

LIBERIA, OUR FIRST COLONY.

Life in the African Republic Which Was Founded by American Aid Societies

HARDSHIPS THAT BESET NEWCOMERS.

With the inception of a colonial policy by the United States the condition of our first foreign colony has taken on new interest. The Republic of Liberia was founded and governed by the colonization societies, an arrangement which might have continued indefinitely had not Great Britain raised the question of sovereignty in connection with a dispute over boundaries. The Government of the United States having refused protection, the Liberians were advised to declare their independence, which they did in 1847. Liberia has thus completed

and prosperous farmer there is, indeed, a gulf fixed, in the shape of four or five years of semi-starvation, sickness and difficulties of all sorts. The climate, the soil, the crops, the food, and even the cookery, are new. The emigrant starves by refusing or makes himself ill by attempting to eat improperly prepared native foods which in the right condition are both nourishing and palatable. He tries rancid palm oil and goes back to imported butter at seventy-five cents a pound, until his money is exhausted. He wastes his time planting his crops at



A CLEARING IN THE LIBERIAN FOREST.

a half century of self-government, and as the orderly course of events has been broken by but a single brief civic disturbance, the record in this respect is admittedly good. It is not, however, because of the efficiency of the Government, but rather on account of the peaceful and law-abiding tendencies of the citizens, that life and property are unexpectedly secure. Liberia is an agricultural community of about 20,000 colonists from America and descendants of such. This meager civilized population is not, however, centered at any one point, but is scattered in numerous settlements along 300 miles of coast line. There are no cities in any proper sense of the word, and nearly the entire population is engaged in

the wrong season or in the wrong way. He pays extortionate prices and is perhaps completely fleeced by those who are willing to "take the stranger in."

To send the colonist to Liberia is manifestly but the first step in the process of colonization. Those who managed the work in the earlier days understood this and acted accordingly, but after an independent Government had been set up and prosperity seemed assured, the careful management so necessary to such an enterprise was withdrawn. The paradox has again come true, for colonization was abandoned on account of its success. Recent efforts should be called emigration or deportation merely, the essential idea of colonization being absent. Deportation has failed. It is worse than foolish to expect the inexperienced emigrant to take up single-handed the conquest of the tropical forest in the face of the difficulties of pioneer life in Africa. Unusual endurance or some exceptional fortune may bring him through, but the chances are mostly against him. The battle with the fever and the forest is too long. Five years of suffering, starvation and homesickness mean a deterioration which subsequent prosperity can scarcely atone for, even if the colonist's family is spared by death. Colonization means the partial removal of these difficulties, and the success which attended early efforts of the kind is an indication of what might be expected if the resources of modern civilization were brought to bear upon the problem. It is at least certain that Liberia could offer opportunities considerably superior to those being eagerly sought by Europeans in the African colonies of the various powers. Indeed, Liberia is already in advance of any of these colonies, if we interpret the signs aright. There is more coffee under cultivation, and there are more good farms owned and managed by negroes than in any other part of tropical Africa. There are more good houses, more intelligent people, more churches and more schools, and, while the aggregate is yet infinitesimal compared with Europe or America, it constitutes the



EXECUTIVE MANSION AT MONROVIA.

farming. The capital is Monrovia, a small settlement. All the farmers own the land they cultivate, and many have valuable estates. The coffee plantations of the St. Paul's River region of Liberia would, indeed, be a revelation to many. The planter's house is usually of brick, two stories high and with wide verandas, at least in front. Inside it is comfortably and sometimes luxuriously furnished, and the owner prides himself, perhaps, that he has achieved in Africa property and social status equal to that in America. There are not, however, any really rich men in Liberia. It is doubtful whether a fortune of more than \$40,000 has ever been accumulated there. Each colonist has had to begin with little or, usually, with nothing, and his present prosperity is in nearly every case the result of his own industry. There

most favorable nucleus of civilization to be found in tropical Africa. To attempt to arouse excitement and stir up an exodus of American negroes would be to invite disaster on a large scale. The negro can honestly be advised only to stay where he is until he has far better assurance of safety than can now be given him. The important point is that the supposed failure of colonization during the last half century failure is not a demonstration of the existence of any insurmountable obstacles in the way of furnishing a home in Africa for those who find themselves uncomfortable here.

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MONROVIA, THE CAPITAL, FROM THE HARBOR.

are no opportunities for men to grow rich from speculation or by rise of land values. Very little land is sold, the new arrivals being too poor to buy, while improved property is seldom alienated from the family. The Government provides emigrants with land free of charge.

