasantly and shook his head. "Not all of them," said he.

"Does Della attend school?" said my sister.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied; *she's* having a chance what her father an' her mother never had."

"Were they slaves?" asked my sister.

"Father was; mother ain't thirty year yet."

"Were you ever a slave, Mr. Johnson?" asked my sister.

"All my life till 'Mancipation Act," said he.

"And now you are a free man and a citizen of the United States?"

Our host dropped his chair to the floor, wheeled it facing us.

"Yo' means a voter?" said he.

"Yes," said my sister.

"Oh, I votes," replied he scornfully, turning away from us again.

"And your vote is counted?" My sister asked the question hesitatingly.

"*Counted out allers*," he said emphatically.

"Have you voted here in Red City?" continued she, unabashed.

"Yes, once; ain't lived here long."

"Where did you live before coming here?"

"Up in Mad's'n County," said he; "the mos' *re*-belious county in the state of Florida."

“And that was where your vote was ‘always counted out’?” continued my sister with Yankee persistency.

The legs of our host’s chair dropped to the floor with a crash. He jumped from his seat, went to the door and called loudly, “Della.”

Again the bright-faced child responded.

“Fetch mo’ wood for the fire,” said he.

She disappeared, and again returned with more pitch knots. Again the flame blazed and leaped and roared. I leaned forward to its warmth. Christian Johnson turned his chair toward us. His embarrassment was gone. “Do yo’ want toe shear about ’lection up in Mad’s’n County?” said he.

“We do,” said my sister quietly.

“Then I’ll tell yo’ what I *knows*, what I *knows* toe be true, what I *knows* *has* happened an’ *is* happenin’ in the mos’ *re*-bellious county in the state of Florida. A lil’ over one year ago, when I’s e a-livin’ up there, a ’lection took place. I never tooks no great interest in votin’, fo’ I *knows* ’tain’t much use, but a frien’ of mine, who was allers fightin’ the wrongs, asked me toe go down toe see the votes counted, so I went. There was three inspectors chosen toe do the work. One of them chosen was a colored man. That night them three inspectors was sittin’ inside the rail with the ballot-boxes befo’ them; my frien’ an’ me was outside with some others. Sudden the do’ opened an’ fo’ men



NEGRO CABIN, RED CTY, FLORIDA.

walked in. Two of them men stopped at the do', the other two went straight to them ballot-boxes, sayin' no word to nobody, swept their arms clar round 'em, votes an' all, an' marched out again, them other two followin'."

"And you, you," broke in my sister, "sat there and allowed that thing to be done, that robbery of robberies?"

Mr. Johnson smiled grimly. "*Fo' men a-carryin' fo' Winchesters wa'n't toe be trifled with.*"

My sister nodded her head, and he went on: "Now lemme tell you, my frien' who was a-lookin' on said: 'This ain't right; this am an injustice; this am stealin' of the worst kind; this am against the law of the land,' an' he went an' *com*-plained of them toe Mad's'n County; an' what yo' think, lady, Mad's'n County did?"

My sister shook her head.

"Mad's'n County laughed, jes' laughed in his face an' tole him toe help himself if he could. Now," said he, extending a long forefinger toward us, "that man, that *in*-former was doomed, an' he knew it. He knew it when he made that *com*-plaint, but it done make no difference toe him, he done it jes' the same; he wanted justice done toe them votes. He wanted the black man toe have his rights."

My sister drew nearer to the fire. Suddenly she felt cold. There was a chill in the air. Mr. Johnson, never heeding, his long forefinger still extended, went on:

“Wait, lemme tell yo’ the rest. One night when there was no moon a-shinin’, when there was no stars a-lookin’ down to see, one night when it was a-rainin’ black, my frien’ sat in his lil’ cabin with his wife an’ chillun, when sudden there came a knock on the do’. He trembled, fo’ he suspected what it meant. Another knock louder than befo’. At that my frien’ started toe see who was there, his wife pleadin’ and cryin’, ‘Doan go, for my sake an’ the chillun’s, doan go!’” Said he, ‘What has I toe fear. I’se done nothin’, an’ he opened the do’ wide. A man stood there with a mask over his face, an’ in his hand a *Win-chester*, an’ that man said, ‘We want yo’ outside.’ My frien’ knew what it meant then, an’ he said: ‘I’ll not go outside; I’se done nothin.’ Then, from the brakes befo’ the cabin, a dozen men sprang, an’ befo’ another word was spoke, their *Win-chesters* had done the work.”

“*Murder?*” said my sister, hoarsely.

“Murder,” said Christian Johnson, drawing his hands in a dramatic manner upward over his body. “*Riddled from his waist up.*”

“My God!” said my sister reverentially.

“Lemme tell yo’ mo’,” cried he excitedly; “lemme tell yo’ the res’. Somebody said, ‘I’ll *com*-plain of that murder to Tallahassee,’ an’ they did. An’ Tallahassee came down. Tallahassee came down with her eyes shut. Tallahassee came down with her ears stopped

up. Tallahassee looked, an' she hunted an' she scoured. But Tallahassee couldn't see nothin'. Tallahassee couldn't hear nothin'. She looked in at the sto's where them murderers was at work. She went intoe the offices where them murderers sat a-writin' with smilin' faces, but she never foun' nothin'. Tallahassee hunted in the hotels. She hunted in the churches. She hunted with blin' eyes. There was peoples talkin' all about her, speakin' loud the names of them men who killed my frien'. But Tallahassee's ears were stopped up, Tallahassee heard nothin' of them names. Tallahassee went home."

"And no arrests were made?" asked my sister incredulously.

"*Blin' men, be they the Government or not, never fin' nobody toe arrest,*" said Christian Johnson.

"And this was in 'Free America,'" said my sister.

"This *is* in Free America," replied he.

My sister and I walked slowly home through the heavy Florida sand. We passed the low pine wood with its spare brown grass. The lean cattle had been driven home. We passed the whitewashed cabins, but the dark-skinned children were gone. From the branch of the dying orange-tree the mocking-bird had flown with his song. We looked upward. High against the pale evening sky a flock of buzzards were hungrily wheeling earthward.

Anderson Hixon's Escape.

IT was midnight in Red City; a sultry, suffocating midsummer midnight, a black night, in which the sand roads, pine tracts and gray, barren fields were swallowed up. Occasionally a muttering of distant thunder ominously broke the stillness. From the thicket came the musical hum of insects. The odor of cape jasmine was rich upon the air.

Delsie Hixon leaned from her window to get a freer breath. Her heavy body palpitated with the heat. The mosquitoes swarmed in and out, and settled upon her. She heeded them not. She was talking to herself in a low musical voice. "I'se tole," said she, "that my boy mus' leave Red City, or he have toe be killed. I'se tole that my Anderson, my baby, mus' go away from his home, from his father and mother, or he'll have toe die. I'se tole he mus' go away from shere an' never come back no mo'. But I, his mother, I remembers hearin' the voice of the Court. I remembers hearin' the voice of that Court say, 'Not guilty, not guilty, Anderson Hixon, of the crime accused,' an' I remembers how I cried when I heard it, how I laughed when I heard it. An' I remembers how glad I was when my boy walked free out of that court. An' now I'se tole he mus' go away. I'se tole that the citizens of Red City

demands my Anderson goin' away. They say he can't live among them no mo'." Delsie folded her arms across her broad bosom and leaned farther out on the sill. "But I, his mother, say the law have pronounced him free; the Court have said, 'Not guilty,' an' his mother say he shall never go away, he shall live jes' where he chooses, an' that is right shere at home."

Delsie paused and drew back. Suddenly a red snake leaped from the threatening clouds and writhed across their blackness. A long, muffled roar followed. Still the mosquitoes sang in the thicket.

Delsie went on: "I remembers 'slavery days.' I remembers when I was lil' chile an' lived with my mother in the lil' cabin on the plantation. I doan' remembers no father. I expects that my massa was my father. I remembers the whippin's the black peop'les had. I remembers the deathblows the runaways got, an' the long hunts after them that was hid away in the swamps. I can see the dogs a-runnin' hard, with their red tongues hangin' out, an' their lank sides a-heavin'. I can hear their long, deep bay, an' their snappin' an' snarlin' when they done foun' the po' negro. I sees tonight the slave what runs pas' my mother's cabin a-bearin' 'cross his breast his lil' brother, bleedin' an' dyin', the houns behind comin' on faster an' faster. I knows of the awfulness of 'slavery days,' the ignorance, the degradation, the unrest, the rebellious feelin's

that made a runaway shoot hissself rather than be taken back ; then the prayers our peoples prayed toe God, an' how he seemed to have no mercy ; the lies we had toe tell toe escape the lash, an' the stealin' we had toe do toe keep from starvin', when it might have been better toe have starved."

Delsie stopped. Another fiery snake leaped from the clouds. Another prolonged roar broke the stillness. Delsie thrust her hand out into the night ; there was no rain upon it.

She went on : " I remembers the day when the word came, that word that made free men an' women of our black peoples. I remembers that day well, when them black men an' women an' lil' chillun were a-crowdin' roun' each other, an' cryin' fo' joy, an' a-shoutin' : ' We's free, we's free ! Glory ! glory ! We's free, we's free ! ' An' I sees the massas a-scowlin', some of them as pale as death. I hears them cussin' mad, so mad that they cannot bear it, an' go and shoot themselves like cowards. An' I sees mo' miseries an' still mo' after that free word comes ; the black peoples tryin' toe escape toe the North ; women an' lil' chillun sufferin', as if God had forgotten them ; then better days begin toe come, a light begins toe shine, an' the peoples up North say the black man mus' learn toe read an' write, an' they send teachers toe us, an' we begins to learn 'bout things. Then they say again up North, ' The black man mus'

have the right toe vote,' an' they give him that right. An' I remembers when Hixon voted for the first time, how feared he felt fo' hisself. I remembers well my marryin' Hixon, an' Ellen's comin' the next year, my first-born; then the two the Lord tooks, and after that my boy, my Anderson, such a handsome boy, favorin' his father. Anderson's free to go to school. An' I said, 'He shall learn everything that the white boys learn, an' shame his mother, who will work an' wash fo' his learnin'.' I remembers how those white boys laughed at him, an' called him a 'black nigger puttin' on airs'; how they set on him, caught him an' beat him till he cried, an' one of them said — him that hated Anderson 'cause Anderson turned on him an' struck him in the face — that he'd see him lynched some day. Nobody tooks my boy's part but the 'colored peoples, an' they didn't dare show their feelin's.

“One day came when Anderson was arrested for making love, they said, toe a white girl. How I laughed at that,—my Anderson boy making love; my baby, him only sixteen year. But the officers came an' took him, fo' he was accused of breakin' the law, they said. The white girl swore against him; an' him that hated my boy 'cause he wanted a schoolin' like the white folks had, swore toe, but there was them that knew mo', an' they tole their story, an' proved that Anderson was not guilty, fo' he was not there where the girl

said he was. They showed whats they calls an 'alibi.' Fo' three days the Court sat a-tryin' that case of Anderson's, tryin' hard toe prove him guilty, but the evidence couldn't convict him, an' they had toe let him go free. 'Not guilty,' said the Court on that third day. All the colored peoples believed it, an' some of the white folks toe. I believed it befo' the Court said so, fo' I believed in my boy."

Delsie stopped. Was there not a murmur of voices down the road? She brushed the mosquitoes from her arms and listened. From the bed came the heavy breathing of her husband; across the fields she heard the plaint of a mourning dove. "Some peoples goin' home from meetin'," said she reassuringly. She sniffed the air ecstatically. "The jessmin am powerful toe-night." Again came the murmur of voices.

At that moment the black night lifted; a white fire ran over the heavens, and in the lurid light she saw men fumbling at the locked gate. She heard an oath from a thick voice, and the blow of an axe. Delsie sprang from the window to the bedside of her sleeping husband. "Hixon," she cried, "awake! awake! There's enemies at the do'."

Hixon turned heavily, muttering that it was the thunder she heard.

A second blow rang through the house like a challenge.

Hixon sprang from his bed and into his clothes, crying, "Who am yo', an' what yo' want?"

"We want to see Anderson at the door," was the response.

"Anderson's sleepin'," said his father. "Tells me yo' business with him."

"To hell with his sleeping; it's Anderson we'll see or"—

Delsie threw herself before the bedside of her boy, who was awake and trembling.

"Save my chile," cried she. "Papa, save my chile! Doan' open the do', but shoot, shoot!"

Hixon grasped his rifle, thrust it through the window into the darkness, and called out:

"I knows yo' an' what yo's wants, an' I say in the name of the law, go away or I'll shoot!"

Instantly there was another blow, a noise of splintering wood. As the door fell, Hixon's rifle blazed; a sharp report, then came a sound of a smothered groan from the yard below. The rain began to fall, rattling over the roof like bullets. Again the night lifted, and by the light of the blazing sky Delsie caught sight of a group of men going slowly through the gate carrying something heavy between them. In the morning where the sunshine fell hot upon the sand, Delsie found a large can well filled with kerosene oil, a coil of rope and a sack of wood.

Some weeks after the affair, a physician's carriage was seen daily going in the direction of an unoccupied house in an obscure part of the city ; while a prominent citizen of the place was suddenly called away from home.

Today in Red City there lives a man with a lame leg. If you question him as to the cause of his infirmity you will receive no reply. Delsie Hixon knows the cause, but she is as silent as her husband ; but both will cautiously tell to a friend the story of their Anderson's escape from death by holocaust.

The Abolitionist's Daughter.

“THEY have to be dealt with like children.”

The speaker was a pretty woman with a sad mouth. She stood under an oleander-tree, dark-eyed and dark-haired, the scarlet blossoms against her white cheek.

“My father was a Boston Abolitionist, and I”—throwing up her chin — “was born in Boston. But one must live a long time here at the South to know what is best for the colored race. One should be among them to study their needs. I have been in Florida nearly ten years, and don't know yet what is best. Sometimes I think the right of franchise is detrimental to them and the State; but there is one thing true: they must be treated as children, for they are nothing else.”

My companion laughed a low, incredulous laugh. We had come out from Red City a few miles. It was very hot, and our pony's sides were working like a pair of bellows. We had missed our way, leaving the “shell road” at the wrong place, and the little mare had pulled hard through the deep sand.

“She must rest,” said our hostess, “beneath the umbrella-tree, while you come in and lunch with me.”

“Let us visit here in the shade,” urged my companion politely, “and not trouble you.”

"It is no trouble, and it is cooler inside," she replied. "And you need refreshment after so long a ride."

She led the way, as she spoke, past the red oleanders, up to a wide veranda, where, in a hammock, a yellow-haired baby slept.

"Mine," said she; then with a sad droop of her under lip, "it's father is not at home."

The room we entered was an artistic one. I should have known a Northern hand had arranged it. It was long, and had a dark, polished floor; there was a piano at one end. A folding screen, embroidered in quaint Chinese designs, stood near. Half hidden by the screen was a pretty tea-table with its ensemble of dainty china. From the tinted walls hung some bright water colors. There was a most inviting lounge, some cane rockers and an antique table for books. I took up the *Arena*, noticed the Boston *Transcript*, while the little lady made tea and talked to us.

A cool breeze stirred the lace curtains at the windows; the odor of the oleanders pervaded the room.

"I have a colored lad working for me," she said; "a very bright boy. I teach him reading and arithmetic; he is very fond of the latter—something rare, you know, for the negro to take to mathematics."

"Then they *are* teachable?" asked my companion somewhat ironically.

"A few of them," she replied. "I cannot say many,

for it would not be true. Their right to vote they abuse terribly."

"How so?" queried my companion.

"Their votes they sell, for money if they can; if not, for liquors, or maybe a stick of candy."

