

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.

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Business cards, one inch, 30 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 223 Asquith St.

Entered at the Baltimore, Md. Post Office as second class mail matter.

SATURDAY OCT. 22, 1898

We are pained to record the death of Mr. B. L. Talley, which occurred last week. Mr. Talley was president of the Home Friendly Society, 100 west Fayette St., an institution which has generously given us an "ad" from the very first issue of the LEDGER to this date. Our business relation has often brought us into contact with the authorities of this benevolent and industrial insurance institution, and it is a delightful pleasure to record here the uniform courtesy and kindly treatment we have always received. Our people will avoid many of the unpleasant hitches and friction they experience, in several of the insurance companies, if they give their patronage and have dealings with such men of integrity and fair dealing as characterize the Home Friendly Society.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AGENTS.

Our correspondents will please get a great deal into a little space. Otherwise we are compelled to compress their matter for them. We want news items, not comment. Our paper is small and space valuable.

Let our correspondents and agents not be content and push the paper. Instead of 30 and 40 papers they ought to have at least a hundred in each place. Think of it only one cent a copy, and then half of that we allow agents! If Negroes cannot afford to take a paper like the Ledger at one cent a week then they are good for nothing. Push the paper. Increase your orders. Our putting the paper down so low is conditioned upon anticipation of very many thousand readers throughout Maryland. Otherwise the enterprise can not succeed. Now if you believe the LEDGER to be a good paper, help to increase its circulation and thereby its influence.

Another word to our correspondents. We have been quite lenient with some. This is inevitable in starting up a new enterprise. But this we do not, most positively, propose to continue. If two or three days after the first of each month we expect to hear promptly from our agents sending in the cash for papers furnished during the month past. If we do not hear from them promptly we will send them no more papers until we do hear from them; preferring to run the risk of losing the amount for the past month than to take the chance of losing still more. It ought to appear to all that the margin is very slender when all bills are promptly paid, and when the reverse is true it means a decided loss to us. On and after the first of November this rule will be rigidly enforced.

Don't think that because you have 20 subscribers, yielding us 10 cents a week, out of which postage and all expenses are to be paid, that we ought to pay out of our pocket for the setting up of a

column of matter that could be gotten into two or three inches. So, limit unnecessary verbage and come right to the point and state facts in a concise manner.

THE YELLOW FEVER IN THE SOUTH.

Out of the sincerity of our heart we sympathize with our afflicted white brethren in the Southern States visited with the yellow fever. The best that we can do is to point them to the God of mercy and pity who will hear their cry and abundantly pardon.

We are too prone to account for such visitations on natural grounds and yet the very fact that, generally speaking, Negroes are practically exempt from this sad destroying disease ought to dispose us to inquire whether or not such a visitation be sent by the Almighty as a punishment and penance for the constant and outrageous violation of the fundamental principles of equity and right by our caucasian brother. God made all men, and God governs the world which He has made. By the perversity of mankind the weak is constantly in danger of being preyed upon by the strong, and thier only real recourse is to God, by the "waters of Babylon" in heaviness and anguish of hearts. When one thinks of the absolute helpless position of the blacks in the South, how they have been lynched, vilified, robbed of the suffrage and illegally and unhumanly treated, it ought not to be surprising that a God of vengeance as well as a God of love should vindicate his own fatherly solicitude for his poor black suffering children who cry unto him, day and night, for help. God loves his black children as dearly as he loves his white children. All are brethren, and this important and fundamental truth must be taught though the way be through fire and sword, pestilence and blood.

Our hearts go out to the stricken and afflicted of our caucasian brethren and we point them to the Lord of hosts. As of old, so this very moment the voice of the Lord rings throughout this broad land on behalf of the poor ostracised Negro, "Let my people go."

The Black Man never was so strong as when with a clean life, free from all kinds of reproachful things, he clung tenaciously to the Lord. We ought not to be ashamed of our fathers' God. The Lord our God, who in His providential way, brought about our freedom, still fighteth for us. Let us then, while sincerely sympathizing with our Caucasian brother, depart from sin and cleave unto the Lord. If such be the attitude well may we appropriate to ourselves the words of the Psalmist:

"Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

"For the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day.

"A thousand shall fall beside thee and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee.

"Yea, with thine eyes shalt thou see the reward of the ungodly."

