



shall be worried. You know you are not well acquainted with the city, and New Orleans is not the best city in the world."

"All right, auntie, now don't worry, for I shan't be gone long."

Kissing her on the cheek she left her, on her errand to the Morton House.

She tripped along merrily for about a quarter of an hour, when, at last, she drew up in front of a large brick building from the front of which told in large letters, "Morton House."

"This must be the place; but how can I be so sure? I don't know! I wonder what made Arthur send for me to come here. I wish I had not come," said Corinne. She had no further time to give vent to her thoughts, when she was tapped lightly on the shoulder and turning she beheld a tall, angular-looking man muffled up to the chin. Corinne at once became alarmed and wished she had not come alone. "Is it Mr. Stanley you're looking for?" he said, in a gruff voice.

"Yes," said Corinne, trembling from head to foot.

"Well, come this way," said he, and turning the corner, Corinne following, they soon came down to the side door where a carriage stood in wait. The street seemed to be entirely deserted, for not a person could be seen for blocks. Eight o'clock, tolled out the bell in the steeple of St. Michael's, and while the bell was tolling (it seemed as if to drown the one shrill scream) a hand was placed over the struggling girl's mouth and she was roughly pushed into the carriage which drove like wind at once down the street and out in the suburbs. Poor Corinne tried hard to struggle and scream. No use—for her mouth was at once muffled in a large shawl, purpose for the occasion, and her hands and feet bound. On and on went the carriage, with its poor, helpless, unconscious victim.

Not many of the passers-by dreamed that within was a lovely girl being carried to a fate more terrible than death—a victim of a deep set plot. Still on and on went the carriage, but now, as they were out in the country, it had slackened its speed and, as there were but a few more miles, the horses plodded leisurely along.

Twelve o'clock, and Corinne did not come. Her aunt was almost frantic. Percy for two hours had been gone to search for her. Poor Mrs. Willard was almost crazy, and neighbors around had been aroused by her sobs and were trying to comfort her; not one eye had closed for a moment that night. One o'clock, two o'clock and three, still no tidings. Poor Percy, after three hours of fruitless search, has come home, after notifying every police station in the city. Already detectives are out, but all to no avail, for no tidings can be heard of the lost girl.

Morning dawned at last over the grief-stricken. The clocks have just struck nine. In a few moments a vigorous peal was heard at the front door, which was hurriedly opened by Percy hoping some intelligence had arrived. A little blue-coated boy hastily thrust him an envelope upon which was his mother's name. They hurriedly tore it open and read as follows:

She wished them to mourn her as dead, and he, with Percy and the rest, are so doing. He had made up his mind to break the engagement, but a spirit of honor and manhood prompted him to do the right thing.

(To be continued in our next.)

#### "Colored Men's Convent ons."

Lieut. Jas. M. Trotter, Chairman of the Convention held last week in Charles St. Church, in his opening address, used the following forcible and truthful language. It would be well for the race to take heed of his words.

In spirits like Trotter's among them. In a condensed form, his language was about as follows:

These conferences and conventions have ceased to do any good toward ameliorating the lot of the colored men, by acting upon the sentiment of the white people of the country. He believed, however, that good would be done by discussing the reasons why the present inequalities exist and why the colored men suffer the things of which the circular complains. But the fault is not in our own, more than any other race in the country, that we are not free and independent men. It is not so much what the white man does to us, as what we allow to be done to us; and as to what we ourselves constantly do to each other and to the race. A determination to be free, he believed, would be followed by being free. He does not believe that the race is in earnest. The colored man has the power to demand that which belongs to him, and has had that power for the last 20 years. But has he used it bravely? That is the question. The fault is not what the white race is doing to the colored race, but what that race is not brave enough, to do for itself. Cause for complaint, will continue until we have manly respect for ourselves and respect for the black blood that courses in our veins. Proud England is almost at the feet of the Irish; America is in their hands, simply because of race pride, which we do not have." The time has come when the negro should demand a whole loaf and nothing else. He has played the half loaf game long enough. The only place to effect the politician, is at the polls. [Applause.] What matters the party to which a man belongs if he has been a practical friend to the race? Much of the trouble of the colored race, comes from the lack of a manly spirit. When colored men have the opportunity to send to the legislature men of books, of loyalty and of good character, men who can cope with the educated white men and hold their own, when they have this opportunity right in their own stronghold, and instead of doing this, select some man not competent to stand by them, he pities such. So long as they do that, so long they must expect to be behind and to be scorned and to have wrongs piled upon them.

#### Danger of Halifax Ice Water.

From the Halifax Recorder, of Sept. 9th, we clip the following:

"Jane Butler, (colored) was charged with being drunk and refusing to leave the street when requested; but she had half a dozen witnesses to prove that she drank only ice-water and that she always walked as though staggering. Allowed to go."

We have been puzzled to know if by any possible means, any of Patterson's "Jamaica" could have by accident, fell into that ice-water. "It knocks our mineral water" all hollow. We would like the Recorder to send us along a sample bottle. "Six witnesses!" what a "galorious" time, they must have had.

ference giggled a great deal while the collection was being taken. That this was their share of the collection.

That every thing was done in style Wednesday afternoon. That it was a double carriage. That the two gentlemen were in front and the two ladies behind. That it was a delightful drive of five hours.

That the Selika Concert at Newport last week was artistically a great success. That not a very substantial financial benefit was reaped.

That Henry Irving cabled a contribution of \$500 for the Charleston sufferers.

That the Brady-Mahone marriage will take place at Brimmer St. Church.

—That a college to be situated at North Carolina will soon be established for the training of priests to work among the colored people of this country.

—That Mr. Lewis Hayden says that the first bow he ever received from a white man came from the great Lafayette, the guest of the nation.

—That young Blaine will not enter Harvard this fall. That they don't educate married men at Cambridge.

—That a state fair is being held by the colored people of Mississippi.

—That pessimists believe that the colored people of the South have done little or nothing since their manumission, but propagate.

—That the pessimists are wrong, all wrong.

—That the Student Aid Society will come to the front this winter and give some of the most novel entertainments of the season.

—That the regular meetings of the J. V. C. will re-open about the middle of October. That their new officers will then be elected for the ensuing year.

—That George Gould's first wedding was a secret one.

—That the Rev. R. H. Miles, of the 3rd St. M. E. Church at St. Joseph, Mo., who is a handsome mulatto, was arrested last week for carrying concealed weapons, and for assault with intent to kill.

—That the esteemed gentleman from Cambridge made it very pleasant for the audience on the first evening of the Colored Men's Conference.

—That Edward Everett Brown made a telling speech.

—That J. Gordon Street created considerable amusement when he made the remark that he was straight from head to toe.

—That one human heart has taken a long journey. That it has travelled in safe keeping from Boston to Hampton.

—That some of the ladies are anxious to find out the name of a certain young man who so closely resembles another young man.

—That the gentleman who lives 44 miles away looked unusually bright and fascinating when seen in the streets of Boston last week.

—That the Advocate should be a semi-weekly. That they cannot wait for a week to expire. That they are eager to read it.

—That the Advocate has a larger circulation in Boston than any other colored newspaper.

—That they want another colored day-school teacher in the city of Boston.

—That they are proud of the one they have, but that that is not enough for the number of schools in the city.

—That there are two more graduates waiting for two vacancies.

—That Mr. Brennan, on Tremont street, has no objections to employing colored people in his store.

—That the colored people intend to patronize Mr. Brennan.

—That Prof. Geo. W. Sharper is to be congratulated on his organization.

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