"Then there are *buyers* of votes?"

"Oh, of course!" she replied. "There are office-seekers, men of ability, who know that if they do not buy the colored vote a rival candidate will, and it is safer than intimidation."

"If that be true, what virtue does the white politician have that the black has not? Is the buyer better than the seller?"

"Oh, it is not virtue we talk of; it is a matter of intelligence. Cannot a man be a statesman, fitted to control men and national affairs, and yet have not morals?" said she. "The colored man is a child in politics; he has not the education for the right use of the ballot."

"You mean," said my friend, "that he is not smart enough to cope with the vote-buyers and vote-stealers."

"Well — hardly that," she replied. "But it takes brains to run a State, and the colored voters here are very ignorant."

"Why not teach them?"

"We are teaching them. Our colored schools are full and running over."

"I mean teach them honest politics."

"No, no," she replied hastily. "The whites are the rulers, and must be so always."

"By virtue of what?"

"By virtue of their superior intellects," said she decidedly.

"I have observed," said he, "that the workers here are mainly colored. The colored women labor at the washtub, iron, cook and scrub, send their little ones to school clean and neatly clad. The colored men work in the woods, cut and haul wood, plough the land, have care of the orange groves, in fact do much of the responsible work of the place, and yet you would 'treat them like children.' Did not Wendell Phillips urge that 'to ripen, lift and educate a man is the first duty'?"

"Yes, I know," she replied quickly. "But the white race must be the rulers."

"The blacks," said he, "do not wish to rule. What they ask is opportunity to make a living by their several capabilities; to have their rights sustained by law and public opinion; to have justice done them."

The Abolitionist's daughter shook her head. "It is a great problem to solve, and I want nothing to do with it."

My companion smiled pleasantly and arose.

"Before you leave," said our hostess vivaciously, "I would show you my incubator. I am a chicken-raiser. I have just commenced the business, and am looking

forward to great results from my work. You perceive I am close to the St. John's River, and can easily ship my spring poultry to the Northern markets. And then this white Florida sand is excellent for young chicks to run in."

As we turned away from the lively feather-balls, just picking their way into the light, leaving the pretty woman among them and her oleanders, I made the following observation to my friend:

"That lady owns that place. She lives there with her baby and a sister. The latter is a teacher of a kindergarten school in Red City. Her pupils are the children of the 'best families.'"

My friend touched the pony with the whip.

"Alas," said he, "for a State where the lips of its people are sealed against crime!"

The Shooting of the Deputy.

I WAS told the following story by an ex-Federal soldier, who had been "dying for thirty years" from a wound received at the Battle of Bull Run. He was a citizen of Red City at the time, and knew all the ins and outs of its social and political life.

One day we had been talking of the best place to buy groceries, when I said a neighbor of mine, a Texan gentleman, had advised me to trade at the store of Louis Hertz, a grocer on the "Boulevard."

The sick man laughed and said: "That is the worst place in the city. Hertz is a 'fire-eater' from South Carolina, and sells nothing but rum and kerosene oil."

"Rum?" I questioned incredulously. "Has not Red City a prohibitory law?"

"Yes," said he, "but what is law worth in Florida? And besides that, Hertz shot a man last year, and instead of the court hanging him as it ought, he was given a mock trial and acquitted, and is now sheriff of the county. He was deputy at the time of the murder."

I was interested. Here was more proof of that disregard for law and order for which, alas! Florida is notoriously noted; and I invited the ex-soldier to step into the porch and tell me what he knew in regard to

the affair. Readily assenting, he feebly crawled up the flight of steps and sat down beneath the vine. I gave him a robe to wrap about him. It was a sunny February day, but there was a chill in the light breeze. All about us hung the yellow jasmine, its perfume enchanting, intoxicating. The soldier pointed to the beautiful, trumpet-like bloom, his weary countenance lighting.

“You don’t see that beauty north in winter? That’s one of Florida’s charms.”

Then crossing his slim legs he gave a hollow cough and began :

“It was Emancipation Day of the year 1895, and the colored people of the city were to celebrate it by a picnic at Lake H——. Deputy Sheriff Hertz was detailed to go over with them to see that good order was kept, no outrages committed, and so on. There was another deputy sent to assist him in his work. Not the best of good-will existed between the two young deputies. I mean, rather, that Deputy Hertz was very jealous of his rights and would allow no interference from his associate, who was a very peaceable sort of a man, with, some people said, a *suspicion* of colored blood in his veins; but of the truth of that I know no more than you. His looks were decidedly those of a white man. There was a story that some of his ancestors were slaves up in Louisiana, and that may have been the reason of the hot Carolinian’s opposition to him.”

Mr. B—— stopped and wrapped his robe closer around him.

“The first day of January, the day of the picnic, was warm and pleasant, and I thought I would go over with the excursionists, just for the fun of the thing. I don’t love the colored people any too well, but they generally have a jolly time at their picnics, and it cheers a sick man to see happy faces about him. Usually the colored people that I have met have no appreciation of the Federal soldiers’ service to them, for all we brought them their liberty.”

“But did you, Mr. B——, enlist that the blacks might be free?” I observed.

“No; I enlisted and fought to save the Union, nothing else; I never took much thought for the slave. New Hampshire is a long way from South Carolina, you remember.”

“And New Hampshire Democrats?” began I.

“No, no,” said he quickly. “I was always a Republican, but not an Abolitionist. But to my story, before I get exhausted. I took the car that carried the two young deputies. The colored people were very happy. Some of them had been slaves, and they felt the dignity of the occasion. But the young element, who are as careless of what has been done for them by us Northerners as they are lazy, were for an eating and fooling time.”

"Thus proving their appreciation of their liberty," I interrupted.

"Well, maybe," replied he. "I liked it well enough that day, for, as I said, I went over to see fun. Old Mother Jackson was there. You may have seen her; she is past eighty; was a slave nearly fifty years. She hardly gets enough to eat these days, but that doesn't trouble her; for to be free is her happiness. As she sat there near the deputies, the tears rolling over her black cheeks, she began crooning a melody, in which I could catch the words: 'Bress de Lawd! Bress de Lawd! I'se a free black woman. I'se a free black woman by Massa Linkum's word, an' I'se gwine up to heaben a-leanin' on dat word. Bress de Lawd!'" There were not many there so really happy as Mother Jackson. Most of the crowd were young men and women, and there was the usual flirting and loud laughter.

"Outside it was a perfect day. The sky was like sapphire. The breeze, soothing as a lullaby, brought the fragrance of the oranges through the open windows. The groves were a beautiful sight. The luscious fruit, shining like gold balls through the green waxy leaves of the trees, was as tempting as that in the First Garden.

"Within the car Deputy Hertz sat watching the darkies, his young face sullen, his small eyes eager.

One colored chap was getting pretty lively. He had a bottle in his pocket, and had already taken a number of good drinks from it, perhaps nothing to hurt, only to make him talk the louder. He had a great deal to say about his freedom and Abraham Lincoln, as if that immortal man was a personal friend. I hardly think his bravado about himself was so objectionable to Hertz as was the name of Lincoln. Perhaps you don't know, Miss W——, that today in Florida the name of Abraham Lincoln is as badly hated as at any time during the war or after. In the colored schools the children are not taught one word about him,—the black teachers don't dare, I expect,—and I have failed to find a colored child under twelve years that is able to answer 'yes' when I ask them if they ever heard of President Lincoln. Maybe there are parents who teach their children, but in the schools that great name is never mentioned. So, as I said, I think the lively mulatto's talk about Lincoln—though he, I doubt, really knew what Lincoln did—maddened Hertz, who knew *just* what he did; and when the young fellow put his arm around the waist of his companion, a buxom colored girl, Hertz stepped forward and laid his hand on him. Of course the fellow resisted. Then Hertz, who is a small man, tried to arrest him, but the 'darker' was not to be arrested, and showed fight. The other deputy, seeing Hertz's trouble, came up to help,

and he laid his hand on the disturber of the peace in an authoritative way. That raised Hertz's ire to madness, and he cried out to leave the 'nigger' to him. The older deputy dropped his hand, but said he claimed a right to assist his brother officer in keeping the peace.

"Louis Hertz's black eyes flamed, a terrible oath fell from his lips. 'This is my business!' he cried. 'This nigger is my property.' The older deputy said nothing more, but inadvertently *put his right hand behind him*. I suppose Hertz saw the movement and interpreted it to his liking. Instantly he raised his revolver and fired. It was a good shot, well aimed. The deputy uttered a loud cry, threw up his hands and fell to the floor dead. Immediately lamentations went up from the colored folks. Some of them dropped on to their knees and began praying; some cursed; others fled in terror to the rear car. I went out to find the conductor, who at once reversed the engine, and we backed slowly into Red City. Deputy Hertz was handcuffed, and placed in the custody of the conductor. The dead deputy still lay upon the floor, the blood oozing from the wound. A dark pool had spread to Mother Jackson's feet. She saw it. Her black eyes dilated. She arose to her grand height, extended her right arm menacingly towards Hertz, and with her left hand pointing to the dead man, wailed forth:

"'Woe is me now! Fo' my soul is wearied because

ob murders. Fo' dis shall de earth mourn an' de heabens above be black. A wonderful an' horrible thing is committed in de land. Thus saith de Lawd: Behole mine anger an' my fury shall be po'ed out upon dis place. De blood ob dy kin shall be spilled because ob dis. Shall I not visit dem fo' dese things? Shall not my soul be avenged?'

"Hertz's face paled under the anathema, but he kept quiet, his eyes and ears alert. On arriving at the station, he was handed over to the authorities.

"The news of the murder spread quickly through the city, and great indignation was expressed that Hertz was in jail.

"That night bail was offered by his friends, and although in Northern States it would probably be a case of murder in the first degree, it was accepted, and the deputy went back to selling rum and kerosene oil until the time of his trial in April.

"Great heavens! what a farce that trial was! It lasted but a few hours. The darkies who saw the killing were brought forward as witnesses. Some of them were brought up and lied easily, said 'dey saw nuffin.' Mother Jackson was put on the stand, and took her oath that Hertz shot his brother deputy without provocation, 'jes' cos he forgots hisself and de Lawd.'

"I suppose my testimony that I saw the dead man put his right hand behind him — you see I was ques-

tioned closely on that — cleared Hertz, but I had to do it. I told the court there was no threat made by the older deputy against Hertz, no revolver drawn, nothing in fact to prove that Hertz had to shoot in self-defence.

“Hertz was allowed to talk, and he claimed he had to draw his revolver on his associate to preserve his own life; but nothing was proven, only that *the dead man put his right hand behind him*, but that meant *that he was about to draw his revolver*, therefore the prisoner was obliged to shoot his associate to save his own life.

“It was a clear case of self-defence, so said the Court, and Louis Hertz was pronounced a free man by its decision, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-five.

“Now, Miss W——, what do you think of that for American justice?”

The old soldier was out of breath; his voice was hoarse. He gave a rattling cough. The next moment he laughed good-naturedly. I expressed my surprise that he could laugh over so serious an affair. His sallow face wrinkled in a smile.

“I have lived here ten years, you remember; you only two months; you will get accustomed to things of this sort after a while, and not be disturbed.”

“Then I better trade at Louis Hertz’s store?” I inquired, with a suspicion of scorn in my voice.

“Oh, yes,” drawled my friend hesitatingly, “if you can find there what you want. But” — he leaned forward to me impressively — “keep your old Abolition ideas to yourself; don’t talk aloud of the *colored people* and *justice*. It won’t do. There are Northerners here, and many of them find Florida an excellent State in which to live. They enjoy the climate and keep quiet.”

“And don’t dare put their right hand behind them in company?” said I.

“No,” said he with another smile; “that’s not quite safe in Florida.”

Mr. B—— arose; tired and haggard he looked in the yellow sunshine. He plucked a bloom from the jasmine vine, stuck it in his buttonhole, touched his wide sombrero to me, and limped slowly out of the yard.

NEMESIS.

A posse of armed men encircling a mean log house on the edge of a Southern “hammock.” A hounded man, with murder written on his black face, at bay against the wrecked door, a revolver in his hand. Hot mists arising from the dank soil enveloping them. A tropical sun shattering rainbows against the mists. The sheriff of the county, one Carl Hertz, stepping forward and crying boldly: “Up with your arms in the name of the law!” The hounded man triumphantly thrust-

ing forth his hand. A flash of fire, a report, and the sheriff of the county dead, slain by a negro. Unconquerable, the black hand turned upon itself. A spark of fire, a report, the hounded man dead, slain by himself.

Such was the picture Red City produced six months after the "Shooting of the Deputy."

"In that murder," said a Northern man, "the law of Nemesis was strangely emphasized."

Slavery, 1900.

A MULE team carrying some dozen or more hard-visaged black men, and one white or, rather, yellow-faced "cracker," who wore a wide-brimmed hat, and had revolvers stuck in his belt, was in the habit of passing my house, going north every morning and returning to the city about sunset. At first I took but little notice of it. I heard the creak of the wagon wheels and the driver's "Gwa long" to the lazy mules. I saw the black faces, and supposed they were colored help working on some orange grove outside the city.

One night, about six o'clock, I went down to the fence that divided the "shell road" from my rented estate. The evening was a warm one in April. The magnolia-trees were in bud, and as I lingered to find a sweet bloom unfolding, I caught the familiar "Gwa long," and looked up. It was the every-day mule team with its cargo of men; but being nearer I now saw what before I could not see from the piazza of the house. I saw that the colored men were chained together, the driver being the only one left free. I saw that the "cracker," who had a face like unto Simon Legree's, carried, besides the revolvers, a Winchester rifle, the latter lying beside him, close to his hand. Most of the men were sullen-looking, and turned not their heads

to right or left. The overseer — for such he seemed to be — stared boldly and made a remark, probably jocose, for it caused the driver to show his white teeth for a moment. I stood watching them, puzzled, until the mules turned slowly into the street leading to the jail; then I exclaimed, “Convicts! The convict team!”

It was with greater interest, though saddened, that I saw them pass the next evening, and many evenings after. Sometimes there would be a lank bloodhound following behind the team.

One day, with a companion, I drove into the city. We passed the University, a beautiful brick building with palmetto trees bordering its green lawn, and stopped just beyond at a store. A deep trench had been dug at one side of the road for the purpose of laying water-pipes. While my friend traded I looked over the men at work in the trench. They were mainly colored, some twenty or so, both young and old; they had heavy faces, and some looked decidedly vicious. They did not work with any degree of energy or interest, but tossed up the soil in a careless, lazy way, as if it were nothing to them how much or how little they did. A Mr. L——, once a Massachusetts man, stood by; I knew him to be superintendent of roads, and I supposed he was the overseer of the black diggers. I spoke to him, asking if he hired those men, and remarked on their laziness. The man smiled broadly,

and said in an undertone : "Convict labor is usually not of the best."

My companion appearing at this point we drove on.

"Leave me at Mr. B——'s," I said ; "I have something to know before going North." I found the old soldier at work carving paper-cutters from orangewood. He shook his head pleasantly at sight of me. I knew he recognized my eager looks and deprecated my persistency. "What's in the wind now ?" he drawled.

"I have come down to be told more about Florida's prison system," I said ; "I wish to know all."

"How much do you know ?" said he.

"Not much," I replied. "I have asked my neighbors, but I find they know but little more. Every day since I came to the city I have seen that mule team with its load of prisoners pass and repass my house. Some of the men are chained together, and most of them are black. Once I saw a load of white convicts. I thought they were 'crackers,' or tramps. There are bloodhounds, too, following on."

"Well, what of that ?" said my friend, throwing a handful of cuttings into the fireplace. "Is it not pleasanter, for men sentenced to imprisonment, to work in the fields, rather than be shut up this fine weather ?"