Our white brother has not treated us as a brother, and our Father has the matter in hand. Let us pray that our brother may cast away his hardness of heart and be reconciled to us, so that the chastisement of our Father may cease. Meantime, let us also pray that our afflicted brethren may have grace, and that abundantly, in the time of their need.

The poor halt naked Israelites, fresh from slavery, as they on that memorable morning, when the waters had receded, looked for the last time upon their oppressors dead on the sea-shore, who had hastened towards death, in their blind pursuit of their former slaves must have been touched, as never before, with a supreme pity and true benevolence. Somehow the tears of loving sympathy irresist-

ably poured down their cheeks as they beheld in the dead bodies the terrible vengeance of the almighty God.

If the Negro will only be true to God, and hold his peace, God will fight and gain the victory for him self. After all there is no Negro problem it is simply the old, old problem of sin. Sin shall be destroyed, and love shall wield together the various races of Man in One. The ideal of Christ's religion must and shall be realized.

Our province is simply to state the situation as it is. Just how colored men ought to vote in the coming election is a matter which each one must determine for himself in view of the conditions to which we have so often and pointedly referred.

POLITICAL.

Congressman Mudd's Insulting Letter to Negro Applicants.

The colored Republicans of Annapolis, Md., under the auspices of the McKinley and Hobart Colored Club, comprising about 250 members, passed resolutions appointing a committee to confer with Congressman Mudd, relative to a competitive examination for a cadetship, which he, as Congressman, was entitled to appoint.

This Republican committee addressed this Republican Congressman a very courteous letter making known the wishes of his colored constituents. To their letter he replied as follows:

House of Representatives, U. S., Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1897.
Richard E. King, Esq., Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Md.
My Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of a communication from a committee of the McKinley and Hobart Colored Republican Club of Annapolis, Md., in which you are designated as President.

Your committee asks that I, as representative of the Fifth Congressional District of Maryland, "establish a precedence for the appointment for a cadetship at the United States Naval Academy from a competitive examination, and first to both colored and white boys alike, and the one passing the best examination to be appointed by the Congressman."

I might, if I considered it desirable, recommend in pursuance of competitive examinations. I have already made one appointment for this position. The applicant did not entirely measure up to the requirements. I should like to make another appointment in a very short time for the purpose of filling the vacancy, but I shall not submit it to the test of a competitive examination, and in response to the expressed interest on the part of your committee, with reference to the colored candidate, I herewith reply that I shall not recommend the appointment of a colored candidate as cadet at the Naval Academy at Annapolis to represent the Fifth Congressional District of Maryland for the terms which I may be empowered to fill. Very truly yours,

SYDNEY E. MUDD.
We have this communication from Mr. Mudd, over his own signature, and can produce it. Had he known that these statements would have come to light, he would not have written them doubtless. If he had, surely he is heartless and unfeeling, and not only unfit to receive the suffrage of colored voters, but is wholly unfit for public office, even if elected by all white voters. Think of it! This United States Congressman, Sydney E. Mudd, was elected by the support of over 13,000 negro voters, and they asked of him a competitive examination, open to white and colored boys alike, in order to give the colored boys of the Fifth Congressional District of Maryland an opportunity to aspire to a cadetship in the United States Naval Academy. They asked that the boy best fitted to be selected from this competitive examination be appointed. They asked because they felt that they had a right to. The colored voters sent him to Congress. He received less than 200 white votes and about 13,000 negro votes, yet in the negro candidate for the term which I may fill in Congress, "neither shall I open an avenue in which they may aspire to show their ability or to show their efficiency for an appointment on the part of."

And yet this same man has the brazen audacity to come before these same colored constituents whom he so grossly insulted and ask them for their suffrage to elect him to Congress. He may ramble upon their manhood and cast in their faces his vile insults. In other words, Mr. Mudd says to the negroes of the Fifth Congressional District: "Vote for me. The few white men that I represent in my district I shall open up offices for them to fill, but you negroes need not apply. I shall not recommend you for any office during my terms in Congress."

POLITICAL.

To the Voters of the Third Congressional District.

Mr. Frank C. Wachter has been nominated by the Republicans of this district to represent it in the next National Congress. It is the duty of every loyal republican to do all that he can for the success of the Republican cause. Mr. Wachter is a man with a clean record in political life, successful in business, which he has built up by his untiring energy, downright honesty, and unswerving fidelity. These elements which have been largely responsible for the success he has made in the business world are prophetic of good results in the sphere to which the people of this district will call him to serve by an overwhelming majority on the 8th of the coming November. He is a new man in elective political office and the forecast of the future, so far as his public actions may be concerned, can only be judged by the past fidelity and successfulness which he has displayed in his successful business career.

