

THE LEDGER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
210 COURTLAND STREET
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year, Fifty Cents.
Six months, Twenty-five Cents.
Three Months, Thirteen Cents.
Single Copy, One Cent.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Notices of Marriages, Deaths, Religious and other special notices, One Cent a word for each insertion.
Business cards, one inch, 50 cents for first and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Address all mail to
THE LEDGER,
210 COURTLAND ST. Baltimore Md.
The private address of Rev. George F. Dagg and Mr. William E. Tabb, is 823 Annapolis St.
Entered at the Baltimore, Md. Post Office as second class mail matter.

SATURDAY SEPT. 17, 1898

OUR SCHOOLS.

A great deal of the money of tax payers is spent for the support of public education, and we dare assert that no money is more cheerfully given than that which goes to the support of the schools. The schools opened this week with the usual rush, and, as it should be, increased help is rendered necessary in properly caring for the needs of the pupils. We hope that our schools may receive everything which they may need. It is worth the while to remind both parents and teachers that it will be futile to expect good and substantial results unless there is hearty co-operation on both sides. Not simply a co-operation in tongue but in fact. What we need is to understand each other. Then there will be little or no trouble in securing the heartiest co-operation of all. There are certain things pertaining to the peculiar environment of many parents which should be known in order to cooperate with them and secure the best results from the pupil.

There are certain things in connection with the practical arrangements and the disciplinary life of the school, and the comfort and convenience of the pupils which the parents should know. Now how is this mutual understanding to be attained? Certainly not by sending reports, and notes, nor by the appearance of the parent at school in an excited and ill-disposed manner. Just how it may be secured is a question, but we venture to suggest a way. In the North, West, East and Southern sections of our city, there should be held, periodically, during the winter, great monster educational meetings, and the patrons of the schools ought to be there, and so ought the teachers in those schools. Opportunity should be afforded for short expressions upon the part of the parents, as well as afforded the teachers to press their views to the hearts of the parents. We know that the parent can co-operate in securing the very best results from their children.

What we have suggested is eminently practical and in keeping with down-right common-sense. We doubt not, but that if the preachers would lend their aid and assistance in the matter, the plan would not only succeed, but in their churches they would shortly ascertain a new, lively, and potential influence for good in many practical and beneficial ways. Let the heads of our colored public schools offered by colored teachers get together and arrange the detail for such educational meetings, and they will have taken the first step for a decidedly forward movement in the moral, as well as intellectual advancement of the colored people in this city.

The men who make up the State are too small a body to take in the principles enunciated by successive National

tional Republican Conventions. In size they remind one of the carcasses of a political flea.

STERN TRUTHS.

The cry has been raised, "Give us a white man's chance in the race of life," as though it was the customary thing in life for men to spread with lavish hands all the chances along life's byways that their fellows stand in need of. It is high time that our people realize that very little of anything that goes to make an individual mentally or physically or financially strong is gained without incessant labor, patient plodding and rigid economy. And the same law which is applied to individuals is applied also to men in their collective capacity. Too much flattery, praise, and too many apologies are weakening, and as far as practicable ought to be discontinued. The leaders of our people ought to be manly enough to tell the people stern truths.—Phila. Tribune.

True enough. But the average Afro-American is obstinately indisposed towards "incessant labor, patient plodding, and rigid economy." Either one of these factors would break his very heart. And yet he will always be the tail end of nothing until he comes to it. We ought to stop complaining about opportunity until we are disposed to use that which we already have.

Our esteemed contemporary the *Afro-American* wonders at our silence with respect to the late Cambridge Conference. Why, bless you in every issue of the *LEDGER* we are driving home some of the many good things there spoken. We have already commended the Conference most highly, and our contemporary has fairly reported our doings. What else can we do more than what we are doing? We leave all individuals out of court and address ourselves to principals, not men. We only speak of men incidentally; one of our great troubles now is that many of us have an inordinate love for seeing our names in print. Let us Brother Murphy abstain from booming "big Negroes" and go it, full length for principles. If a man is a "big Negro" let him show it by his sacrifice for the race. Not so much noise we need but light on the subject.

We can rejoice in the advent of Wellington whose domineering disposition and autocratic sway would disrupt the party, in his persistent effort to advance the interests of lily-whites, at the expense and humiliation of Negro voters.

The systematic plan of Negro disfranchisement, as vigorously applied by the Senator from the West, since he attained the eminence from which he could, with authority, thunder forth "Set the first" is the very best exponent of his real feelings and disposition towards the colored people of this State.