"As I came down this morning," I said, ignoring his pertinent query, "I saw convicts down in a trench digging. I knew the superintendent of roads, and spoke to him, but he was not the guard of those men ?"

"No," said Mr. B——, "they are under the jail guard of Volusia County; they work in handy in keeping the roads in repair. That Massachusetts man is only overseeing the work."

"And what of those men that are carried every day out of the city and brought back every night?"

"All prisoners in the county jail serving their lawful sentence," said the old soldier.

"Lawful!" I said scornfully.

"They, too, are at work on the roads," continued he.

"Under that 'Simon Legree' cracker?"

"Yes, if you put it so."

"And if those men get fatigued, lose interest in their labor, and give signs of discontent?" asked I.

"They are *whipped to it*," said he coolly.

"And if they 'kick' against that?"

"*Shot!*" replied Mr. B——, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"And no questions asked?" said I.

"No questions asked," said he.

"Are there no prisoners in the jails or penitentiaries of Florida?" I asked.

"Very few are kept inside," replied he.

"I have been told that their labor is sold to contractors to work in the phosphate mines, and that the contractors are given full power over the men; *can whip, torture, punish in any form, and if they chose, kill, and the State makes no complaint.* Is this true?"

"*You have been told the truth*, Miss W——. The State has no right to interfere with any contractor after it has sold him the control of a prisoner."

"And I have also heard," I said, "that these phosphate mines are deadly to life, and a man can stand working in them but a short time."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. B—— smilingly; "I have never been inside of them."

"Now is this true," I continued earnestly, "that there were six negroes sent to the penitentiary for life last year for shooting a young colored man here in Red City, and those men were sold for ten dollars apiece to go into the mines to work as long as they could stand it, and the buyer, whom you call 'contractor,' holds full control over them as long as he wishes — *can kill them if he chooses.*"

"That is the truth."

He shut up his jackknife as he spoke, tossed more cuttings into the fireplace, arose and looked at me.

"Don't get too earnest over these things. Remember what I told you the other day. You came here for your health; you acknowledge our climate is charming; make the most of it. We all know that Florida's prison system is a barbarous one. There are many barbarous things in this world. Florida will work out of it in time, don't be in fear she won't."

"As I came down on the train," I said, "I saw a

gang of men at work in a field; they all had iron balls attached to their legs, and their clothes were striped, the stripes running round their bodies, the same as a circus clown. There was a driver, or you would say an overseer, carrying a long whip in his hand, and bloodhounds were jumping about."

"I see you are not to be stopped," said Mr. B——, going to the door and politely opening it. "I am a little tired today. Suppose we take a walk and find some magnolia blooms."

"There are none out!" I cried; "I hunted last evening."

"Then we'll go for cape jasmines, something delightful and fragrant."

"Ah, my friend, you will persist in shirking your duty."

"Duty!" said the old soldier, searching for his hat.

"Yes, your duty in not doing what you can to help change this awful system which is a disgrace not only to Florida, but to America. Why, it would not be tolerated a day in a Northern State."

"I know that, Miss W——, I know all that, but, as I have told you before, Northern men have to be quite cautious what they say and do in Florida against popular opinion."

"Of course to be popular," I broke in, "but why not do what is right and be unpopular? Again, one-half

of this city is made up of Northern people, who, if they wished, could be of great influence in politics and morality."

"They are of great influence," laughed Mr. B——, "sometimes unpleasantly so. The most influential man here is a Northerner, a manufacturer in Pennsylvania, and he takes great interest in the politics of the State, particularly of this city; so much that he buys up the colored vote in order to strengthen his party at the polls."

"If all men and women from the North," said I, "were as loyal to themselves and their country as they claim they were before coming here to locate, Florida would have better and purer politics than it has today. I know a dozen men from Massachusetts who have told me they never vote here. I have to think they take no interest in anything but the price of oranges."

"Very likely," drawled my friend; "possibly the climate makes us lazy in these matters."

"But you need not turn 'fire-eater' because of the climate. Buy up the negro vote, and if that is impossible always (for it is, as I know many of the colored men are true), count out their votes. And it's not only climatic apathy that makes the Northerners what they are," I continued; "it is because they are afraid. They are cowards, most of them, and caste holds them; so they run down the colored man, cheat him out of

his rights as a citizen, tar and feather him, shoot him, and ignore him socially, in order to gain the respect of the 'pure Floridian.'"

"Bah! The North should keep its 'clackers' at home."

We were by this time far up the street, the old soldier bland and undisturbed. We lingered at the gate of my house. A banana-bush was growing there; beautifully pink it looked in the brilliant sunshine.

"Sweeter than honey," I said, breaking a dozen blooms from the stalk and placing them in his pale hands. "Take them and crush them, and you'll have sweetness unqualified for the rest of the day."

"I am thinking," he said abstractedly, "about that abominable prison system, for it is abominable, I acknowledge."

"And it must be changed," I said. "Public-sentiment must be changed and aroused, and it is to the Northern settler you must look for help."

"I am afraid," said the old soldier quizzically, "that the Northern settler is too much settled to change his opinions easily."

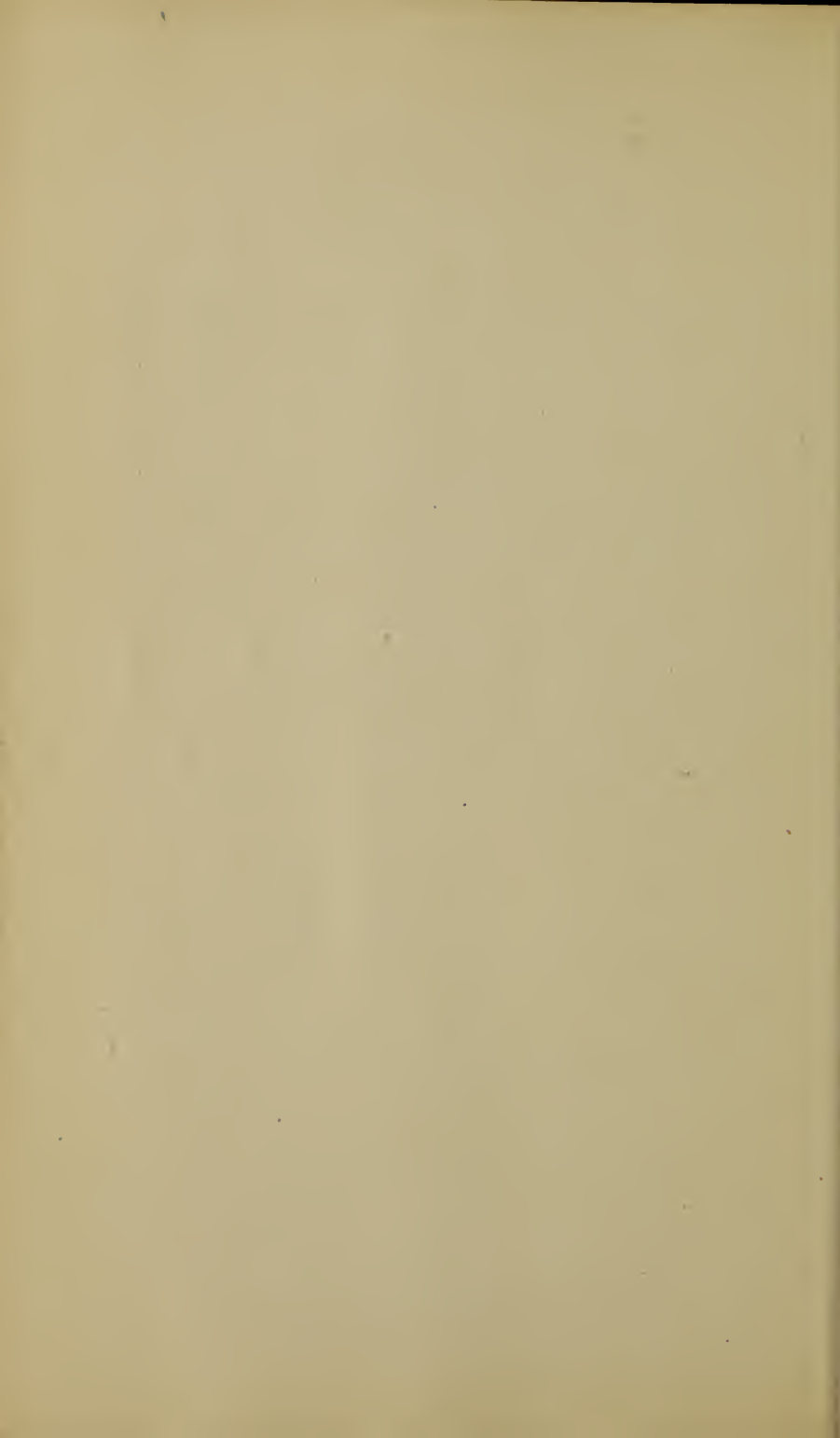
"But, punning aside, do you not love Florida, Mr. B——, and is not her disgrace yours and every true American's?"

"Yes, I love Florida," said he seriously, "and her disgrace is mine and every loyal American's, but," play-

fully, "is not this a warm day, Miss W——? The sun is too hot for you here; under that umbrella-tree it is cool and delightful; swing your hammock there and dream."

"I will!" I cried, "and dream of that day when Florida shall be redeemed from its unjust laws, its ignorance and sin."

My friend touched his hat and was gone.



The Tim Peters Tragedy.

ONE day in May of the year 1896, at the corner of Lee and Jackson streets, where the sun beat fiercely, and the reflection from the white sand burned and blistered, a group of angry negroes had gathered to talk over the murder of Tim Peters. There were good-looking mulattoes among them, with straight, fair hair; there were octoroons with creamy skins and lips as thin as any pure Floridian's, and there were coarse black teamsters, with oaths upon their lips, from the logging camps in the pine woods. All were wildly talking and gesticulating. From the great heat I sought shelter beneath a magnolia-tree to listen.

"By G—d," said a thick-lipped African, "look at dar," baring an iron muscle; "dar's what'll gib us justice. We'll rise and fight, and if neces'ry, burn de city."

"Yes, burn de city!" cried a young mulatto, quickly catching at the other's words, "burn de city, norf and souf, and let de white lynchers tas' ob fire."

"Be still, you idiots!" sneered a handsome octoroon. "I reckon you forget yourselves, talking about burning the city. Don't you know that we would be shot before the work was half done? The whites, you must remember, command troops. We blacks can do nothing desperate. We must appeal to the government

at Washington, to the law of the United States for justice."

"'Fo' God, Joe Elliot," exclaimed the sweating teamster, "yo's as lofty in yo' words as yo' white father, de cotton planter. Fo'gits ourselves! Nebber! Habn't we our *Winchesters*, an' de axes behind de do's, an' de right on our side? I say we's bar'd long 'nuff wid shut lips and tied han's. Long 'nuff hab de black folks bin swung from de oak limb widout a trial. Long 'nuff hab dey bin drown in de ribber, burnt up in dar do'-yards, tarred an' feathered, insulted an' outraged right in de face ob dat cibil-rights law. An' now, by G—d, we'll hab justice dis time for de murder ob Tim Peters. 'Fo' God, we'll lynch de white 'cowards an' fotch 'em toe a mighty reckonin'."

"Yo', Joe Elliot," drawled a sweet-voiced black in a flash necktie and a brimless hat, "hab no relations toe Tim Peters. He war a nigger; yo' hab de white blood in yo' veins; yo' hab de *complexion* ob yo' quadroom mother, who war de slabe of yo' white father."

The young octoroon paled at the coarse fling of the black. His gray eyes narrowed and grew green. He made a bold step forward, flinging out a slender hand.

"You have spoken the truth, Bill Williams, of my mother. She *was* the slave of the cotton planter, the compulsory slave of his lust. But don't dare say I am not related to the black man; I am related, damnably

related!" Then, turning to the others, he cried hotly : " You all know of my application for admittance to the University of this city, where Baptist missionaries are graduated to preach the gospel to the heathen, and the reply I received. The faculty were sorry, but the law of the State prevented the coeducation of blacks and whites. You all know that on the river steamers, where I pay the same as a white man, as you all are obliged to, I am lodged in the ' nigger ' quarters, and if I go on the upper deck for purer air, my attention is at once called to the card, ' Colored people not allowed on this deck. ' And if by chance my looks deceive a stranger, some one who knows is always ready to tell. *Not related to the black man!* Am I not prohibited from taking board at the hotels in this city and elsewhere in Florida? Am I not prevented by the law of the State from marrying a white woman suited to my pride and character? Am I not ostracized by the white aristocracy of our city, ' Northern settlers ' most of them, from mingling with them socially, even though my education and character are equal to theirs? *Not related to the black man!* Can I serve as jurymen in our courts, although an enfranchised citizen of the United States of America, a voter in this city, where one-half of the population are colored? Would I be allowed, if a lawyer or physician, to practise among the whites? Was there not a colored doctor in O—— city, who but

last year was tarred and feathered and run from the town because two Northern ladies chose to employ his medical skill? The white preachers come to our churches to preach and pray for us. Do they ask a colored preacher to sit in their pulpits? Have we no man worthy of such an honor? Love, charity and good-will to all mankind is maintained as the gospel of salvation. White missionaries are sent to enlighten and redeem the black man in Africa, but when a poor colored man here, like Tim Peters, whose father and mother were bought and sold like cattle, commits a misdemeanor which should have been settled by an honest court, these white Christians silently applaud the respectable mob which drags him from his home, and at night violently forces him into the river to die like a dog. Does the white man, the Northern settler, teach our colored women purity? Do the grocer, the druggist, the landowner, the hotel proprietor, by their virtue, prove their superiority to the 'ignorant black'? Are we children, or are we men and women in the sight of God? Are we, or are we not, citizens of these United States? The bill of civil rights puts the negro on the exact level with the white in respect to inns, juries, schools, churches, public conveyances and all civil privileges. With a thousand drops of my blood one black drop mingles. That black drop stigmatizes me 'colored.' That civil-rights law is for my protec-

tion and yours and Tim Peters'. It is to Washington we must make our appeal for justice. To the law of the United States we must look for satisfaction."

The crowd cheered faintly as the octoroon stopped speaking, their dark faces still looking angry and threatening. It was not just what they wanted. There were oaths and curses and cries for revenge for the murder of Tim Peters.

"Doan doe no wrong," quavered the voice of the old preacher, Amos Green. At the beginning he had curled himself into a sooty ball under the magnolia, his knees drawn up to his chin. His skin hung in greasy black folds from his cheek bones. The sight of his right eye was swallowed up in a vicious cataract. The left was narrowed to a red slit. His nose was flat, spongy and oily. His lips were loose, and wandered in a desultory way over his toothless gums. His clothes were coarse and ragged. Watching him, I thought of the song beginning "Pure and white and sinless," and wondered if this caricature of a man would blossom into such across the dark river. Then I remembered the eloquent words of "Mother" Jackson: "It hain't de color ob de skin, honey, dat tells de goodness. On de outside yo' may be black as de charcoal, but in de bosom dar am de whiteness ob de snow. De skin am like de lily, but in de heart dar am de darkness ob" — stopping and dramatically pointing a dusky finger into the depths of the fireplace — "dat."

“Doan doe no wrong,” repeated the old preacher. “De Lord hab a pow’ful arm, an’ he am de one toe punish de guilty. Doan doe no wrong, I sez. De Lord am pow’ful an’ mighty.”

The old man’s head dropped forward on his knees again.

“Shut up de ole fellow’s mouf!” cried the teamster roughly. “I reckon he be mighty sight worse dan de white preachers. Dey shuts our moufs by de rope, but dis shere ole blin’ fool would hab us forgib dem fur a-doin’ it.”