Mr. Wachter is a faithful friend of the poor man, whether black or white. By his own indomitable courage and perseverance he has come up, disciplined, and inured to the hardships and perplexities which fall to the lot of any honest poor man struggling to improve his condition in life, and is, therefore, through experience, thoroughly in touch with the tears and aspirations of all such. It should always be a question of great concern to the masses of the people that their representative should know from experience the peculiar environments which hamper them in industrial activities and the race of life. Happily for Mr. Wachter he is a product of such adverse conditions, and having successfully traveled the road is able to succour and help those who are trying to get there.

Mr. Wachter not only has the ability to represent, on account of his thorough and complete identity with the people, but what is better still, he has the will and desire to use his accumulated experience, practical knowledge, aggressive energy, and business shrewdness on behalf of the masses of people who will unquestionably elect him to Congress to look after their interests.

Wachter is the man deserving of the support of the people of the 3rd. Congressional District. The people are not going to be fooled. They know a man of energy and progressiveness when they see him. Frank C. Wachter is the man. Vote for him on the 8th of November. Tell your neighbor to do likewise. He is a man of the people and for the people.

A man who is pledged to do the fair thing by his constituents, without respect of color, is certainly worthy of the cordial support of all. Mr. Wachter is such a man. He stands squarely upon the platform of the National Republican party. A vote for Wachter is a vote in the right direction. Mr. Wachter is a young, aggressive and progressive Republican, disposed to treat men as men, according to their ability and worth. Color will have nothing to do with it. VOTE FOR WACHTER.

The Republican voters of the Third District are among the most loyal adherents of the Republican party. They know how to contend earnestly and vigorously for their rights, and they know also that while the treatment of the colored voters has been far from complimentary, yet even that treatment is far in advance of anything proceeding from the Democracy. The Third Congressional District will give Frank C. Wachter a rousing majority over his competitor.

A Card of Thanks.
Mr. Felix B. Pye of No. 102 E. Mt. Liberty street, who has been ill for several weeks from blood-poison in his left hand and arm, is out again, and able to attend to his business in undertaking &c. He returns thanks to those who rendered him their services during his illness.

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.

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.

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Trains leave Hillen Station as follows:
*4:30 a.m. Fast mail, main line N. & W. R. R. and the South and ex. Sunday P. V. R. R. Chambersburg, Martinsburg, and Winchester.
*7:22 a.m. York B. & H. Div. and main line east of Emory Grove, also Carlisle and G. & H. R. R.
*8:11 a.m., main line, Chambersburg, \$9.30 a.m., accommodation for Union Bridge and Hanover.
*10:17 a.m., accom. for Union Bridge, York, Gettysburg, Carlisle, G. & H. R. R.
*12:25 p.m., accom. for Emory Grove.
*2:25 " accom. for Union Bridge.
*3:32 " exp. for York and B. & H. Div.
*4:00 " accom. for Alesia.
*4:08 " Ex. Main Line P.-ints, also Frederick, Emmitsburg, Shippensburg and N. & W. R. R.
*5:01 p.m. Accom. for Emory Grove
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WEEKLY SERMONS.
AN IMPRESSIVE DISCOURSE BY
REV. DR. TALTIAGE,

Subject: "The Hounded Reindeer" - "The
Those Who Are Pursued by the Hounds
of Persecution and the Glorious
Lake of Wine Solace."

Text: "As the hart panteth after the
water brooks, so panteth my soul after
Thee, O God." - Psal. xlii, 1.