But it will not do to continue this recital of facts favorable to Liberia without admitting and explaining the popular adverse opinion on the subject. The well-informed reader has noticed before this an entire discrepancy with the frequently published reports of returning emigrants. Their narratives are usually exaggerated, and often incoherent, but in the main true. Liberia resembles the house planned by a famous French novelist. It was a success in all particular save one—there was no doorway, no staircase. Between the penniless emigrant

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A HEROINE OF SANTIAGO.

Sarah J. Ennis is a Colored Trained Nurse With a Fine Record.

Sarah J. Ennis is one of the heroines of the war. She went to Santiago as a contract nurse on the 12th of July, 1898, and is still employed in the general hospital in that city, under Surgeon Carr. She has never been ill a minute, has never been off duty a day since she arrived there, and at one time at El Caney had 110 sick and wounded soldiers under her charge. Only one of them died. All of her superior officers and associates, as well as her patients, speak in the highest terms of her skill, her energy and devotion.

Mrs. Ennis is a colored woman, a native of Santa Cruz, West Indies, and is now twenty-nine years old. She came to this country with her husband, who was a steward on the ill-fated steamship Elbe of the North German Lloyd Company, which went to wreck several years ago on the coast of Ireland. After his death she entered the school for trained nurses



MRS. ENNIS, THE SANTIAGO NURSE.

connected with the Freedman's Hospital for colored people in Washington, and graduated from that institution in April, 1898. From that time until she went to Santiago in July she was employed as a nurse in some of the best families of Washington.

Date Palms For Arizona.

The most expert pathologist of the Agricultural Department, Dr. Zwingle, is now in Morocco on a mission which the department hopes will launch a new and profitable industry in the most arid sections of our Southwest. It has been found that date palms, with some irrigation, will grow as well in Arizona as in Arabia. Early Mormon settlers in the Territory proved this many years ago, but the trees were not of the best variety, and date growing never developed as an industry.

The Agricultural Department has prepared to push the experiment on an extensive scale. Dr. Zwingle is making a close study of the African date palm, selecting the finest varieties and those best adapted to our arid region. These young trees will be carefully shipped to Arizona, where they will be planted and cared for under the close supervision of the department's experts. The plants will cost the department about \$5 each laid down in Arizona.—New York Press.

Baseball Public Takes Its Own Risks.

It has been recently decided by the District Court at Minneapolis, Minn., that a person attending a baseball game assumes the risk of getting hurt, and cannot recover from the manager for injuries sustained. The point arose in a suit against Manager Comiskey for an injury to Don Campbell at Lexington Park in July, 1897. Campbell was accidentally struck in the eye by a batted ball and made ill thereby. The jury was out less than an hour and found for the defendant.—Law Notes.

A Sign For the Passengers.

Nailed to the side of a suburban railway station not fifteen miles from the City Hall is the following ludicrous notice: "Passengers desiring to take train will please show yourself so that the engineer can see them in ample time to stop the train."—New York Mail and Express.

The Turkish Yasmak.

This is the yasmak worn by ladies of the Turkish harem, a veil designed to hide all save the dangerous dark eyes of Oriental women. European influence has so worked upon the feminine mind in the East that by slow degrees the yasmak has grown more and more gauzy as the years passed until



THE HAREM VEIL.

to-day it is transparent enough to reveal the smoothness of a woman's brow, the red of her lips and the white of her perfect teeth. It is an extremely coquettish face covering and is said to be in great favor among Constantinople belles.

Latest Craze in London.

The monogram glove is the latest craze in London and has just reached America. It cannot be called a pretty fashion, but as it is decreed to be the



A MONOGRAM GLOVE.

thing, the thing it will certainly prove to be. Gloves made to order with monograms are devoid of stitching, and the monogram is embroidered in the center of the back of the hand. Those which are purchased from stock and then embroidered have the monogram set between the thumb seam and first row of stitching, and others have it placed on the wrist below the stitching. This latter position is not altogether a very advantageous one, as a glove usually wrinkles so much at the wrist that the monogram is apt to lose its prominence and the small amount of beauty it might otherwise possess. The most popular—if the new fad may be said to be popular so soon—are the self-colored embroidered monograms. These decorations are so striking, even in self-coloring, that few will be brave enough to hazard so striking a contrast as white or black, or vice versa.

French Reporter Got His Story.

This is how a reporter in France gained admission to the palace there while the late President Faure was awaiting burial.