Mr. Harry T. Pratt, who graduated, sometime ago, from the Maryland School of Art and Design, has recently executed a most beautiful and artistic pencil drawing, of the desk in Lawyer Harry S. Cummings' office. Upon the desk can be plainly seen copies of the Sun, News and *LEDGER* and other articles which usually find place on such office desks. The picture withal is a most excellent one and highly creditable to our young and promising artist. It has been fittingly framed and now hangs in Mr. Cummings' law office 313 St. Paul street.

The conduct of many of the excursionists who have left this city during the present summer, for various places in the vicinity of Baltimore has been of a very shameful and mortifying nature. No wonder that colored people, sometimes, find it difficult to have a steamboat or charter a train. There is no need of additional law to lead us into good behavior. Rowdiness among a large class of

colored people is a painful fact nor does it help the matter at all because there are white rowdies. We ought to quit our meanness and behave ourselves. Good behavior will gain for us what voting can never secure.

EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS OF THE RACE AT ANNAPOLIS.

Some days ago a meeting of colored citizens of Annapolis was held in the interest of better educational facilities for our youth in that city. It is a good move and we trust that with persistency, vigor and enthusiasm they continue to push the matter. Now is a good time to find out if there be any sincerity, at all, in the so-called Republican administration.

The following is a copy of the resolutions, adopted by the meeting.

Be it resolved that we the colored citizens of Annapolis, Md., have assembled together this 5th day of September 1898, to respectfully ask and pray to the Honorable Board of School Commissioners for Anne Arundel County, and the District School Trustees of Stanton Public Colored School at Annapolis, to make Stanton Public Colored School a graded high school, as soon as the building is completed.

We ask and pray to have Stanton Public colored school graded by the same catalogue, with the same subject matter, as the white high school of Annapolis, in Languages, Sciences, Advanced Mathematics, English Literature, History, Book-keeping, Music, Art, &c. As both schools ought to be made similar and equal to the best in all educational facilities, and employ only good, moral and sober teachers, who are fully competent to teach any and all of the prescribed subject matter.

RICHARD E. KING, Chairman,
WM. E. PARKER, Secretary.

"NEGRO SUPREMACY."

Mr. Alex. H. Robertson seconded the nomination in an aggressive speech. Among other things, he said: "It is our duty to subordinate every factional issue, every personal ambition, every distracting issue in party affairs to the one supreme issue of erasing from the fair brow of our city and state the ignominious brand of negro supremacy, and placing the affairs of the city and state in the hands of the white man, where the brutal and swaggering negro shall no longer be a factor in our political affairs."—American.

Mr. Alex. H. Robertson, whoever he is, ought to leave such little petty, and nonsensical stuff to coarse and vulgar creatures. There is no such thing as "Negro Supremacy" in this city or state, but there is much bull-dozing of Negroes by members of his party as well as by Wellington, McIntire & Co. We will kindly tell Mr. Robertson that it is far nobler to be a real man, free from prejudice and passion, than to be either a white, black or blue man. Such an appeal to passion will meet with disfavor among honorable white Democrats, as it will certainly receive the hearty condemnation of decent and respectable colored citizens who blame not the Almighty because of their color.

TAKE HIGHER GROUND.

Just now we are getting a great many letters from agents, who desire that "all they send" shall be printed in the paper. It is impossible, gentlemen, for you all to be accommodated. We have agencies established in more than 200 cities and towns in this and other states, and it is impossible for us to print unimportant local happenings and personal chit-chat from them all the week. Besides this, the Express as questions of principle and matters of moment, which it must consider for the country's welfare, which space must be devoted, wide from all this, the Negroes who subscribe for race papers, get above reading them because their names are in them—they take higher ground. Our agents everywhere must make this matter plain to the

kickers in their towns, and cease sending us column upon columns of chaff which we are compelled to throw away. The Express must contend against outrage, murder, lynch law and other matters, which retard the progress of mankind, and the colored men who are not willing to support it, while it does these things will have to quit. Something like 7,000 people take the Express, and it is impossible for us to get all of their names in the paper, and we are not going to try.—Dallas Tex. Weekly Express.

FREDERICK FINDINGS.

Mr. Russell Coursey and Miss Helen Nichols, were married on Wednesday night of last week by Rev. C. H. Murray.

King David's Missionary Society of the First Baptist church gave a Missionary entertainment at Nazarite Hall on Thursday night of last week. The features of the affair were, addresses by Revs. J. E. Board and A. Beck, solo by Miss Hill, recitation by Misses Hill and Reid; Prof. G. T. Day presided at the organ.

Mrs. Martha Cash has returned after a pleasant visit to her son in West Chester, Pa.

Misses Marie Brighton and Gracie Lane, returned after a delightful visit to Mr. Samuel Johnson of Cumberland.