David, who must some time have seen a deer-hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal called in my text is the hounded stag, an animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In Central Syria, in Bibos times, there is the whole pasture-lands of them, as Solomon suggests when he says, "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers jutted from long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has seen the "John Brown tract" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the deers, the showers, the lakes washed them as clean as the sky. When the hart panteth, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. I shall compare the sprightliness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag after the lake. The hart shall leap as the hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter who having shot a deer is too lazy to cook it, saying, "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

But our day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the mouth of a lovely cove where he had lodged and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the hounds startle him, and he says to himself: "I wonder what these dogs are after." Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the loud breathing of some rushing water in the woods, and the antlers of a deer fond the leaves of the forest. The hounds, which all hunters recognize the creature plunges into a pool or lake or river to cool its thirst, and at the same time by its capricious for swifter and longer swimming to get away from the hounds. The hunter says to himself: "Alas, that is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me, I am chased; their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there," says David to himself. "That reindeer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes its feathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wild lake of God's mercy and consolation, escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Talking one summer with a hunter, I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the track of a deer, I said to one of the hunters in rough corduroy: "Do the deer always make for water when they are pursued? Has any of you, mister, you see they are a hot and thirsty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their antlers and snuff the breeze nearest for the Bogot or Loon or Saranac; and we get into our cedar shell-boat or stand by the 'runway' with rifle loaded and ready to blaze away."

My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so, and its allusions are so true to nature. Its pictures are real partridges, its ostriches real ostriches, and its reindeer real reindeer. I do not wonder that the hunter's eye sparkles and his cheek glows and his respiration quickens. To say nothing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game, its flesh delicious, its skin turned upward, its sinews fashioned into bow-strings, its antlers put into handles on cutlery, and the shavings of its horn used as a pungent restorative, the name taken from the hart and called barishoru. But putting aside its usefulness, this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid lightness as if gazing at the sky, and with its sharp-edged horn, shining the dried lakes at sunset! The horns, a coronal branching into every possible curve, and after it seems complete ascending into other projections of exquisite beauty, a tree of polished bone, arched in a ridge, or swung down for awful combat. The hart is velocity embodied. Timidly, impersonated. The enchantment of the woods. Its eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death. The splendid animal a complete rhythm of music, and bone, and color, and attitude, and locomotion, whether couched in the grass among the shadows, or a living bolt shot through the forest, or leaping to attack the hounds, or rearing for its last fall under the buckshot of the trapper. It is a splendid appearance that the painter's pencil fails to sketch, and only a master's dream on pillow of the rock at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When, twenty miles from any settlement, it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge to drink among the lily pads and, with its sharp-edged horn, shining the crystal of Long Lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and lolling tongue and eyes gleaming in the distance, it leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac, can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles, and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words of "The hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

Well, now, let all those who have coming and then the hounds of persecution, or the black hounds of vicissitude, or the pale hounds of death, or who are in any wise pursued, run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happened to know at different times, if not now, have had trouble after trouble, sharp-pointed troubles, swift troubles, all-depressing troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them; they depressed you, you depressed them; or they wronged you, you wronged them; and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them; or you have had a bereavement, and instead of being submissive, you are fighting that bereavement; you charge on the doctors who failed to effect a cure; or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred; or you are a chronic invalid and you fret, angry, and sorrowful, and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily blame the neuralgia, or the laryngitis, or the ague, or the sick headache, or the slow wisdom of the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see thirty, and there are said to be over eight hundred in the "great wilderness of New York." So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and sets down the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of God's Word is one long chain of heights, refreshing lakes; each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages they pursued have been drinking out of them, they are still to the top of the green beam, and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as "the streams of the river of pleasure;" "There is a river, the streams of which shall be in the city of God;" "Thou shalt make rivers of milk and honey to flow out of the city of God, which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your back on that supply, and confront your trouble, and you are sorrowful with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you sly and turn around and lower your head, and it is simply antler against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are not alone. The Adirondack reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The Rabbinical writers allude to this renunciation of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises, he has hung it on the stag's horns; and a proverb in the far East tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and find where the deer sheds her horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers, be as wise as next spring, will be all the deer of the Adirondacks, shed your horns. But very many of you who are wronged of the world—and it in any assembly between here and Golden Gate, San Francisco, it were asked that all those that have been so badly treated should raise both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present—I say many of you would declare, "We have all ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignance, or invalidism, or misanthropy, is inscrutable." Why, do you know the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it. Had the roebuck ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the scent, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with antlers lifted in mighty challenge to earth and sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it were smoothed by invisible hands, and the fat sides enclose the richest pasture that could be nibbled from the banks of rills so clear they seem to have dropped out of Heaven, and the stamp of its foot defies the jack shooting lantern and the rifle, the horn and the hound, that deer they will have if they must needs break their neck in the pursuit. So if there were no noble stuff in your make-up, if you were a bifurcated nothing, if you were a forlorn failure, you would be allowed to go undisturbed; but the fact that the whole pack is in full cry after you is proof positive that you are splendid game and worth capturing.