All the reporters who came to the palace were denied admission, and a stony-hearted doorkeeper was there to see that they didn't get in.

They advanced all sorts of arguments, as reporters generally do, but the doorkeeper was immovable. He said he had his instructions, and these were that none but Ambassadors should be admitted.

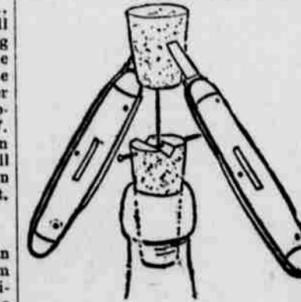
Now there is in Paris a music hall called "Les Ambassadeurs," and one of the reporters who wanted to gain admission remembered when he heard the doorkeeper repeat these instructions that he happened to have a pass for this music hall in his pocket.

He pulled it out and found it read: "Les Ambassadeurs, Entree Libre." "This he passed to the doorkeeper, who, after officially bowing and scraping, opened the door and allowed him to pass in.

Which shows that the French newspaper man is not very many miles behind his American brother.—New York World.

An Experiment For the Boys.

You can bore a hole through a pin without any lathe or other machine. All you need is a needle, two corks, a bottle and two pocket knives. Fit one of the corks firmly into the neck of the bottle and cut a V-shaped notch in the top. Stick a pin in the cork near the top, so that it passes through



BORING A HOLE THROUGH A PIN.

the notch. In the bottom of the other cork force the eye end of the needle, so that it is held firmly in place. Open the two pocket knives and stick the blades into the cork so that they balance each other. Then place the point of the needle on the pin, and as soon as it is well balanced a breath of air on one of the knives will make it revolve. Continue blowing whenever it goes too slowly. At first the needle's hard point will make a slight impression on the pin, gradually working its way through until a clean hole is bored as perfectly as any lathe could have done it. This interesting experiment requires patience and careful handling, nothing more. When you show the other boys the pin, bored like a needle, they will wonder how you managed to do it.—New York Sun.

Going Eighty Miles Before Breakfast.

The Boston Herald publishes this extract from a private letter describing the Paris automobiles: "We went to Fontainebleau, five in the party, for breakfast, forty miles in three hours, and such a ride. We came back by a longer route, forty-eight miles, in the same time, through the forest at sunset and along the Seine in the moonlight. Fancy going eighty miles for breakfast and enjoying it—that is eighty miles by road. I have always detested automobiles, but for quick traveling they beat everything I have ever tried. Of course, you know they have the automobile coupes and victorias in the streets here. I mean the public ones, at the same tariff as the other carriages."

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Only the living lead.
Bigotry is not loyalty.
Love turns duty into delight.
Use of sense makes no one poorer.
Manhood is the greatest profession.
Meditation is a tonic for poor memory.

Truth is the goal of human aspiration.
Love is the mainspring of the blessed life.

Some men are long headed and narrow hearted.

Love's debts can only be paid in love's coinage.

Men drift because the engines of the will lie idle.

The education of a villain will only give society more villains.

Hypocrisy is the gift of virtue used in the adornment of vice.

Understanding is the scale of thought where all ideas are weighed.

Better be true at the bottom, than false at the top of the ladder.

It is not right to sacrifice your principles to save another's feelings.

One talent men are needed most, because they are in the majority.

There are not many better cables in a storm than a mother's apron strings.

The mind of a wise man is like a good gun; it has both long range and a good aim.

Keep the fire of zeal under the boilers of patience, and you will run the engine of high purpose.—Rau's Horn.

DANIEL BOONE'S QUEER DREAM.

It Led Him to the Finding of His Companion's Skeleton in a Hollow Tree.

At Ash Grove, in Green county, Mo., lives an interesting descendant of the famous Kentucky hunter, Daniel Boone—Mrs. Nellie Boone Frazer, one of the early settlers of that part of the county. The Boones went to Green county about fifty years ago and formed a settlement near the present site of Ash Grove. When that part of the county was organized into a township it was named Boone in honor of one of the sons of the great explorer of the Kentucky wilderness. Mrs. Frazer is now eighty-three years old, but one of the most vivacious of the pioneer women of southwest Missouri.