The Sunday school scholars of the First Baptist church were given a pleasant treat of ice cream and cake at the church, Friday evening of last week.

The Sunday school of Quinn A. M. E. Church gave a picnic at Mercer's woods on Thursday of last week. Jenkins' Band furnished music for the occasion.

Communion services were held at Asbury M. E. Church in the morning. Rev. Mr. Beck filled his pulpit all day.

The Lord's Supper was administered at the First Baptist church Sunday night to a large number. Rev. Mr. Board preached two very interesting and instructive sermons. The Sunday School of this church is growing very fast, and bids fair to equal any in the city.

Mr. Joseph Dorsey of Baltimore was in the city on Saturday and Sunday visiting his wife and two children, who are stopping on E. Sixth street.

Miss Lelia Brighton left here Saturday to visit friends in Baltimore.

Mrs. George Cook has returned home after having been away for several years.

Your correspondent has learned that many of the parents here prefer keeping their children from school for the sake of earning a pitiful sum by working in private families. This is cheating the children of their golden opportunity, and such practices will only result in injury to them.

The first frost fell here on Sunday night or early Monday morning. Jack frost was seen on Monday morning. The thermometer registered 42° in the morning about 7 o'clock.

If a paper is worth borrowing it ought to be worth purchasing. Don't borrow from your neighbor. Twenty-five cents will bring it to your door each week for six months, we mean the *LEDGER*.

PATRONISE the Advertisers of this paper for they are friendly disposed towards business enterprises conducted by Colored men.

The Maryland School for the Colored Blind and Deaf, Will open Tuesday, Sept. 13, 1898. This is a free, non-sectarian school for the education of the blind or deaf colored children of Maryland, and the Blind of the District of Columbia. Partially blind or deaf children are received, when they have not sufficient sight or hearing to attend the public schools. Apply for admission and information to THE SUPERINTENDENT, 649 W. Saratoga St. Baltimore, Md.

The Normal School, The Baltimore Normal School for education of Colored Teachers will re-open September 15th. The Principal will be at School on September 13th and 14th, until 12 M.

MARYLAND, Balt. Northampton Hotel Training School of Baltimore Kindergarten Association. Junior, Senior and Graduate Courses. Also a Course for Directors of Normal Classes. Address Miss C. M. C. HART.

\$500. Money! Money! \$500. \$500 to loan in one or two lots. Also any amount on short notes. Geo. P. T. Jones, 1327 N. Calhoun street.

JOHN C. HICKS, With Edward Anderson, 501 North Central Avenue, Shaving and Hair Cutting done in the latest style.

One Hundred Thousand Dollars

It is perfectly safe to say that more than the above amount is spent each week by the Colored People of Baltimore. With a colored population, 80,000, the estimate is certainly a fair one.

MERCHANTS

who are not Negro haters, and who desire the patronage of their colored friends, ought also to show their friendly and kindly interest in the welfare of the race, by giving the colored newspaper enterprise a share of their advertising patronage. If they are not ashamed to receive the patronage of colored people, they ought not to be ashamed to solicit the same through a race newspaper. Try an "ad" in THE LEDGER.

PATRONISE the Advertisers of this paper for they are friendly disposed towards business enterprises conducted by Colored men.

Bryant's Marjoram Cream. The Greatest Botanical Discovery of the present Century. It cures numerous ailments. It acts like magic to relieve and cures rheumatism, sore feet, chapped skin, back ache and most every ailment brought on by cold or irritation. Agents wanted to sell this wonderful remedy. 25 cents or 5 bottles for \$1.00. Apply to P. D. Blackwell, 204 Richmond Street, Baltimore, Md. U

If a paper is worth borrowing it ought to be worth purchasing. Don't borrow from your neighbor. Twenty-five cents will bring it to your door each week for six months, we mean the *LEDGER*.

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Trains leave Hillen Station at
*4:30 a.m., Fast mail, main line,
R. R. and the South and ex. S.
V. R. R., Chambersburg, mar
and Winchester.
*7:22 a. m. York B.&F. Div. a
line east of Emory Grove, also
and G. & H. R. R.
*8:11 a. m., main line, Cham
*9:15 a. m. Pen-Mar Express.
Frederick, Emmitsburg and
R. R. to Shenandoah.
*9:30 a.m., accommodation for
Bridge and Hanover.
*10:17 a.m., accom. for Union
York, Gettysburg, Carlisle, G. &
*12:26 p. m. Accom. for Emory
*12:35 " accom. for Union R.
*1:22 p. m. Blue Mountain Exp.
Car] main line, also Frederick
tinsburg and Winchester.
*3:32 " exp. for York and B.
*4:00 " accom. for Alexia.
*4:01 " Ex. Main Line Point
Frederick, Emmitsburg, Shipp
and N. & W. A. R.
*5:00 p. m. Exp. to Glyndon. A
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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Our Own Times"—How We Can Serve Our Generation—Our Responsibilities Chiefly With the People Now Afloat of Us—Help Your Neighbors.