Yes, for some people in this world there seems no let-up. They are pursued from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age. Very distinguished are Lord Stafford's hounds, the Earl of Yarborough's hounds, and Queen Victoria pays eight thousand five hundred dollars per year to her Master of Buckhounds, but all of these put together do not equal in number or speed, or power to hunt down, the great kennel of hounds of which Saul and Trouble are owner and master.

But what is a relief for all this pursuit of trouble, and annoyance, and pain, and bereavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a "harlot" if you would triumph, or a throne if you would be crowned, or a lake if you would stake your thirst—yes, a chain of three lakes—G.O.D., the One for whom David longed, and the One whom David found. You might as well meet a steam whiff, after its steady mile of running at the topmost speed through timber and gorge, and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Seron Lake, and try to cool its projecting and blistered tongue with a drop of dew from a blade of grass, as attempt to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin, with anything less deep, and high, and broad, and immense, and abiding, and eternal than God. His comfort, why it embosoms all distress. His hand, it wipes away all tears. His Christly atonement, it makes us all right with the past, and all right with the future; all right with God, all right with man, and all right forever. Lamartine tells us that King Nimrod snail to his three sons, "Here are three cases, and one is of clay, another of amber, and another of gold. Choose now which you will have." The eldest son, having first choice, chose the vase of gold, on which was written the word "Empire," and when opened it was found to contain human blood. The second son, making the next choice, chose the vase of amber, inscribed with the word "Glory," and when opened it contained the ashes of those who were once called great. The third son took the vase of clay, and opening it, found it empty, but on the bottom of it was inscribed the name of God. King Nimrod asked his courtiers which vase they thought weighed the most. The avaricious men of his court said the vase of gold. The poets said the one of amber. But the wisest men said the empty vase, because on a letter of the name of God out weighed a universe.

For Him I thirst; for His grace I beg; on His promise I build my all. Without Him I cannot be happy. I have tried the world, and it does well enough as far it goes, but it is too uncertain a world, too evanescent a world. I am not a prejudiced witness. I have nothing against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate, or to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men—blessed in my parents, blessed in the place of my nativity, blessed in my health, blessed in my field of work, blessed in my natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in a comfortable livelihood, blessed in the hope that my soul will go to Heaven through the pardoning mercy of God, and my body, unless it be lost at sea or mangled in some conflagration, will lie down in the gardens of Greenwood among my kindred and friends, some already gone and others to come after me. Life to many has been a disappointment, but to me it has been a pleasant surprise, and yet I declare that if I did not feel that God was now my friend and ever-present help, I should be wretched and terror-stricken. But I want more of Him. I have thought over this text and preached this sermon to myself until with all the aroused energies of my body, mind and soul, I can cry out, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

Oh, when some of you get there it will be like what a hunter tells of when pursuing his stag far up North in the winter and amid the ice-floes, and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human being. He was startled one day as he heard a snapping on the ice, and he looked up and saw a man, barefooted and in rags, and he found out where he had lived and took him to his home, and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for the lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him; and, as had been agreed at his first appearance, bells were rung, and guns were fired, and banquets spread, and the rescuer loaded with presents. Well, some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn and sometimes lost amid the icebergs, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorious, and your friends rush out to give you welcoming kisses, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the eaters of Heaven to spread the banquet and the bell-men to lay hold of the rope in the tower, and while the chalice creaks at the least, and the bells clang from the towers, it will be a scene so uplifting I pray God I may be there to take part in the celestial marriage. "Till the day break and the shadows flee away, be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bethel."

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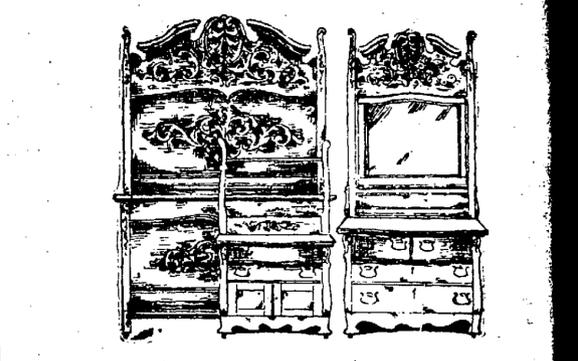
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