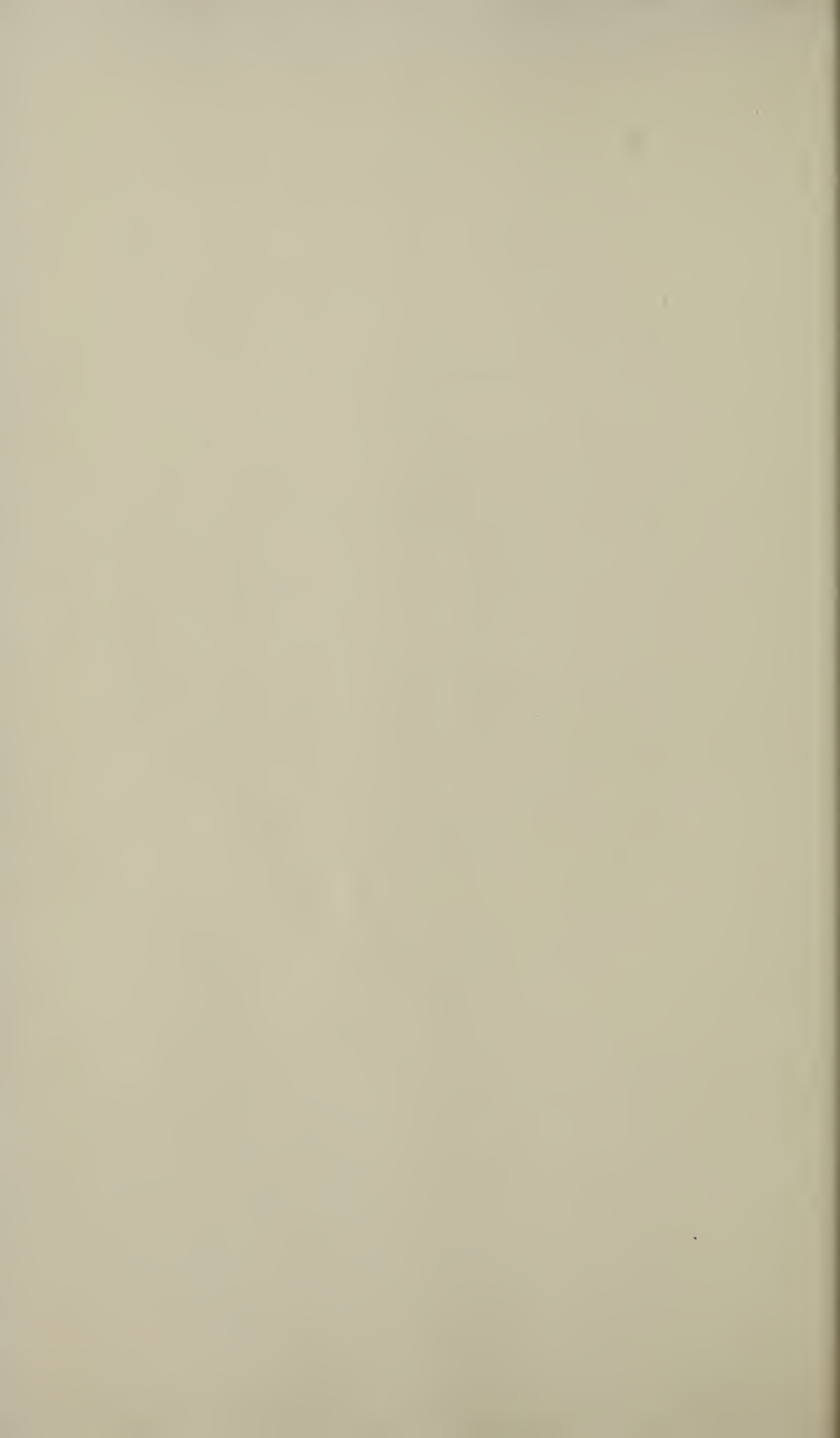
At this remark a hearty cheer went up from the crowd. Bill Williams swung his brimless hat until he lost his balance and tumbled to the ground, where in due time he went to sleep.

The gray eyes of the octoroon ran over the turbulent men. He knew this was but a flash of emotion with most of them. The mass are lazy; they are cowardly; they are unpatriotic. That fiery teamster will swear himself hoarse, but he’ll do nothing more desperate. Tomorrow Red City’s alarm will be allayed; Tim Peters’ murderers will again be selling groceries and dry-goods over the counter.

“And that poor mother” — speaking aloud and pointing a slender finger at a swaying figure across the street, a woman walking up and down, beating the air with upraised hands — “and that poor mother!” he



A TYPICAL FLORIDA GIRL.



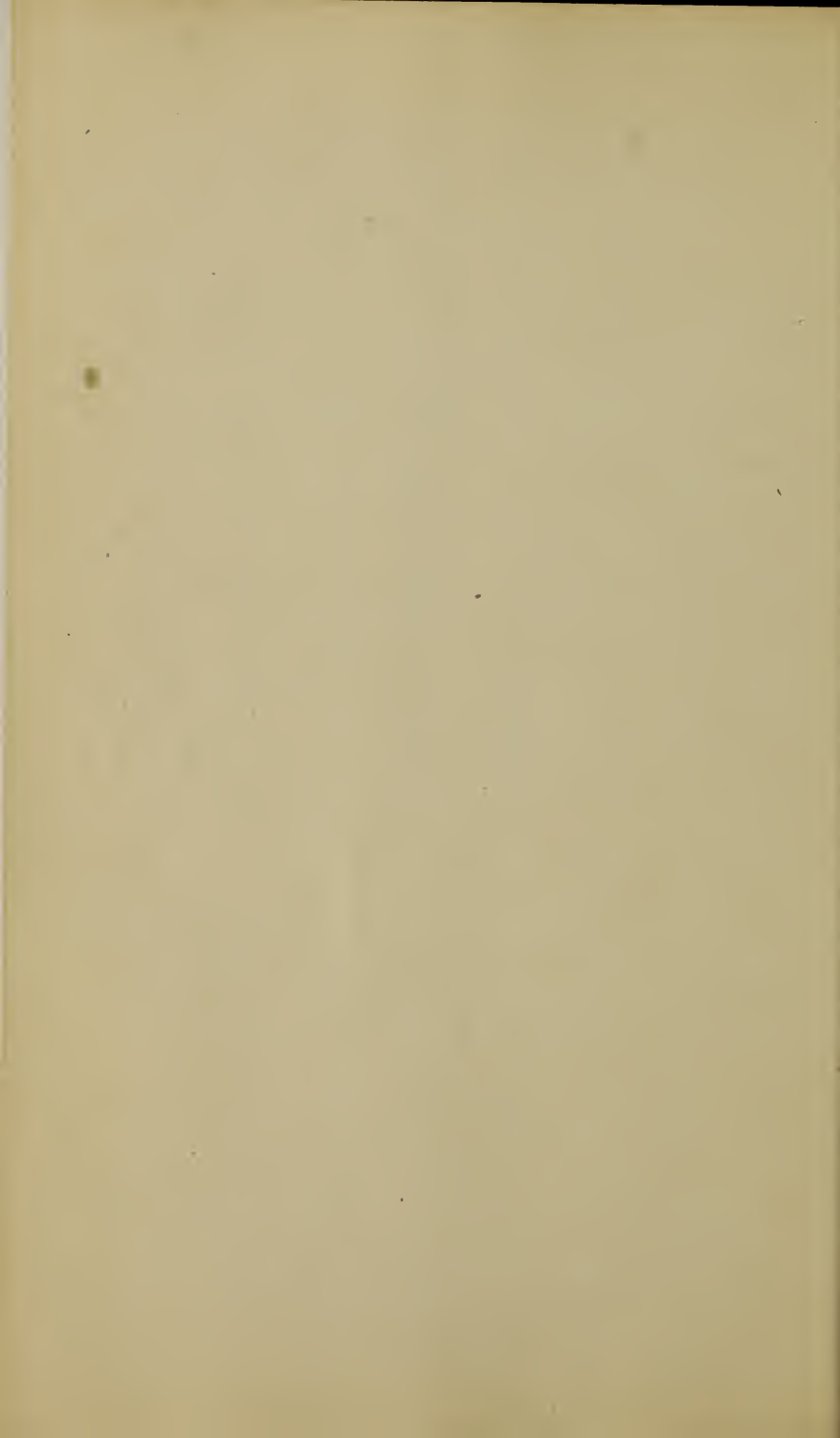
repeated. I stopped to hear no more. I glided from beneath the magnolia-tree, I flew across the burning sand. I touched the woman's arm and shrank back ashamed. The look upon her face appalled me. I saw her grief was her own. Her cries were to God.

"My boy! My boy! My boy!" And again and again, "My boy! My boy! My boy!" Up and down, up and down, beating the air with upraised dusky hands, the mother went.

I stepped softly into a store. On the counter a blue vase held a magnolia bloom; the fragrance of the flower pervaded the room. "Pure and white and sinless," I murmured, when a harsh, drawling voice reached me from behind the counter:

"These d—— niggers are rais'n' a h—l of a time over that fule of a Peters. Twar bin better tu have sent 'em all tu h—l tu onst!" It was the voice and sentiment of a Florida "cracker."

Down the pine-needle road, under the shade of the beautiful live oak, I went slowly. As I turned into the pines before my door a salt breeze from the sea, thirty miles away, touched my cheek, and I thought of my home and Boston, and thanked God for both.



Hunting the Blind Tiger.

MY landlady laughed good-naturedly when I asked
“What is Hunting the Blind Tiger?”

She was a good-looking woman, with pleasant dark eyes and careless, lazy ways; about forty years, I should have said, and a “cracker.” She said “shere” for here, and talked often and long about people having “an education.” She said she “war born an’ raised in Georgia, had married her Northern husband thar. He hailed from Connecticut, but on comin’ South enlisted in the Confederate army, fought right smart ’gainst his own brother, who was under Sheridan. Her husband war a cunnel. Long after the war she an’ him came tu Red City, which war not much of a place then, an’ opened a bar. They did mighty well till he got shot an’ had tu have his arm took off. ’Twar in a row over politics. His health failed after that, an’ when Red City passed a prohibit’ry law he broke up sudden.”

“But what of the ‘Blind Tiger’?” I interrupted impatiently.

My landlady gave me a droll look, pointing a much-soiled finger at a big, round hole in the floor, where a slim stovepipe reared itself, like a black sentinel, from the room below. “Did ye shear anything disturbin’ las’ night?”

"Yes," I replied, "two cockroaches as long as my finger rattled down from somewhere on to my bed."

"Oh!" she said scornfully, "I didn't mean sich. Through the stovepipe hole thar did ye shear a noise, a man's voice talkin' loud?"

"Yes," said I, "loud and thick."

"Wall, I du reckon he had tu much liquor in las' night, an' I war 'fraid he'd disturb ye some. He allers stops shere when he comes tu the city. He war a friend of my husband's."

"His business?" I asked quietly.

"Now ye didn't shear, did ye?" she cried exultingly. "But I don't min' tellin' ye. He's a-*Huntin'* the *Blind Tiger*."

I turned in my bed to look from the window. Slowly through the placid blue depths above, a solitary buzzard is circling round and round, upward, higher and higher with every sweep of its sharp brown wings, until it is lost in the mystic light. Watching it dreamily, I said to my landlady:

"Yankee though I am, I cannot solve the conundrum, so please be kind and tell me what is the '*Blind Tiger*.'"

Again her brown eyes twinkled as she said: "Lor! I reckon ye never shear 'bout the '*Blind Tiger Murder*'?"

"Another murder!" I silently ejaculated. Then aloud, "No, I have not been here long."

“Wall, this shere murder happened only two year ago. ’Twar a right smart one tu. Six niggers shot an informer.”

“Informer?” I queried, puzzled.

“Yas, a poor fool nigger who tole what he hain’t no business tu.”

“What did he tell?” I asked.

“He tole whar the ‘Blind Tiger’ war,” said she.

I raised myself on my arm and looked at my landlady straight.

“I don’t blame him,” I began. “If I could find out, I would do the same.”

“Ye would, would ye?” said she. “Wall, he got six Winchester bullets in him for tellin’. Would ye like that, tu?”

“What I would like, Mrs. M——, is this: that you tell me about the murder, beginning with an explanation of the mysterious ‘Blind Tiger.’”

My landlady perceived I was in earnest, and hitching her small rocker closer to my bed, flattening as she came along, between her hard thumb-nails, an unmentionable bug that had suddenly appeared upon the quilt, began her story. I noticed her movement, and interrupted:

“I will not stop here another day after I get well. These vermin are awful.”

She laughed heartily at my wrath, and said:

"Ye'll have tu git used tu bugs. Florida is full of 'em."

Smothering a groan, I meekly motioned her to go on with the story.

"Wall, this shere killin' took place jes' below shere, on Orange Street. 'Twar a dark night, an' that fool informer war goin' home, skulkin' 'long as he orter, when six niggers jumped on him from behin' the trees. They surrounded him, an' I reckon he wor a skeirt one, fur ye could shear him holler 'way down tu Dunsbottom. But them niggers' blood war up, an' they put them bullets intu him mighty quick. Six Winchester bullets in one man! 'Twar mighty certain that that man war killed stone dead."

"I should say so," I replied. "But what had the colored man done, that he should be waylaid on the streets and murdered?"

"I tole ye onst," said my landlady mildly. "He tole whar the 'Blind Tiger' war hidin'."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, a light breaking in on my befogged imagination. "Illegal liquor selling."

"Now ye have it," said she joyously. "I reckoned ye war smart 'nuff to guess it."

"Do the colored people drink heavily?" I asked, ignoring her ecstasy over my smartness.

"Ye may reckon they du. The niggers drink 'dead drunk,' the same as white folks, when they kin git the stuff."

“And that murdered man informed the authorities of the places where liquors were being illegally sold?”

“Yes,” said she. “He *informed* ’em, poor fool, an’ I reckon he’s settled well fur it. ’Tain’t wise tu meddle with the ‘Blind Tiger’ shere.”

“And those murderers, those six ignorant, misled men, were hired, of course, by the ‘Blind Tiger’?”

“I reckon so sometimes, an’ then agin I reckon not,” said she honestly. “Niggers kin hate, an’ kill whar they hates.”

“What did the State do with the murderers?” I inquired.

“Tried ’em shere in court an’ give ’em a life sentence at hard labor, an’ ye may reckon ’twill be hard.”

“All of them?” I said.

“All six of ’em.”

“I thought that for such murders lynching was the punishment here at the South.”

“Wall, ’tis if ’tis *whites* what’s ’saulted. But when ’tis *niggers* as is murdered ’tis *different*.”

“Oh! of course,” said I.

“An’ then,” she continued, “these men war mighty strong, an’ them contractors knew it.”

“Ah! Now I remember those are the men that were sold to work in the phosphate mines. I know about their trial and sentence, but did not know the crime of which the murdered man was accused.”

"Wall," said my landlady emphatically, "ye know now he done 'nuff tu be killed. No man has enny right to turn *informer*, but when 'tis niggers what does it, 'tis tu mean ter swaller."

"Then you believe liquors should be sold even against the law?" I observed.

She turned her soft brown eyes on me incredulously, still rocking with a lazy swing.

"Now ye hain't one of them fool temperance women, air yer?" said she.

"Not a *fool* temperance woman, I hope, but a temperance woman, assuredly."

"Wall, I'm jes' dummed that ye should be sich, with yer education!"

"That is why I am one, maybe," I replied, relishing her surprise.