Text: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." Acts xiii, 36.

That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind. Sermons have a time to be as well as a time to die, a cradle as well as a grave. David, the cowboy and singer, and fighter, and dramatist, and blank-verse writer, and prophet, did his best for the people of his time, and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." It was his own generation that he had served; that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now waiting about us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden time, life was longer, and there was, perhaps, only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess, and say that there have been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. We have no record of them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds. Their sepulchres are dead and dumb as anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could; not one of them would answer. I admit that I am in sympathy with the chief whose father had suddenly died, and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into heaven and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into her mother's face, said: "Oh, mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, thank God that I had a good father once, so I can sleep his rest." But the one hundred and eighty generations have passed off. Passed down gone forever. Then there are generations to come after this, and any existence has ceased. We shall not see them; we shall not hear any of their voices; we will take no part in their elections, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophes, their triumphs, their sorrows, or the 180 generations to come, except as from the galleries of heaven the later generations look down and rejoice in our victories, or as we may, by our behavior, start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe, and whose hearts now beat. And, mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a "forced march" at twenty-four miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with that celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part, or no service at all. We not only cannot teach the 180 generations past, and will not see the 180 generations to come, but this generation, no matter what age will soon be off, and we ourselves will be off with them. The fact is, that you are idly here to start very soon for our generation, that is, the people now living, for anyone after our exit to say of us, as it was said of David, "After he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, waiting in a common-sense way, and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all, let us see to it that, as we are, we can get the most out of it. The human body is a very complicated machine. Three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want, God has given us a certain number of acres, orchards, orange groves, wheat fields, and oceans full of fish, and prairies full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the majority of the human family are now suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew, and God only can set it right. The greatest estates of today have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute 70,000 skulls, and 50,000 human skulls, and that number of people were compelled to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together make only 120,000 skulls, while in the tower of the world's wealth, the pomp have been wrought the skeletons of the half-civilized populations of the earth—millions of skulls. Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses been soup and almond nuts and feel that they were in heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, and treating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring class feel so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes, or into the tobaccoist calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rum sellers call beer. Good coffee would do much in driving out bad rum.

How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm-chair, our mouth peering up around a Havana of the best brand, and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of stripes? No, no. By finding out who in this city has been living on the edge, and sending them a tenderloin beefsteak. Seek out some family, who through sickness or conjunction of misfortunes have not enough to eat, and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake, and begin the supplies of others necessities. So far from helping appease the world's hunger are those whom Isaiah describes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a scythe or an axe on a grindstone, and some one was turning it round and round and the man holding the axe bore on it harder and harder, while the water dropped from the grindstone at the edge of the axe from being round and dull, got keener and keener. So I have seen men who were put up against the grindstone of hardship, and the one to turn it was another would press the unfortunate harder and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner—his countenance thinner, his prospects thinner, and his face thinner. "Lash, lash, lash," said a man as he grinded the faces of the poor.

It is an awful thing to be hungry. It is an easy thing for us to be in good humor with the world, but when we are in lack, the hunger takes full possession of us, and we would kill a Leo barbarians and a Scythian and a Hindu. Suppose that some enemy were to be depending in useless waiting talk about the bread question, and I should be expended in merciful Alibi. I have read that the battlefield more troops met than in any world's history was the battle of Waterloo—160,000 men under Napoleon and 150,000 men under Schwarzenberg. The greatest and most terrific battle fought all the world over, the battle for bread. The most precious of all the things that we have is the ability to buy the cry of

the hungry populace of Vienna as the king rode through and they shouted, "Bread! Give us bread!" And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral I hear the pathos, the ground tone, the tragedy of uncounted multitudes, who, with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts, in behalf of themselves and their families, are pleading for bread.

Let us take another look around and see how we may serve our generation. Let us see, as far as possible, that they have enough to wear. God looks upon the things that we do, and how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of the government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England, and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best, it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet, and He has made enough apparel for each, and if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people, then there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen. Not slouchy apparel, not ragged apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel. At least two suits for every being on earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal. A good coat, a good hat, or a good bonnet, and a good shawl, and a complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobe for all nations, adapted to all climates, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye wanting.