Mrs. Frazer says that her grandfather was a firm believer in dreams, and tells a singular circumstance in connection with the hunter's career in Kentucky which led the pioneer to attach more importance to the suggestions that came to him in sleep. In one of his explorations in the wilderness of Kentucky, Boone lost a companion. They had separated one day while hunting, and the man did not return to the place selected in the morning for their camp. The hunter supposed at first that his associate had pursued game too far for his return that night, or that the man had got lost in the pathless forest. The next morning Boone began to hunt for the missing man and searched the wood hour after hour without finding any trace of his friend. Finally, coming to the conclusion that the man had been killed by Indians or become the prey of some wild beast, Boone left that part of the country and went back to the settlement. But he could never entirely give up the thought of finding some trace of the lost hunter. It weighed up on his mind with strange persistence.

Several years after the disappearance of the hunter, Boone went back to the woods where he had parted from his friend. One night while sleeping at his camp fire he dreamed of finding a skeleton and a gun in a big hollow tree. The dream was so vivid that when the hunter awoke he still had a distinct mental picture of the tree and its surroundings, and believed he could go to the spot.

The hunter lay awake the rest of the night thinking about his dream, and as soon as daylight came started out in the direction his thoughts had taken when asleep. The woods seemed familiar, as he had seen them in his dream, and the hunter walked on briskly, guided by the impression the sleeping vision had left.

He found the big hollow tree as he had seen it in his sleep, and looking into the large cavity near the ground discovered a complete human skeleton and an old, rusty flintlock rifle. The fulfillment of the dream was so perfect that the hunter always believed that he was guided in this way to the remains of his friend. He supposed that his companion got lost in the woods, and when night overtook him crawled into the hollow tree to sleep and there died from some disease. Had the Indians killed the man they would have taken his gun.

Saluting a Phonograph.

It will be remembered that Queen Victoria spoke a message of friendship and good will to the Emperor Menelek, of Abyssinia, after the recent victory in the Sudan. The message created a marked impression on His Majesty. The royal words were delivered on a Sunday, the phonograph working excellently. The tones of Her Majesty's voice were reproduced with remarkable clearness, and Menelek was so pleased that nothing would satisfy him but to hear the message at least a dozen times. First he would listen to the words as they came from the trumpet of the phonograph, and then he would use the ear tubes. When his curiosity and delight had been satisfied, he relapsed into solemn silence, and ordered the royal salute and remained standing while seventeen guns were fired. Menelek himself has tried to send a message by the phonograph, so that he appreciates the difficulty of securing a satisfactory record.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

STATUE UNVEILED.

Honor Done to the Memory of Gen. Hartranft at Harrisburg—A Reunion of Survivors Held—Mrs. Hartranft Present.

The equestrian statue of Major General John F. Hartranft in Capitol Park, Harrisburg, was unveiled with impressive ceremonies last Friday afternoon in the presence of a large concourse of people. These exercises were followed by a parade, in which the survivors of the Third division of the Ninth army corps, commanded by Gen. Hartranft, in the civil war, had the right of line. Following a reunion of the survivors of the Fifty-first regiment, Pennsylvania, volunteers, of which Hartranft was colonel, the old soldiers marched to the executive mansion to pay their respects to Mrs. Hartranft and her two sons and daughters, who are the guests of Governor and Mrs. Stone.

The following pensions were issued last week: John M. Kinsel, Blair, \$5; George W. Lower, Royer, Blair, \$5 to \$10; James C. Turner, Canton, Bradford, \$5 to \$10; Joel S. Crosby, Branch, Westmoreland, \$5 to \$10; George D. Love, Canton, Bradford, \$5 to \$8; Arthur Ames, Garwood, \$5 to \$10; John C. Len, New Alexandria, \$5 to \$10; William Keller, Johnstown, \$10 to \$12; Ardway B. Travis, Bellevue, \$6 to \$12; George B. Sively, Shady Grove, \$5 to \$10; Mary I. Morton, Pittsburgh, \$5; Rachel Stahl, Onberg, \$5; Penina Myers, Huntingdon, \$5; Susan M. Hoover, Charleroi, \$5; Mary Ann Brady, Darragh, \$12; John Dull, McKeesport, \$5 to \$10; Jeremiah Klip, dead, Hillview, Westmoreland \$2 to \$12; Reuben H. McQuiston, Slippery Rock, \$6; James Heffner, Clipher, Bedford, \$5 to \$10; Lewis Dutrow, Rowsersville, Franklin, \$5 to \$12; John Zele, Washington, \$5 to \$10; Jean B. Bryson, Pittsburgh, \$5 to \$10; A. H. Harner, Farmer's Valley, McKean, \$5 to \$8; Josiah L. Barton, Pleasant Valley, Juniata, \$5 to \$12; Samuel Davis, Loysburg, Bedford, \$5 to \$12; Nicholas Schield, Williamsport, \$5 to \$12; Thomas Herd, Washington, \$6 to \$8; Thomas L. Jones, Ebersburg, \$10; John S. Ackley, Video, Greene, \$5 to \$8; Samuel M. Tibbrook, Allegheny, \$5 to \$8; Ellen Resley, Mann, Fulton, \$8; Elizabeth A. Marquis, New Wilmington, \$5; George Murphy (dead), Summit Hill, \$2; Augustus Schurr, Kippie, \$6; Joel Clark, Geneva, \$5; George W. Barlick, Green Spring, \$8; Michael R. Dunkle, Kerrsville, \$6; Uriah Bowling, Haynie, \$12; Anderson Hammill (dead), New Castle, \$50; Crossman Sampson, Milan, \$17; Francis B. Baldwin, Canton, \$17; Peter S. Lindal, New Castle, \$10; George Walburn, Towanda, \$14; Alfred Ripley, Marshfield, \$5; George W. Barkly, Rainsburg, \$8; Marshall Fox, Bradford, \$5; Mary A. Hammill, New Castle, \$12.