"Wall," said she pronouncedly, "I'll tell yer this: the 'Blind Tiger' hain't tu be driv' outer this city. He's a mighty smart feller, considerin' his age, an' no Yank from Boston is goin' tu trap him. The educated people shere jes' adores him. They voted for prohibit'ry tu make the city stan' right smart 'fore the boarders which comes shere in winter, an' also tu keep the niggers quiet. But," nodding her head significantly to me, "they jes' winks at the 'Blind Tiger.'"

Here a crackling noise came from the wood-basket; my landlady stooped, picked out a fluttering cockroach,

and gently dropped it onto the fire. I shuddered, mentally vowing to go back to housekeeping as soon as I arose from my bed. She saw my grimace, and enjoyed it.

“Never yer min’ ’bout ’roaches; they’s as harmless as the big spiders which comes in summer, them that runs round the rooms an’ crawls from under yer pillar at nights.”

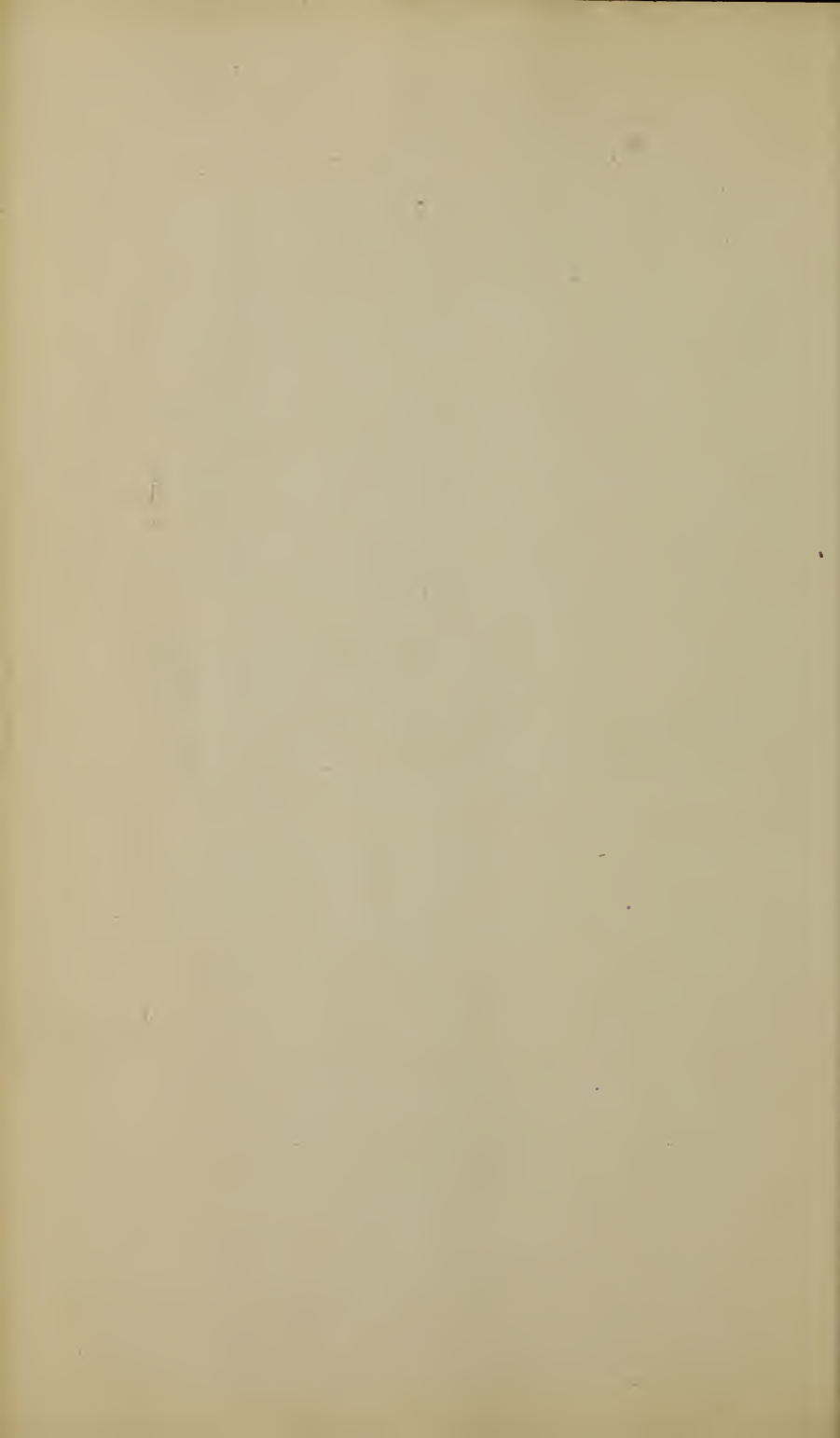
“How large?” I exclaimed.

“’Twould take a bigger han’ than yourn tu cover one,” she loftily replied.

At this point of our colloquy a yellow-haired beauty rushed into the room, crying: “Ma, that man’s down-stairs.” Then crossing to my bedside, she laid a *Marechal Niel* upon my pillow.

“I jes’ picked it,” said she, “outer Gertie’s garden under yer window.”

My landlady arose, shook her finger, half shut one of her brown eyes over her shoulder at me, and said: “’Tis him what’s huntin’ the ‘Blind Tiger.’”



A Lynching Affair.

SITTING on my porch in the glow of the setting sun, I saw my black domestic down below the palmettos, slowly coming home. A girl of seventeen, she walked with a long, awkward stride, her arms swinging limp at her sides. The sun shining aslant through the trees stretched her shadow strangely grotesque along the path. Bright-hued was the Bermuda grass before the house, bright with red and gold. Upon the tops of the pine-trees the same red glory lay. A belated mocker whirred into the splendor, and disappeared into the darkening wood beyond. The girl came slowly on, and dropped heavily onto the steps.

"You are early tonight, Sarah," said I.

"I'se skeert to come later," she replied.

"And you feel glad to get back?"

I knew she was homesick for a livelier place nearer the city's center.

"My heart's jes' lead every times I gets inside the gate."

"Ah, Sarah! how true, for you always walk as if you carried something very heavy. But tell me of what you are afraid."

"Ghosts," was her laconic reply.

"There are no such things as ghosts."

"Yessum, there bes. Brother sees 'em mos' every night."

"How do they look?" I asked, much amused by her seriousness.

"Like folks, only they doan' have no heads."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "aren't you ashamed to believe such stories — a big girl like you? You have not seen one, you know."

"No ma'am, but I'se li'ble."

"Sarah," said I emphatically, "your brother's imagination is large, and he thinks he sees where he does not, and he enjoys telling you he sees ghosts, to frighten you."

"No, ma'am," said she. "Brother's skeert hisself, an' comes in runnin' an' a-shakin' every dark night."

"And you believe it is because he sees those headless things you call ghosts?"

"I believes brother sees 'em," said she persistently, "an' I'se li'ble."

Sarah's profile, with its long projecting jaw, was growing obscure in the evening light. The sun had dropped into its violet bed. The dry Bermuda grass, that was thick before the house, was no longer vermilion, but gray and common. A grosbeak building a nest in the jasmine vine was trilling its vespersong.

"Ah! is not that pretty music, Sarah?"

"It certainly am," said she in a far-off, stereotyped voice.

“Still homesick, my girl?”

I knew she had not sensed my first question. She drew a heavy sigh.

“I’se jes’ a-thinkin’ of the chill’n.”

I could see the whites of her big, solemn eyes through the dusk, and I thought they looked wet.

Immediately I spoke. “We will have our supper now. You may light up the house, make a fire, and I will come in soon.”

I lingered to watch the twilight deepen into night. I lingered to watch “silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, blossom the stars”; to hear the flutter of wings and soft love-notes of nesting birds, the skurrying of rabbits, the coming forth of salamanders from their numerous holes in the sand. A screech and a whirl of wings from an umbrella-tree startles me.

“What is that bird, Sarah, that sits all day on the umbrella-tree, and at night flies off with a screech into the wood?” I say as I enter the little kitchen.

“Lil’ scritch owl,” she replied.

“Are they harmless?”

“Snap yo’ finger off, he gets it in his mouf.”

“Ah! I’ll remember that. And out in the big oak there’s a bird comes every day, building a nest, I think; it is not a mocker nor a butcher bird, but resembles both. What is it called?”

"A French mockin'-bird," drawled Sarah in her most mellifluous tones.

"Oh, Sarah! you know there's no such bird; how can you tell me that?"

"Ma'am?"

Her voice was from the tomb. She had not caught my question. I did not repeat it, for that awful "Ma'am" always silenced me.

Later on I asked if she knew why so many white people carried firearms.

"To shoot niggers."

"Are the colored people so dangerous as to require that?"

"No," she replied, "but white folks shoot 'em jes' the same, shoot 'em like rabbits."

"What do the colored people carry to protect themselves?"

"Some keeps axes behin' thar do's; some has nothin', they jes' prays."

"Do not your people have razors in their cabins?" I had heard that the razor was the war weapon for the black man.

"Yes," said she.

"And what do they do with them?" I asked, interested for a story.

"Shave," was her drawling, laconic response.

I laughed, and for a while was silent.

When Sarah had cleared the tables, she took her Bible and began reading. It was not long before she looked up at me questioningly. I nodded encouragingly, and she broke forth :

“ Sister Katie was jes’ a-raisin’ sand toeday.”

“ ‘ Raising sand,’ Sarah ? ”

“ Sister Katie done got religion, an’ she’s been a-hollerin’ an’ scritch’in’ like mad, jes’ like mad, an’ I done got skeert an’ lock mysel’ intoe my bedroom.”

“ Horrible ! To call such actions religion ! ”

“ That’s the way they all gits it ; they all hollers toe let folks know of it,” said she.

“ Have you got religion, Sarah ? ” asked I timidly.

“ No,” said she, “ but I’se a sinner, an’ I ’spects toe have it soon. I’se all ready an’ a-waitin’, but the Lord doan’ seem toe fetch me in.”

“ Well, Sarah,” said I emphatically, “ don’t you dare to get religion while you are at work for me ; it would drive me out of the house ; and you would not be guilty of that.”

“ Oh ! I’se lock mysel’ in my room an’ jes’ holler thar.”

“ Well, you won’t do that tonight, remember.”

“ No ma’am,” she replied, and went back to her Bible.

I looked at the black African face bent over the Holy Writ. Poor barbarian, I thought, with your strange mixture of piety and superstition ; not unlike your

white sisters, you must find heaven after your own manner.

“Sarah,” said I softly, “would you not rather be ‘bright-faced’ mulatto, than so dark?”

She lifted her chin, rolled her solemn eyes at me and said: “I’d rather be jes’ as I is.”

“Why?” I asked.

“’Cos when folks is black they stays so, but if they ‘bright-faced,’ they haves toe grows black.”

“Rare philosopher, I envy you your wisdom.”

“Yes, ma’am,” said she, and again dropped her chin into her book.

When she arose to go to her room I inquired if she ever felt timid alone.

“Sometimes,” she said, “after I blows out the light an’ the man they hungs comes aroun’.”

“The man they hung! A dead man, Sarah?”

“Yes, ma’am, the man they hungs shere in Red City on the big oak ’fo’ the courthouse.

“Hung here, on an oak, before the courthouse?”

“Yes, ma’am; I seen ’em do it,” replied she.

“You saw them do it, Sarah?” I asked, horrified.

“Yes, ma’am, I jes’ crowded in till I’se got right under de tree. I seen his legs kick an’ his tongue hangin’ out, an’ golly! didn’t his eyes pop powerful?”

She was getting excited over her picture and so was I.

"Go on," I cried. "Tell me all about it, even if we get no sleep tonight."

"I'se tole you all I knows," said she. "You ask Amos Green; he tells you mo'; he was thar a-lookin' on, an' all de white folks in de city."

"Horrible! horrible!" I cried. "Go to bed, Sarah; and may the dead man's ghost haunt you all night for being so wicked."

In the early morning, as the sun was thrusting its yellow spokes up over the rim of the earth and the silver dew was cool upon the grass, I crept cautiously around to the little vine-covered cabin where the old preacher, Amos Green, slept and ate. I found him making coffee for his breakfast. He was to chop wood over in the pine tract, and got around early.

"Will you tell me about the man that was lynched from the 'big oak' last year, Mr. Green?" I asked abruptly.

"You wants toe shear 'bout dat murder pow'ful, toe come 'fo' breakfast," said he, grumblingly. "I wants my coffee. I'se feelin' pow'ful weak."

"Oh, I will wait," I said, "right here on the steps. Have your breakfast, Mr. Green."

I dropped onto the low wooden steps before the kitchen door — by the way, the only room in the house — and looked around. Rosés and roses! Thousands of the wild white Cherokee were running riotously over

trellises, decorating the fences, hiding unsightly walls. Roses and roses — Black Hearts, Jacqueminots, Marechal Niels and the Northern Blush, growing rank in cultivated spots. Roses and roses, enriching the air and beautifying the sight!

Amos Green's breakfast over, he came out and sat beside me on the steps. He was not well, he said, "all gone in his stomach mos' de time." The coffee had "cheered him some." He was "gwine toe chop bymeby on de pine-tree, but befo' he went he'd talk some 'bout dat 'lynchin'." He'd been a free man "'mos' fifty shear. He wor eighty shear now; live all alone, jes' waitin' fur de Lord toe call him. He'd preached His word ever since he could remember, long 'fo' he wor free. Glad slabery over? Doan' know 'bout dat. No work but toe hunt fur massa's spectacles in dem days."

At the old preacher's appreciation of his freedom I laughed, and said abruptly, anxious lest the chopping should call him and I might not hear about the murder:

"What did that negro do why the people should lynch him?"

"'Sulted a po' white woman, a teacher from de North," he replied.

"That was a wicked act."

"It wor a mighty wicked," said he. "But it done

no good fur toe take Chub Jackson from de jail an' hang him toe de oak-tree."

"Did you see it done?" I asked.

"I seen it, de whole ob it, an' 'twor pow'ful hard."

"I believe you, Mr. Green. But why did not the law interfere, or the respectable people of the town?"