But, alas! where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race? The other one-fourth have appropriated them. The fact is, there needs to be and will be a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlawry had its way, it would rend and tear and diminish, until, instead of three-fourths of the world not properly attired, four-fifths would be in rags. I will let you know how the redistribution will take place. By generosity on the part of those who have a surplus, and increased industry on the part of those suffering from deficit. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country are a result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of the present sufferers or their ancestors. In most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change, and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes and industry and sobriety on the part of the empty wardrobes, there will be enough for all to wear.

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. What slighted mortals we would be if we were anxious to clothe and feed only the most insignificant part of a man, namely, his body, while we put forth no effort to clothe and feed and save his soul. Time is a little piece broken off of a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls of this present generation? Let me say it is a generation worth saving. Most material men and women are in it. We make a great ado about the improvements in navigation, and in locomotion, and in art and machinery. We remark with wonder of telegraph and telephone and the stereoscope. What improvement is electric light over a tallow candle? But all these improvements are insignificant compared with the improvement in the human race. In olden times, once in a while, a great and good man or woman would come up, and the world has made a great fuss about it ever since; but now they are so numerous, we scarcely speak about them. We put up with the people of the past, but if I think if the times demanded them, it would be found we have now living in this year 1893 fifty Martin Luthers, fifty George Washingtons, fifty Lady Hamiltons, fifty Elizabeths Fry. During our Civil War more splendid warriors in North and South were developed in four years than the whole world developed in the previous twenty years. I challenge the 4000 years before Christ to show us the equal of charity on a large scale of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any one of the 180 generations that have passed off. Where shall we begin? With ourselves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Elzario sent his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, on the north side are deserting, and death; on the south side is victory; on the north side Panama and poverty; on the south side Peru with all its riches. Choose for yourselves; for my part I go to the south." Stepping across the line, one of his troops followed, and finally his whole army.

How to get saved? Be willing to accept Christ and then accept Him instantaneously and forever. Get on the rock first, and then you will be able to help others upon the same rock. Men and women have been saved quicker than I have been talking about it. What! Without prayer, pray! Yes. What! Without time to deliberately think it over? Yes. What! Without a tear? Yes, believe. That is all. Believe what that Jesus died to save you from sin and death and Hell. Will you? Do you? You have. Something makes me think you have. New light has come into your countenances. Welcome! welcome! Halt! Halt! Saved yourselves, how are you to save others? By testimony. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it everywhere. We will successfully preach no more religion, and will successfully talk no more religion than we ourselves have. The most of that which you do to benefit the souls of this generation you will effect through your own behavior. Go wrong, and that will induce others to go wrong. Go right, and that will induce others to go right. When the great Centennial Exhibition was being held in Philadelphia the question came up among the directors as to whether they should keep the exposition open on Sundays, when a director, who was a man of the world from Nevada arose and said, his voice trembling with emotion, and tears running down his cheeks: "I feel like a returned prodigal. Twenty years ago I went West and into a region where we had no Sabbath, but to-day old memories come back to me, and I remember what my glorified mother taught me about keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knelt by her side in prayer. Gentlemen, I vote for the observance of the Christian Sabbath," and he carried everything by storm, and when the question was put, "Shall we open the exhibition on the Sabbath?" it was almost unanimous. "No." "What one man can do if he does right, boldly, emphatically right!" I confess to you that my one wish is to serve this generation, not to antagonize it, not to damage it, not to rule it, but to serve it. I would like to do something toward helping unstrap its load, to stop its tears, to balsam its wounds, and to induce it to put foot on the upward path, as its terminus acclamation rapturous and gates peartine, and garlands amazing, and fountains rainbowed, and domes and enthroned and coroneted. I cannot forget that lullaby in the closing words of my text: "David after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." What a lovely sleep it was! Unfilial Abimelech did not trouble it. Ambitious Adonijah did not worry it. Ferocious Saul did not harrow it. Edie did not all it with nightmare. Since a red-headed boy and his father's flock at night, he had not had such a good sleep. At seventy years of age he laid down to it. He had had many a troubled sleep, as in the arms of Adonijah, or in the palace at the time his enemies were attempting his capture. But this was a peaceful sleep, a calm sleep, a restful sleep, a glorious sleep. "After he had served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

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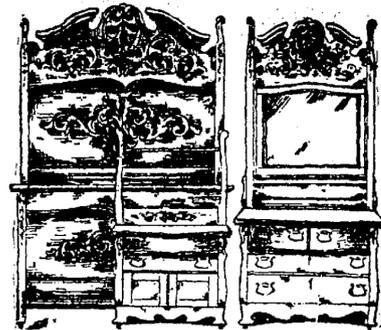
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