Charles Dowden was being tried at Greensburg a few days ago on the charge of attempting to burn a part of the village of New Alexandria. It was alleged that he was not mentally sound, and an argument was advanced by his attorneys that he was subject to epileptic fits. The prosecution did not give much credence to the claim, and made out a strong case against the prisoner. Just as the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Ogden, finished his statement in the case, the prisoner was stricken with spasms. The judge, jury and lawyers were greatly agitated. Dowden was finally revived, and his lawyers, believing that his affliction as just witnessed was sufficient evidence, would not offer further evidence. The judge's charge was brief, and the jury, in a few minutes, returned with a verdict of acquittal.

Joseph Moser of Kittanning Point was stabbed twice the other night by a neighbor, Willard Vandyke, and a conversation about the use of a bridge path, Moser was trespassing on the path which crosses the ground owned by Vaughn, after being warned not to do so. Vaughn attacked Moser, with a large pocketknife, and slashed him on the right side of his neck, then near the heart. Moser is in the hospital in a critical condition, and Vaughn has escaped.

The trained horse owned by Logan Smith, proprietor of the Commercial hotel of New Castle, died a few days ago. It was the oldest horse in the United States, so far as known, being 44. For some ten years it had no teeth and was kept alive on a kind of mush. In its younger days it could climb stairs, walk on its hind feet, waltz and keep time to music and do other wonderful tricks.

An accident at the Centralia Colliery, at Centralia a few days ago, resulted in the death of four men and the fatal injury of two others. The killed are: James Goughlin, 35 years; John Koko, 30; Joseph Cancheck, 43; John Comyock, 50. Sixteen men were employed removing dirt from a culm bank, which was about 75 feet high, and were caught under a large portion of the bank which fell.

While imitating Buffalo Bill throwing a lasso, Frank Beaumont, aged 11 years, threw his lasso at a Reading engineer, who was leaning out of the cab window at Chester. The boy had fastened one end of the rope around his waist. The loop fell over the engineer, and as the train moved forward the rope was pulled taut and Beaumont was drawn under the car wheels and crushed to death.

Harriet Jackson, aged 22 years, committed suicide at Towanda the other day by swallowing seven grains of strychnine. The young woman had been arrested for forging her mother's name to a check, and it was while seated at a table opposite the constable who made the arrest that she placed the poison in her mouth, stating it was for headache. In 20 minutes she was dead.

Levi Brinser, of Steelton, while going through the slab mill of the Pennsylvania Steel company one day last week, had his head cut from his body by the large wheel of the big engine in that mill. The engineer started the engine just as Mr. Brinser had his head between the large wheel. He was married, had four children and was 45 years old.

Vera, the 5-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vance Tindall, died at Rochester a few days ago from the effects of burns. The child had been burning papers and her dress caught. Her grandmother, Mrs. Shaffer, in efforts to save the child's life, was also badly burned. Her recovery is doubtful.

The Galena Gold Mining Company, of the United States and Canada, has been chartered under the laws of the Dominion of Canada, with a capital stock of \$99,000. Among the directors are: Mayor J. J. McCrum and Dr. J. A. Todd, of Titusville.

Five members of the family of Charles Hawthorn, a few miles east of Sharon, Pa., were made seriously ill by eating horse radish, which is supposed to have contained some vegetable poison.

Harry Grahill, aged 22, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, had both legs ground off at a cross-tie a few days ago. He was putting on a brake when the brake chain broke, throwing him to the track.