"Ah! Yah! You doan knows all," said the old man. "It wor de *respectable* peoples dat done it, an' de law looks on an' said nothin'. I never likes toe say much 'bout it, fur I'se has cole chills if I does, but yo's so mighty anxious, I tells yo'. Chub Jackson runs intoe de woods an' tries toe hide, but de officers wid de dogs runs him down an' shuts him up in de jail. De white peoples hears about cotchin' him, an' how he's dar in de jail house, an' dey goes down an' tells de jailor dey mus' hab Chub Jackson, or dey burns de jail down. 'What fur?' said de jailor. 'Toe hang him till he's dead,' said dey. 'But dat's de law's work an' not yourns,' said de jailor. 'Fotch him out,' said dey, 'or we'll come in an' fotch him.' De jailor never said no mo', but wid a big key he onlocked de do' ob de room whar Chub Jackson wor, an' fatches him so de peoples sees him. Chub's face wor as white as yourn, ma'am, an' he trembles an' trembles. He hab de han'cuffs on, so he could doe nothin' desprit. 'Twor mighty solemn toe see Chub stan'in' dar a-shakin', an' dem dogs a-leapin' toe git at him, dar red tongues a-lickin' de air. I tries toe gits close toe

Chub, toe speak a religious word, fur I knows what wor comin', but de peoples drives me back an' say: 'Let him go toe hell, whar he belongs. Doan yo' waste none ob your ole prayers on him!' Den I tries toe pray aloud whar I wor, reckonin' Chub might cotch a word toe take wid him. But de peoples scritch so mighty loud I couldn't doe nothin'. Den I tries toe come away, but it wor toe late; de rope wor roun' Chub's neck, an' two mens wor haulin' him up. Chub's face twitchin', purple, swung roun' toe me. His legs wor flyin' up an' down an' doin' a heap ob kickin'. I couldn't stan' it no mo', an' I jes' dropped on toe my knees an' prays. 'O Lord,' I said, 'speak toe dis po' creature's heart in de midst ob his dyin' agony. Let his wickedness be forgiben becos ob dy blood shed fur him. Remember not his sins against him, O Lord! O Jesus Christ! on Calv'ry dy blood wor spilled fur Chub Jackson, an' now, O Lord, carry 'long yo' work toe his salvation. De law ob de State hab been vi'lated in dis murder. He should hab been tried by de courts, O Lord. "An eye fur an eye, an' a tooth fur a tooth," de Ole Test'ment say; but yo' say: "A new law I gibs unto yo', dat yo' lubs one anudder." Yo', O Lord, says, "Forgib yo' enemies, lub yo' persecutors." If dar wor rum in Chub Jackson when he done dat wicked deed, furgib him fur dat — white mens hab done worse an' nebber hung fur it. Remember, O Lord, dis black man's ignorance, de ignorance ob his father an' mother

befo' him, de ignorance ob dem dat lived 'way back in slàbery days, an' long befo' in black Africa. Remember dey comes shere not by deysels, but wor brought in chains an' kep' in chains till dat day ob 'mancipation. But, O Lord, de bondage ob sin am worse dan de bondage ob slàbery; an' dis dyin' man am a sinner. Yo' mus' doe yo' work pow'ful quick, O Lord, fur toe fotch him intoe de kingdom. De white mens hab murdered him, wes knows, O Lord. He should hab been tried by de courts, same as de white mens am; 'twor his right as a citizen ob dese United States. None ob de white peoples shere hab enny sympathy wid him, but dy sympathy am mighty toe save. O Lord, forgib dem pussons dat am committin' dis awful crime, but 'bove all sabe Chub Jackson, dat am comin' intoe dy presence dis very minute.'"

The old preacher stopped. He raised a ragged sleeve and wiped his steaming face.

"It am pow'ful hard toe go ober dat scene," he said.

The tropical sunshine was falling hot through the interstices in the heavy foliage. A mocking-bird was trilling an aria on the rosebush just beside us. Away up among the fleecy clouds a flock of buzzards were dipping their wings to the morning breeze.

I turned to Amos Green. "Was anybody arrested and tried for the murder of Chub Jackson?"

"No, ma'am," said he. "De white folks says, '*Served de nigger right.*'"



Election at Red City.

ONE October evening in the year 189— an unusually large concourse of men were to be seen in and around the store of Louis Hertz. The Democrats of the city were holding a caucus. The State election was close at hand, and the old “Bourbons,” or “straight Democrats,” as they were proud of calling themselves, consisting of dignified Floridians with the fine flavor of the slave-master still lingering in their personality, Northern “copperheads,” “fire-eaters” of Carolina stock, illiterate “crackers,” with a handful of ignorant negroes who loved rum better than honor, had repudiated, for certain political reasons, affiliation with the “Liberal” wing of the party, and proposed to run a ticket of their own. A circular had been issued to that effect, with a warning menace to those not friendly to the “straight” candidates to keep away from the caucus. To emphasize this menace, two men were stationed at the entrance to the ward-room, each armed with two revolvers.

The “Liberals,” who hitherto had mingled with the old “Bourbons” in joint convention, did not relish this device of the latter to secure the nomination of their candidates on a Democratic State ticket. Considering themselves loyal to the old party, though conservative

as to the candidates proposed, they deemed it advisable for them, as Democrats, to take a hand in the affair, and, if possible, nominate those men whose political views were more in accordance with their own; in short, to nominate "Liberals" on the straight Democratic ticket.

The "Liberals" were represented by Northern professors with mugwump tendencies. The "Liberals" were represented by Northern preachers, who had come to Florida for their health and to propagate the doctrines of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man (white man). The "Liberals" were represented by the Northern grocer with a trade to establish, the Northern lawyer, whose politics must not antagonize his clients'. The "Liberals" were represented by land-owners and orange-growers, who, when at the North, were stanch Republicans. The "Liberals" were, so said the cult of Red City, the respectable wing of the Democratic party.

It was a beautiful evening. The moon was at its full, and hung a resplendent globe of light in mid-heaven. The white sand roads and fields shone like burnished copper beneath it. The tropical foliage, dank and sombre, cast strange, fantastic shapes across the sheen. Rich odors of flowers and fruits were afloat upon the air. Now and then a loud note, sweet and clear, from the throat of a mocker near by, would pleasantly startle the listener.

Louis Hertz was at his post. He was chairman of the Democratic City Committee. A South Carolina "fire-eater," he hated the Northerner, whatever his politics, as he did a poisonous snake. Always loyal to his secession principles, to him a Northern "turncoat" was the meanest thing God ever made, and he swore an oath at the last election that never again in his district should a damn Yankee run for office on the "straight" Democratic ticket.

Judge H——, an extant New York Tammany politician in search of repose for his impaired nerves, had found the far-away clime of Red City congenial to his feelings and conscience, and for the past ten years had comfortably made himself a citizen of the place. He was a good-looking man, pleasantly jocose, with a suave politeness which brought him many friends. In 1893 he sought and gained a seat in the legislative halls at Tallahassee. Sent up by the Democrats of Red City, pledged to sustain by his influence and vote a certain bill which his party sought to carry, this man, well advanced in years and experience, sold out his constituents, as Judas did his Master, for a pitiful handful of silver. Bribed, he fell. What else could have been expected from a Tammany politician?

Louis Hertz never forgot.

It was near eight o'clock. Since six the two armed sentinels had guarded the entrance door. Many had

come up, had been challenged and passed in. Foul-mouthed "crackers," defaming their right to the name of men, had loped across the threshold. Brutal negroes, counting their rum money as best they could, had shuffled in and out. Swaggering cowboys, in wide sombreros, with revolvers in their belts, strutted up and down, cracking their long whips till the air rang with repeated reverberations.

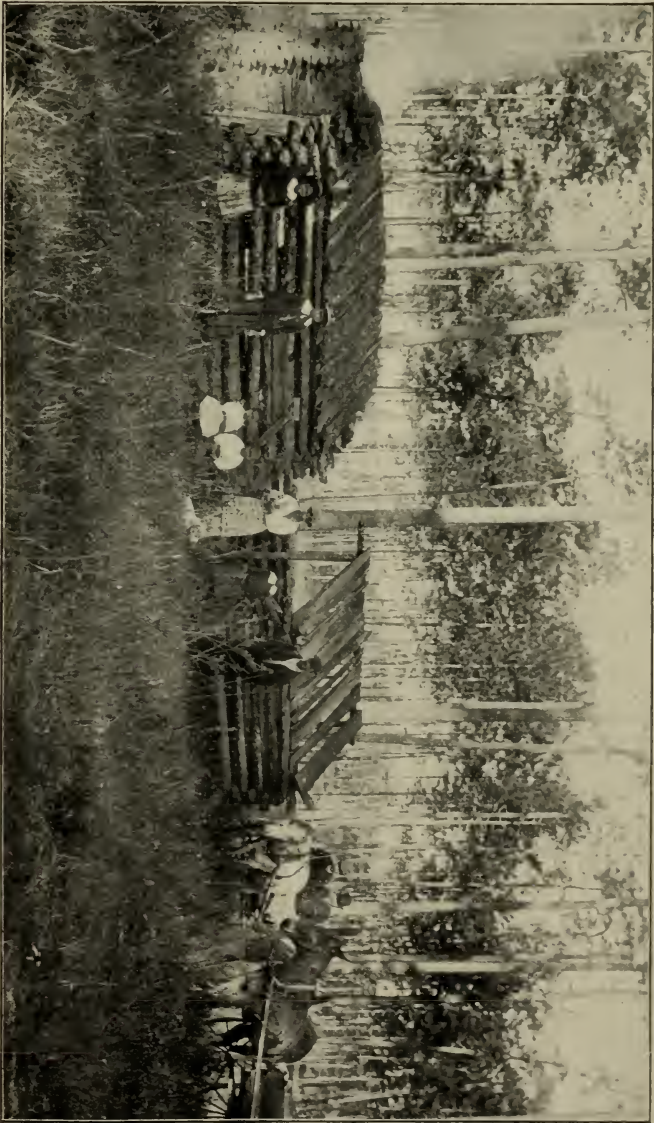
Far up the boulevard a "Liberal" stepped from his home; a second joined him at the corner; farther down a third and fourth appeared, then a dozen issued from a side street, and so on until the number, representing the "better element" in politics, had swelled to fifty or more. Judge H—— was prominent among them. They carried no arms. The olive branch of peaceful coalition was to be offered as their password. A bravado cowboy, *itching* for the "show" to begin, sighted the squad of men, and dexterously twirled the handle of his whip; the long lash hissed through the air, its knotted end cracking like a rifle report.

Judge H—— put up his hand as if struck, remarking facetiously, "Boys will be boys."

To the right and to the left young darkies were kicking up their dusky heels in the moonbeamed sand, rolling and tumbling over each other like pigs in a feeding trough.

"Yo' gits hurt," said one, "yo' goes down dar; dey's gwine toe shoot sumbuddy dis night."

NEGRO CABINS IN THE PINE WOODS OF FLORIDA.





As the "Liberals" neared the caucus they halted. Judge H—— urged that they should separate and quietly enter in pairs. He saw the armed men, and began to think Louis Hertz meant serious business. Some of the younger men were for making a grand rush, capturing the sentinels and the caucus at one move. Judge H—— thought this was not wise. He knew Louis Hertz's inflammable temper, and said a show of fight would bring on a real one from him. Those men stationed at the door were only there to intimidate; they would not dare to fire on unarmed men.

Judge H—— disliked a row. A quiet *coup d'état* was more effective; and then he aimed to be county commissioner, and did not wish seriously to antagonize the "straight Democrats."

But Louis Hertz never forgot. The balloting had begun when his keen black eyes discerned a disturbance at the door. He put his hand upon his hip pocket where the handle of a revolver protruded.

A "cracker" in yellow corduroys cocked an eye to the entrance, shifted his quid from one cadaverous cheek to the other, and drawled: "I'm damned dummed, if'tain't the damned Yanks!"

As he spoke two young professors sauntered nonchalantly into the room; two Northern preachers, cajoled into politics this year, soon followed; then half a dozen

others, recognized as "Liberals," made their way noiselessly through the crowd.

Louis Hertz saw them and his dark eyes flamed. What did it mean? Had his men betrayed him? Was not every man to be challenged? Was not every "Liberal" to be kept out—every "Liberal" even at the cost of his life?

Ah! now there is a disturbance. This time the guard know their man. Judge H—— is requesting admittance, bland, smiling, his speech delicately courteous. Will they not allow a friend to pass in? Do they not know him as a Democrat of Red City, one working always for the interest of the old party?

His silver tones pierce through tobacco smoke and drunken oaths to the ward-room. Louis Hertz hears it. He knows it. His teeth lock firm. Again his hand seeks his hip pocket. He steps softly to the door. This man shall not be admitted.

A wrangle of voices is going on outside. The sentinels are firm this time. "Dare to cross this threshold and you are a dead man," said one.

The ex-Tammany judge smiles and hesitates. "Are those revolvers loaded? Will they dare fire at me?" flashes the thought through his mind. A dozen of his men have been allowed to enter. Did money change hands? If so, will it not do to offer? He reaches for his pocketbook and stops. A snarl of rage and scorn

greet his ear. Through the open door the tiger eyes of Louis Hertz meet his. "G—— d—— you," hissed the Carolinian through his clenched teeth. "G—— d—— you!" again and again. Louis Hertz's passion is deadly. Judge H—— feels it. He tries to move backward a step. Behind him the crowd hoot and press on. His friends are far in the rear. He cannot go forward in the face of death. He cannot go back. His suave smile becomes sickly. "This is cowardly!" he exclaimed desperately.

The mob laugh and shout. "Who was the coward at Tallahassee?"

On the ex-legislator's face great drops of sweat gather. Tammany never was brutal like this. Again he pleads: "Have you no respect for age? my wife? my home? your honor?"

Ah! ha! the last word is too much.

"Honor, honor!" derisively shout the rabble.

"Honor, he says," sneers Louis Hertz.

The mob sway and push. The doomed man is pressed forward. The deadly weapons are close to his head. Another step, and —

"Great God! Is there no escape? Am I to die like a dog?" he cried.

Up, over the threshold, he is carried.

"Fire!" At the command, three revolvers flash simultaneously, three bullets speed to their goal, and

across the doorway of a political ward-room in a city of one of the oldest civilized settlements in the United States, a man, a New York ex-Tammany judge, lies dead. Shot for attempting to exercise his right of citizenship.

In Boston, 1900.

IT was in a suburb of Christian Boston where he lived, the handsome, dark-skinned man, with his pretty, intelligent wife.

He was born in Boston, and his father and mother were born in Boston, and their fathers and mothers were born in Boston, yet because the "blood of the stolen African" was in their veins, his neighbors called him a negro. They all knew that the "blood of the stolen African" was in his veins, and they let him know that they knew it. They were Christian people, these neighbors of the handsome, dark-skinned man, attendants at a great religious temple. They drove to the house of God every Sunday morning to worship; he also drove to the house of God every Sunday morning to worship.

He was not a rich man compared with his neighbors' wealth, but he had paid twenty-five thousand dollars in cash for his place, and his credit was still good.

His business was that of a caterer; he had an establishment on one of Boston's busiest streets. His neighbors there liked him, the men chatted with him about business and politics, and spoke of him as a fine fellow. Some of them even asked him for his vote at election time, when they aspired to serve the city in the council

chamber or upon the school board. They never asked *him* to serve in that capacity. Oh, no! they never dreamed of such a thing, and he—he might have dreamed of such a thing as being desirable, but he knew better than to speak of it. He was a heavy taxpayer, and he never dodged a payment, but he didn't talk about that, either. He had a family, this handsome, dark-skinned man: a quiet, pretty wife, with a clear yellow skin; his three pretty children also had clear yellow skins, and one had yellow hair and blue eyes. His wife was educated at a woman's college. Her understanding was excellent; she could read and speak fluently in French, and in music she excelled. She was born in Boston, and her father and mother were born in Boston, and their fathers and mothers were born in Boston, yet the "blood of the stolen African" was in her veins. Five hundred years ago or more an ancestor had been king of an African tribe, a free man with the strength born of freedom. Later a trader carrying rum and molasses from Christian Boston to the far-off heathen clime, brought back to the New England city a loyal descendant of the king, a mere boy in years, a black fellow muscular as Hercules. He did not come of his own free will, so the Christian trader put him in irons and thrust him into the hold of the vessel. That was wisest, for he might, so the trader said, have destroyed himself by jumping overboard. The wife

of the handsome, dark-skinned man didn't know much about her ancestry beyond the Boston family. She couldn't talk of any that came over in the "Mayflower," nor could she boast of martial deeds done by them in the Revolutionary War.

She was not a "Colonial Dame," nor could she aspire to be a "Daughter of the Revolution," but being an intelligent woman, she made her home very pleasant for her husband, and she was an affectionate and faithful mother to the three little children. Some of her neighbors were engaged in "slum" work. They did not tell her this, for they did not know her, but she learned of it through the children. They knew some little unfortunates living in the "slum" districts who said their teacher lived on — Street, and that she was "beautiful." The pretty wife and mother believed the children, and thought it would be fine, and the proper thing for her also to do "slum" work. So one day she went down to G. Street to help.

Her neighbors from the suburb of Christian Boston were there, teaching little children to sew and cook, but they didn't recognize their neighbor with the clear yellow skin. Many of the children had clear yellow skins, but that was another matter. The pretty wife and mother began to see that she had made a mistake in thinking she could do "slum" work with her neighbors from the suburb of Christian Boston. When

she courageously told one lady that she, too, lived on — Street, the lady blankly stared at her and said nothing. She was a good woman who directly cut the pretty wife and mother. Her heart was right. She doted on "slum" work; she loved the poor "unfortunates." Upon her knees she would scrub their dingy floors; she would bring her own china and silverware to brighten their kitchen tables, but she couldn't smile on the pretty woman with the clear yellow skin from her own street. That was another matter; it would not do. Negroes were her aversion! She owned a ranch in Georgia; she would not sit at her table there with a negro, nor would she sit at the table with a negro in Christian Boston. Assuredly she believed in the "brotherhood of man," and her Christianity was not to be doubted. But to be frank, she could not associate on terms of equality with a negro, no matter how refined, how intelligent, how good.

The wife of the handsome, dark-skinned man felt hurt at this, and she went to her home in the suburb of Christian Boston in tears. Her husband found her weeping when he came home, and he put his arms around her and told her to tell him all about it, and she told him. He swore a great oath at what she said. It was a righteous oath, and I believe the angels in heaven recorded it as such.

Then they talked it all over together, and he said he

had been guilty of a great sin to bring her to such a highly reputable neighborhood. He was sorry she had suffered; not for himself did he mind, but for her, his pretty, loving wife, to bear such insults. After this some decided, plain talk was made to him. One said how dare he aspire to live in a twenty-five-thousand-dollar house on —— Street.

“Christian neighborhood?” cautiously asked the caterer.

“Assuredly,” replied the wellwisher, with a wave of his hand toward a stately pile of marble that upheld a heaven-pointing spire.

“Brothers and sisters in Christ?” stammered the caterer.

“Yes, yes,” replied his interlocutor; “but frankly, would it not be better for you to sell out?”

The handsome caterer thought of his pretty wife and her tears, and said it would be better for him to sell out. So the next week he sold out, and prepared to move from the suburb of Christian Boston.

The following Sunday he took his pretty and intelligent wife and went down to —— Street church to hear Professor M. of Alabama talk on the “Negro and Lynch Law.” Professor M. had come up from the South to raise money for his school. Boston people were very liberal with their money; they never withheld their hand when charity called aloud. Professor M.

knew this, and he anticipated great help from the Boston people.

One day while waiting came the news of the riot at New Orleans. It was an awful affair. Everybody was reading about it and expressing themselves accordingly. Professor M. heard the opinions of Boston people, and at times he shuddered. Later came the news of the Ohio tragedy; then followed the great upheaval of passion in New York.

Professor M. wept as the strong man weeps. This black teacher wept for his people. No more could he ask Boston to aid him and his school until he had spoken what his soul now urged him to speak! In the pulpit of — Street church this memorable Sunday morning he stood forth, his dark, prophetic face lighted by enthusiasm, his sympathetic voice resonant with hope. Beginning with the history of slavery in America, he spoke of the kidnapping system that flourished for years under the protection of the Flag. He spoke of the horrors of the slave-pen that flourished for years under the protection of the Flag. He spoke in strong words of the auction-block, where for years men and women were "knocked down" to the highest bidder under the protection of the Flag. He dwelt upon the lust of the slave-master, the white Southern gentleman who compelled his slave woman into illicit relations with him under penalty of death if they refused, all under the

protection of the Flag. He spoke feelingly of the little children begotten in this compulsory relationship; of the tendency of their characters to hate the white race, who had robbed them of their birthright.

“Rebellious mothers!” cried he, “submitting their bodies to the lust of their masters; what is to be expected of the fruit of such? And yet, my race never forgot its God. Through all those dreadful years when the white man forgot and the white woman forgot, the prayers of the wronged black wife and mother went up to Heaven pleading for release, pleading for help from her Maker; and God heard. Had it not been thus, had not the religious spirit been there stirring in the breast of the slave-woman, beyond redemption those children born of lust and compulsion. Rape of damning character was this, going on for years under the protection of the Stars and Stripes.

“But,” said the preacher, “this is over. Slavery is dead. Auction-blocks and slave-pens have passed away! No more does the black woman plead for her virtue to inhuman ears! No more are husband and wife separated by the dealer in human flesh! Forever over the traffic in young maidens to satisfy the lust of the white man! Former things have passed away! What remains?”

The preacher stopped. A great stillness had fallen upon the congregation. It was the stillness of intense

excitement, and for a moment he rested in the quiet. Then continuing :

“There remains,” cried he, “a race of ten million African Americans! a race of ten million aspiring people! a race reaching out for education! a race reaching out for opportunity! a race reaching out for their rights as citizens of this great American republic! a race reaching out for political and social recognition!

“Did slavery produce this people? Did slavery produce this race of rising black men and black women? No, no. This is not the fruit of auction-block and slave-pen! not the product of lust and rebellion! not the consequence of a system fouler than hell! Slavery could not enslave the slave, for God was in the slave’s heart!

“Slavery bound the enslaver only. Slavery begot a manacled and fettered white race, today shamefully boasting its superiority. Slavery produced men and women who in this year of 1900 repudiate the principles of the Declaration of Independence, Christian men and women who repudiate the religion of Jesus Christ. Slavery bound the enslaver and spread the fatal influence far and wide. Today at the South, at the West, even here in abolition Boston, is heard the clank of the chain and the crack of the whip.

“Slavery produced ‘lynch law’ supporters! Slavery begot holocaust supporters! Slavery begot one law

for the white man, another law for the black man! Slavery produced a Christian North which not yet has squarely faced the world with the sublime teachings of Jesus Christ! Slavery produced a press which but yesterday gave utterance to a calumnious interpretation of the Declaration of Independence. Says the New Orleans *Picayune*: 'The Declaration of Independence taught only the equality of men of the superior race. It gave no freedom to the negro slave, and offered no terms but submission and deportation to the red Indian; as to equality, it inures only to those who are able to maintain it.'

"I believe," continued the preacher, "that to a law-abiding people mob violence is decidedly obnoxious, but I believe that a law-and-order-loving people can carry a degree of prejudice toward a race without visible evidence of such, but which may so permeate the whole community in which they live, that under excited conditions will act like a flame to the gunpowder element, which comprises the less self-controlled part of humanity.

"When Boston says of a negro criminal, 'he ought to be lynched!' it is putting the lighted torch into the hands of the violent breaker of the law. It may be that the South has some reason, unchristian as it is, to resent living on terms of equality with those who, but a short time ago, were to them the same as their horses

and dogs. But for the abolition North to sustain the South in that sentiment — and it does, by a stolid indifference to the outrages perpetrated against the black man in lynching, in suppression of his vote by tissue ballot or the shotgun, by the unjust laws recently passed by several Southern States in direct opposition to the laws of the United States — savors of an inconsistency hardly conceivable to one familiar with New England history.

“New Orleans has its lynch law for the black man ; Boston has its complete social ostracism for the educated colored man or woman ; it also has its industrial ostracism for the race. No negro, whatever his or her ability, is to be found as bookkeeper in a Boston office, acting as clerk in a Boston store, or filling a teacher’s position, with one or two rare exceptions, in its public schools. Said the great political economist of England, John Stuart Mill: ‘*Society can and does execute its own mandates ; and if it issues wrong mandates instead of right, or any mandate at all with which it ought not to meddle, it practices a social tyranny more formidable than many kinds of political oppression ; since though not upheld by such extreme penalties, it leaves fewer means of escape, penetrating much more deeply into the details of life, and enslaving the soul itself.*’

“Those negroes killed in the riots of 1900 were victims of injustice at the hands of the whole American

people. That sad chapter in the history of New Orleans will be read by future generations as a chapter in American history, and on the whole United States will the stain rest. Any man or woman who declares lynching to be just for a negro guilty of whatever crime, stirs just such men as Robert Charles, and the mob he dared, to desperate deeds of violence. Every white pulpit North or South, that remains silent as to the enormity of the sin of negro persecution, whether by the state law or against it, is guilty of repudiating the principles of the Constitution of the United States and the sublime doctrines of Jesus Christ.

“Wherever there is an American professing the Christian religion guilty of proclaiming a superiority over the black man or woman because of any race differentia, I claim that American repudiates the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the principles of that divine religion on which the Declaration rests. In a recent essay on the Negro question the foremost representative of his race, Mr. Booker T. Washington, has said:

“‘Education will solve the race problem,’ but of that education he says: ‘I do not mean education in the narrow sense, but education which begins in the home, and includes training in industry and in habits of thrift as well as mental, moral and religious discipline, and the broader education which comes from contact with

the public sentiment of the community in which one lives.'

"President Washington's apprehension of the want of the negro of a history, of a past, of homes and inspiration as a stimulus in overcoming obstacles when striving for success, might be questioned as illogical if illustrated by his own case, which he cites as one of many.

"He says: 'I do not know who my own father was; I have no idea who my grandmother was; I have or had uncles, aunts and cousins, but I have no knowledge as to where most of them now are.'

"Of President Washington's ability to rank with the proudest professor of a Northern college the public is well aware; and knowing which might ask, if want of family history produces such men as he, is it well to lay extraordinary stress upon history, past, and homes as a stimulus in overcoming obstacles for any race.

"An acquaintance of mine, a man of letters, professor in a colored university of South Carolina, a man educated in a Paris college, having the Anglo-Saxon features and hair straight as an Indian, is compelled, by a recent law of South Carolina, to ride with his beautiful wife in the 'Jim Crow' car, set apart for negroes.

"The great lawmaker of South Carolina, Senator Tillman, boasts of his family lineage; my friend the

professor says but little of his obscure descent. Of the permanent success of the two men, one striving for repudiation of the American Constitution, the other building for that Constitution, to maintain its principles:—‘All men are born free and equal,’—the intelligent world can decide.

“I believe with Booker T. Washington that family prestige is a thing to be desired, but there is something greater: our heritage from God, to believe in one’s own manhood and womanhood, to believe in one’s kinship with the Eternal Life; that Life that knows no white nor black, no bond nor free, for all are one in Him.

“Robert Charles is dead, Captain Day is dead; the riots of 1900 have passed into history; no hand can add to or take one horror from those godless transactions. Upon a score of homes the shadow of untimely death doth rest; upon Christian America is the stain of murder. North and South are one in the shedding of innocent blood; North and South are one in the unholy persecution of an inoffensive people.

“For both there is but one repeal: the recognition and maintenance of the equality of white and black politically, civilly and socially throughout the length and breadth of these United States!”

The black preacher stopped. The sermon was over. The people were too deeply impressed to linger or talk about it. They slowly filed from the church and went

to their homes. Our friend, the handsome, dark-skinned man from the suburb of Christian Boston, went home. Again he talked it all over with his pretty wife, and they concluded it was best to remain in the Christian suburb. The next day the caterer, taking advantage of a "great bargain" offered for sale across the street, bought a new home, and with his pretty, intelligent wife and their three little children, is living there today.

In Ole Alabam'.

“**R**ATHBONE!” The woman’s voice was an unusually sweet and soft one, and Rathbone turned lazily on his stomach to his other side, that he might hear the better.

“Dey’s kick’n up pow’ful up in ole Alabam’!” She tucked a refractory “cornrow” back under her pink sunbonnet as she spoke. “An’ I reckons dey’s gitt’n ready fo’ de ‘Day of Judgment’!”

“Who tole yo’?” asked the man, pushing his bare black toes deep into the hot white sand.

“Who tole me?” said the woman loftily. “Dat’s my bis’ness, Rathbone; I tole yo’ de fact, dey’s kick’n’ up pow’ful up in ole Alabam’, an’ I reckons dat ‘Day of Judgment’ ain’t fur off.”

“Who tole yo’?” repeated the man peremptorily, drawing his dusky toes from the sparkling sand, only to push them deeper into the moist heat.

The woman knew Rathbone’s temper, and yielded.

“Dat’s Tilly’s Sam’s news,” said she. “Come straight; Sam saw de mos’ of it, an’ heard mo’, an’ he reckons with me dat dat ‘Day of Judgment’ am on its way toe ole Alabam’!”

“Curse Sam an’ the ‘Day of Judgment.’ Why doan’ the papers give it toe us here?” The man pulled an

arm thick with purple whipcords from beneath his head, and rolled onto his back.

“The papers lie an’ lie!”

The woman shook back the belligerent “cornrow” into the depths of her pink sunbonnet, and tossed the remnants of the dinner to the watchful birds.

“It’s toime we’s at de pick’n’, Rathbone; yo’ knows *why* we doan’ have de news in de papers; yo’ knows dey doan’ mean de black folks toe know de truth of dese things, an’ so dey’s workin’ fo’ dat ‘Day of Judgment,’ but I’s heard heaps from Tilly’s Sam; Sam’s riz toe de occashun an’ tole all he knows; Sam’s gowine back, but he’s gowine back toe work fo’ his people!”

The woman stood up, tall, straight and handsome, her yellow face aglow with intelligence.

“Yes, Sam’s gowine back toe work fo’ his people,” she repeated.

Rathbone turned his somber, black eyes up to his wife’s clear, hopeful ones; he saw the light of expectation in their depths; he saw her straight, lithe form, and he recognized her strength; then his glance dropped to his own rude limbs; he laid a strong, supple hand on the swelling bunch of purple whipcords of his right arm, and drawled: “Thar’s muscle ’nough, Nelly; is it muscle that Tilly’s Sam’s gowine toe use fo’ his people?”

“Certainly it am, Rathbone,” said she, “muscle an’ grace; de Lord gives both fo’ de work.”

She tied the pink strings of her sunbonnet into a hard knot, reflecting that it was for six hours.

"But how 'bout brains, Nelly?" testily asked her husband.

"Brains, Rathbone, am reckoned in long de grace; brains am no 'count without de grace."

Rathbone shook himself angrily, every whipcord in his dusky arms purpling. "Thar's brains at Tallahassee, Nelly," cried he; "doe yo' 'low thar's grace thar? Thar's brains up in ole Alabam', whar black men are tied toe trees an' burned toe death; doe yo' 'low thar's grace thar? Thar's brains, heaps of 'em, in Washington; doe yo' 'low thar's grace thar? Thar's brains way north in Boston." Here Rathbone laughed a bitter, caustic laugh. "Way north in Boston, whar brains are born; doe yo' 'low thar's grace thar?"

"Rathbone," observed Nelly solemnly, "Boston am out of de question; never could dar be a burnin' dar, nor no shootin's, nor drownin's, nor cuttin's up loike what's gowine on up in ole Alabam'. Yes, Rathbone, Boston am out of de question."

Again Rathbone shook himself angrily, his slumberous eyes kindling.

"No, Nelly!" he cried; "no lynchin's, no burnin's, no cuttin's up black men alive way north in Boston."

Rathbone slowly rose to his feet, stretched his bare black arms into the radiant air. "But burnin's an'

lynchin's an' shootin's an' cuttin' up black folks alive has thar prototype in the feelin's of Boston's culture; they has thar prototypes in the feelin's of superiority that Boston's white folks claim over the black race. No negro, Nelly, even with the education an' refinement of the best blood of Boston, can enter intoe its social life on terms of equality. Money won't 'low it, culture won't 'low it, fame won't 'low it, education nor goodness won't 'low it. No, no, Nelly; let Tilly's Sam doe all he can fo' his people, but thar it stan's: the fact that that man, havin' the blood of the stolen African in his veins, never sits in the parlors of a Boston white man as his frien'. Slavery did it, Nelly, an' the curse am still at work."

Nelly and Rathbone were now way down in the field, Nelly's pink sunbonnet nodding close to her husband's head, her lithe yellow fingers darting in and out among the bursting cotton-balls.

"What's gowine toe make de change, Rathbone?" she drawled sweetly.

"I never reckoned thar war gowine toe be any change," said he, "long's the color of the skin an' the kink in the har am a separatin' line 'twixt peoples."

Nelly shook her head at Rathbone from over her basket. "I reckons," said she, "dat dat line can be rub out."

"Rub out!" cried he; "yes, rub out with blood!

the black man's blood an' the white man's blood toe make the peoples free!"

"No, Rathbone, not with blood; no rub out dat line with blood. 'Tis de Lord's work; 'tis de Lord's han' dat'll rub out dat line, an' we's toe work with him; it am with grace, Rathbone, an' not with blood."

"That line am drawn mighty sharp up in Boston," said Rathbone untentionally, "whar black men has no chance in the schools as teachers; no chance in the stores as clerks; no chance in the white churches with the white Christian; no chance in the government of which they am a part; no chance for social life in the homes of the white Christian; yes, Nelly, that separatin' line am drawn mighty sharp way north in Boston."

"Rathbone!" the voice was very soft and sweet. "Am yo' gowine toe work fo' yo' people?"

Again Rathbone laughed, bitter and caustic.

"I'se gowine toe work fo' nobody."

His basket, swung high at his side, was bulging white with the cotton-balls.

"I'se gowine toe work fo' nobody," repeated he emphatically.

Rathbone's voice grated harsh, musical as it was, on Nelly's ear.

"Yo's needed," replied she. "Yo's has a pow'ful speech, an' with de grace I reckons yo' beats Tilly's Sam."

Rathbone swung the basket slowly to his shoulder.

"I'se gowine toe work fo' nobody!" replied he doggedly. "I knows the way, but it am another thing toe walk in that way."

"Yo' only needs de grace, Rathbone, jes' de grace."

Nelly's pink bonneted head nodded emphatically close to her husband's. "Tilly's Sam has de grace."

"Who tole yo', — Sam?"

Of Rathbone's irony Nelly took no heed. "Sam tole nothin' but dem stories of dar burnin' colored folks alive. 'All facts,' said Tilly's Sam; an' Sam he reckoned with me dat dat 'Day of Judgment' war comin' fast toe ole Alabam'."

"What Sam gowine toe doe 'bout it?" drawled Rathbone lazily.

"Tilly's Sam doan *say* what he's gowine toe doe, but I reckon he *knows*, an' he's gowine toe doe it mighty quick."

"Did Sam tell yo' the whole of that las' affair?" asked Rathbone after a pause, during which he had swung another repleted basket from his shoulder to the "load."

Nelly threw up her smooth, yellow arms in a deprecatory manner. "All of it," said she, "an' mo'!"

"What mo'?" asked he.

"'Bout dat Texas burnin'," she replied. "Tilly's Sam said dat was America's greatest shame yet; Sam

said dat de ministers of de gospel looked on at dat, an' de railroads run exeurshun trains toe de scene, cheap fares fo' everybody. An' Sam said one of his neighbors, a very respectable white man, cut off a piece of de black man's tongue, wile he war agonizin'; Sam saw de piece, an' he said 'twar much as he could doe toe hole on toe hissel' wile dat neighbor war a-talkin' 'bout it, how de '*right thing*' had bin done toe dat 'nigger'!"

It was a blue flame that leaped from Rathbone's eyes, while for a moment a smile infernal contorted his heavy features. "An' what nex'?" said he.

"An' Tilly's Sam said what want burnt up of dat man war toted off fo' souv'nirs. Sam's neighbor brought dat piece of tongue home fo' his sweetheart's locket, to wear on her bosom."

"God! God! God!"

It was a wild, passionate cry, wrung from Rathbone's heart.

Defiantly, protestingly, he flung his arms to the blue sky.

"God! God!"

"An' Sam's gowine toe work fo' his people," said the woman with suppressed emotion. There was a long silence on Rathbone's part after this, then he broke out with:

"Look aheah, Nelly, I reckon Sam wants toe be lynched!"

Nelly lifted her luminous eyes up to her husband's inquiringly.

"Am yo' afeard, Rathbone?" said she.

Rathbone thrust a bunch of foamy cotton into his basket, quickly responding: "Afeard of nothin', afeard of nobody, an' fo' nobody, but I reckons Tilly's Sam'll be lynched."

"Tilly's Sam have grace fo' all things," replied Nelly piously. "An' Sam's gowine toe work fo' his people."

Again there was a long silence on Rathbone's side of the row; from her side Nelly kept up an inarticulate running melody of sound, every period rhythmically ending with: "An' de 'Day of Judgment' am on its way toe ole Alabam'."

The brilliant tropical sun was wheeling slowly into the west. High against the deepening sky the brown-winged buzzard was dipping its wings to the evening breeze. The moist, hot air pulsated and shimmered. Upon the clump of pines away across the fields a portentous shadow rested; Rathbone saw it, and said to himself: "Mos' six," swinging another overflowing basket to his shoulder.

Nelly was far down in the row, but she was coming on fast, her nimble yellow fingers darting like humming-birds in and out among the white exuberant blooms. When she was within hearing distance Rathbone spoke: "Yo' reckons Tilly's Sam's equal toe it?" Nelly's eyes,

undimmed by toil or fear, were raised to Rathbone's. "De Lord am back of Tilly's Sam," said she. Rathbone nodded and drawled. "But if Washington doan heah the voice of the Lord, Nelly?"

"It have *got* toe heah, Rathbone," said she quickly. "Washington have *got* toe heah de voice of de Lord speakin' through Tilly's Sam. Washington have *got* toe heah de voice of de Lord tellin' of de wrongs of his people; an'," she continued, "dat 'Day of Judgment' am comin' toe ole Alabam'." At Nelly's words Rathbone rose to his full height, his heavy, somber eyes lighted with hope; a smile of happy expectancy played over his features; his whole being quivered with life. The prophetic spirit of his race was upon him, and by a divine impulse he was moved to speech. "Yes! yes!" he cried, "Washington have got toe heah! Yes! yes! Boston have got to heah! the whole world have got toe heah! fo' it am the Lord Jehovah that am speakin' thro' his people. It am the voice of the Lord Jehovah that am crying out toe be heard; Jesus Christ said: 'Love one another,' an' it am love that's gowine toe doe it. It am justice that am gowine toe doe it. Tilly's Sam am gowine toe be heard. An' every black man am gowine toe be heard when love and justice speaks thro' him.

"The black womans am gowine toe be heard; they am 'risin in thar might; they am 'risin in thar love of

justice; they am 'risin in the glory of the Lord. Thar am petitions gowine up to the throne of grace; thar am petitions gowine up to Washington; thar am petitions with ev'ry black han' a-sigin' them gowine up to Congress, fo' Congress to keep the Constitution pure, fo' Congress to keep the principles of its founders pure. 'All men am born free an' equal,' am the golden rule of government; let ev'ry black man an' woman know it; let ev'ry white man an' woman believe it, fo' it am God's word. The winds of heaven am blowin' it over the world. 'Free an' equal,' sing the hills; 'Free an' equal,' shout the seas; 'Free an' equal,' thunders roll; free an' equal ev'ry soul!"

Triumphantly Rathbone's voice rang out on the radiant air.

"Glory! glory!" cried Nelly ecstatically. "Glory of dat better day, when

Peace on earth, good-will toe men'
All hearts shall sway!"

The summer night was close at hand, the long day's work for Rathbone and Nelly was over, and, happy in hope, they passed from the field to their home.

Kansas' Tragedy. 1901.

A MOB of frenzied men, and, oh shame! of women,
angrily clamoring for the blood of a black boy!

It was in the public streets of Leavenworth, in the
great "Free State" of Kansas.

It was in this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and
one.

It was in "Free America."

It was a Christian people, putting to shame the sav-
age butchery of a Nero populace!

It was the North and South mingling their preju-
dices in an outrage unparalleled in human history!

It was hate incarnate!

It was the spirit of slavery beating down the bul-
warks of our American civilization!

It was Cain crying for the blood of his brother!

It was the seared conscience of pulpit and press
dumbly acquiescent!

It was the state of Kansas traitorous to the princi-
ples of our immortal independence!

It was the religion of today repudiating the teachings
of its Divine Master!

It was injustice triumphant!

The negro boy, Fred Alexander, was not convicted
of the crime for which he was burned. "An *attempted*

assault on a woman." "The *supposed murderer* of Pearl Forbes," so reads the record; but it was enough, so declared eight thousand Christian white men. It was sufficient, so declared that mob of eight thousand white and pure, spotless in their virtue!

Eight thousand men immaculate in their chivalry to vindicate the honor of a woman!

A mob of American citizens unimpeachable in their integrity to honor their nation!

A mob of devotees unimpeachable in their devotion to chastity!

Oh, let the spotless purity of the white man look to itself!

In this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and one, eight thousand Christians burning at the stake an innocent negro boy!

Calvary pales at this deed!

Gethsemane shrinks at this woe!

Let "Free America" read the story of its shame. The crowd had gained entrance to the stockade, and there was a yelling mob in the jail-yard. The doors of the cell-room were then broken down, and despite his outcries the negro was dragged into the open. He had been struck over the head with a hammer, but was still conscious. Men sought to get at him, and infuriated struck savagely at him, hitting only his captors, who guarded him well.

"Don't hurt him now!" they cried; "we'll burn him." Up the hill and into the courthouse yard they dragged him, and there they stopped.

Ah! what a picture for America to contemplate!

A black boy, barely twenty years, barely free from the shackles of slavery, surrounded by a mob of frenzied men clamoring savagely for his blood!

O beloved Columbia! low in the dust trails thy glorious banner, beautiful symbol of thy greatness. Dim are the stars upon the blue; pale are the stripes of ineffable glory; hushed are the voices of freedom; dumb are the lips of justice!

In reply to demands for a confession the negro said: "*I am innocent; I am dying for what another man did. There are those here that know I did not do it. I am not guilty of the crime. I am an innocent man.*"

When the doomed boy had finished talking he was backed against a cotton-wood tree in a corner of the yard and told again to confess.

"My God! men," he cried, "*I have told you that I am innocent. I can tell you no more. I did not do it.*"

Again the mob shouted for him to confess; once again the boy protested his innocence.

The suggestion to take him to the scene of the crime met with instant approval, and the crowd hooting, pushing, swaying, carried him before it to the corner

of Lawrence avenue and Spruce street. There a semi-circle was formed, and Alexander was shoved forward into full view. A howl went up as the prisoner raised his shackled hands and tried to speak. He was then driven down the embankment to a pile of wood, and there chained to a railroad iron planted upright in the ground. Wood and boards were piled around him, and over all was poured coal-oil. Before firing the mass, John Forbes, father of the murdered girl, stepped up to the prisoner and said: "Are you guilty of murdering my daughter?"

"No! no!" cried the doomed boy; "*I don't know what you have me here for.*"

"For killing my daughter," said Forbes, "on this very spot."

"Mr. Forbes," said the negro, "*you have the wrong man. You are burning an innocent man. You took advantage of me; you gave me no show. Can I see my mother?*"

A man in the crowd called for the mother, but there was no response; the mother was not there. Then said Alexander: "Will you let me shake hands with my friends?" "You have no friends in this crowd, you beast," was the reply. Again coal-oil was poured over the man; again the mob pushed and swayed to get at him, jeering and hooting. Again the boy protested his innocence: "*I didn't do it, O God, I didn't do it.*" Then he cried out, "Good-by," and closed his eyes.

Mr. Forbes lighted the match, and again called on him to confess, and again the boy replied: "*I have nothing to say.*" Then the flames leaped up, the crowd tumultuously shouting.

Alexander turned a ghastly hue, and clasping his hands together began to sway to and fro. In ten minutes all that was left of him was hanging limp and lifeless by the chains, and the Christian American public was satisfied.



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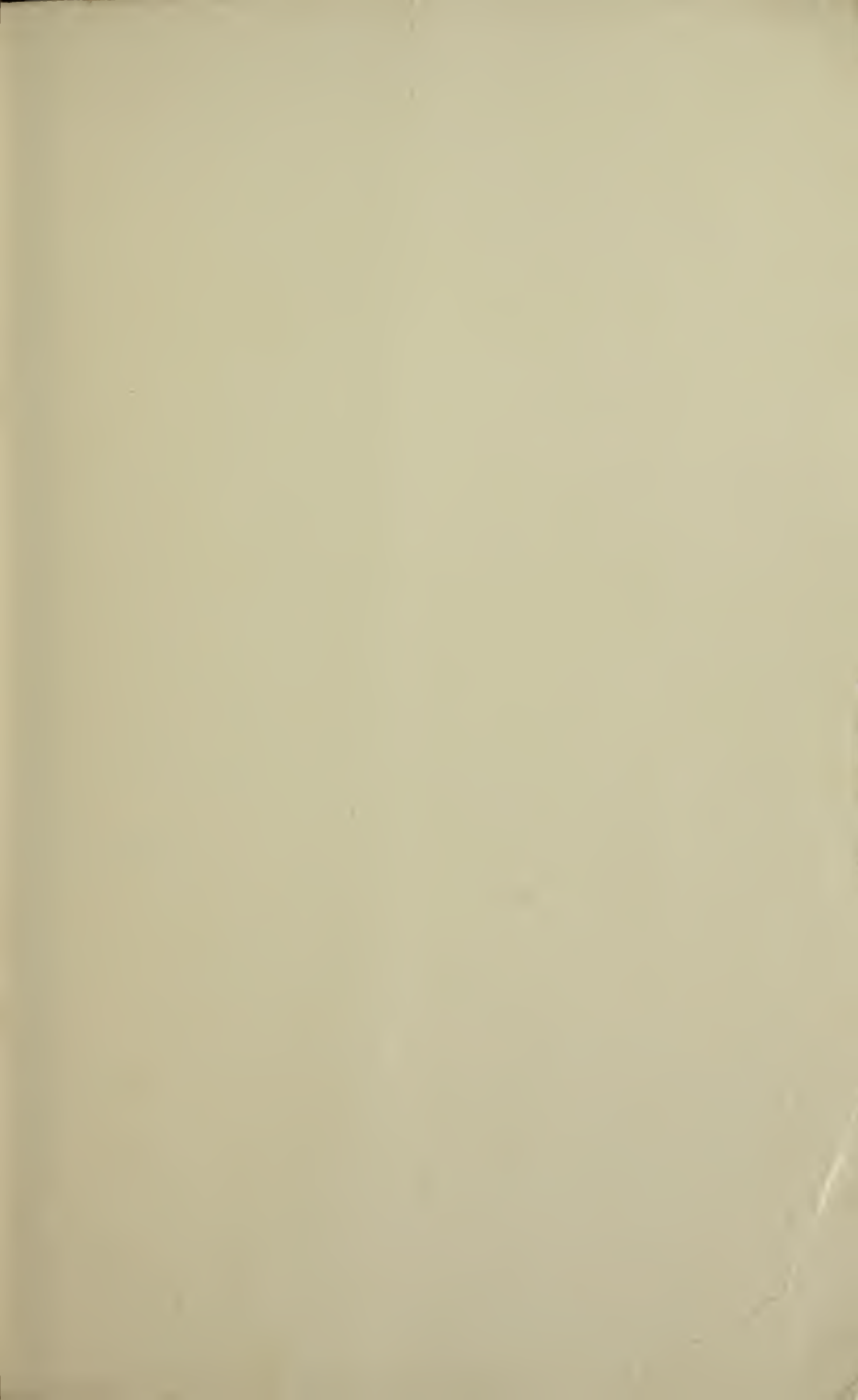
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