RAGS.

The Way Abraham Isaac and Jacob Became a Colleg Professor.

By MYRTA LOCKETT AVERY.

I.

He stood smiling serene and confident before the gateway in the hedge.

Abraham Isaac and Jacob—that was all the name he had—had lived on the crumbs which fell from other folks' tables. Since "daddy" and "mammy" had left him there had been no one to regard him with particular care and affection.

Abraham Isaac and Jacob was happy now because the strongest desire his short life had known was about to be fulfilled. In the shade of a tree near the hedge a stylish trap waited. Abram, coming up the road, had seen the trap and walked up to the hedge and planted himself in his present position of advantage.

Six foot six of African, splendid in livery, sauntering down the path to exchange compliments with a similar specimen mounted on the box, became conscious of Abram. Now Abraham Isaac and Jacob was more familiarly known by a shorter name.

"Rags, what you doin' here?"

"Des waitin'."

"Waitin' fur what?"

"Des waitin' twell my young mistress come out o' dar."

"What you wan' see 'er for?"

"Des wan' see 'er."

"What you gwi do wid 'er arter you see 'er?" asked livery scornfully.

"I ain't gwi' do noth'n' wid 'er."

"You ain't gwi' wait here!" said livery firmly. "Sech a scarecrow ez you is! Ef you stay 'roun' dis place you go in de back yard. You sich a sight!"

There was a swish of silken skirts, the flutter of a white parasol, and Abram's divinity had turned the corner and was standing before him.

"DES WAITIN' TWELL MY YOUNG MISTRESS COMES OUT O' DAR."

"Dar my young mistress," he cried in ecstasy.

"What—who is this?" inquired the astonished young lady.

"I bin tryin' to git him to go 'way," protested livery in self-defense.

"What do you want?" kindly of Rags.

"I wanter see you case you my young mistress."

"Am I?"

"Yessam, Daddy 'blonged to yo' pa."

"What's your name?"

"Abraham Isaac and Jacob, marm."

Nobody could forget that name! Dorothy, young Mrs. Vernon, had not forgotten it nor the circumstances which had impressed its owner's personality upon her. Her face softened. This little ragged nigger was Unker Dick's son. Unker Dick! how many sweet pictures of her childhood rushed upon her with that name. She had sat upon his knee many a time and listened to his stories. He had brought her partridge eggs, hatched of them, from the harvest field. Once he had brought her a soft, motherless baby rabbit that had been found in the wheat, telling her that he had looked for its mother first and failing to find her had been sure "little missy" would mother it. He had been her father's carriage driver and many a time weary journeys had been broken for her by a change to the box seat beside him and the birds and squirrels and wild things which they passed had been common property of talk between them. How many times had she dropped asleep beside him and slept her sleep out in the protection of his sheltering arm or been passed through the carriage door to her mother with the gentle words: "Little missy asleep. Bad road 'long here an' I feared to keep 'er." Unker Dick had been a fine, stalwart colored gentleman of refined feelings and high sense of honor.

Possibly Unker Dick had been dozing when he toppled over and had been killed by the fall. Possibly apoplexy had brought about the fall. Nobody knew and the physician could not state the exact cause of death, but Unker Dick was dead when they found him lying there on the edge of the creek where Abram had dragged him.

Next day into the cabin stepped two figures, a tall, grave white man and a slim young girl wearing a white dress. Each brought a floral piece. With soft steps they passed between the rows of mourners and stood reverently beside the bier. A woman turned the sheet back.

"O, Unker Dick!" the girl cried, and knelt down, sobbing.

In the gentleman's gray eyes a mist had gathered. The hand with which he lifted his sister trembled. Together they placed a crown and a wreath of white flowers on the chill breast and at the still feet. And the bunches which had already been placed there by black hands the girl sprinkled and rearranged.

Then she had come to his mammy and bent over the poor pickaninny.

"Poor little boy!" she had said, softly patting him. She had spoken words of comfort to his mother, and to himself had said some things, the sweet sound of which he had never lost, though he could not recall their sense.

After she was gone he had kept on murmuring to his mother: "Dat my young mistess, dat my young mistess," as if he took comfort in the sound and in the sense of proprietorship.

II.

Dorothy had married a great and rich man and had come back on a visit to the town which was in the neighborhood of her old home. Abram, who did not know how to find her in town and whose enterprise rarely took him so far, had lain in wait in country byways for the passing of the trap which he knew to be hers, yet so far his perseverance had been unrewarded by a close vision of herself. Now that she was really before him it seemed to be too good a thing to be true. He stood devouring her with bright affectionate eyes.

"Where's your mammy?"

"She done daid."

Into her soft eyes something like dewdrops gathered.

"And your sisters? Where's Polly?"

"She done got married."

"And Delie? Married too?"

"Yassam. De got chillun."

"Who takes care of you?"

He grinned. "I takes keer o' myse'f."

"Don't you live with your sisters?"

"O, yassam! I at de house sometimes. De got chillun. De got little house."

"What did you want to see me for, Abram?" Her hand was on her purse-strings.

"Des case you my young mistess—thankee!" he had caught the dollar which she held out. Of course he had expected a present—but nothing like this! The expectation of the present, too, had been an incident and not a motive. It had not been that he had wanted it so much, but that he was sure she would give it because she was herself.

He watched her with fascinated eyes as she climbed into her trap and gathered up her reins while livery mounted the box behind and prepared to turn himself into a statue. But she paused thoughtful and fascinated by reason of the dog-like devotion in his eyes. Such a forlorn, ragged little nigger and Unker Dick's son!

"Want to take a ride with me, Abram?"

His eyes sparkled and he showed every shining white tooth in his head.

Mrs. Vernon was not the woman to do sensational things and to take Abram to town in her trap in his present state bordered too close upon a sensation. She tossed her reins to her man and got out.

"Wait here, Abram," she said, and ran back into the house and into the room of her convalescent friend.

"Kate, can you lend me a lap-robe?"

"Certainly!" The bell was rung and the order given.

"I know you think that's a funny demand. I have a dreadfully ragged and dirty little nigger out there and I want to wrap him up and take him to ride."

"Well, now, I think that's funnier than the lap-robe."

"It's Abraham Isaac and Jacob."

"Oh!"

"Where does he live, Kate, and how?"

"I think he picks up a living 'round our kitchen—when he isn't selling berries. I'm sure I don't know what he does in winter."

There was a little more talk about Abram, Dorothy asking and Kate answering questions, and then Abram was sent for and turned over to the attention of Sarah the cook. When he returned from Sarah's hand he was a cleaner and, if anything, a funnier-looking little nigger than ever. Sarah had crowded him into some of her boy's clothes. Her boy being about half as old and half as big as Abram, the result was somewhat alarming. The spotless white duck suit was full to bursting and unusual lengths of black arms and legs extended beyond the boundaries of trousers and jacket. Would the suit burst its seams or would Abram collapse? Abram seemed to have no misgivings. He was flushed, panting and radiant. He had never been so fine in his life before—nor quite so squeezed, pressed and packed into narrow confines.

HE WAS A CLEANER AND IF ANYTHING A FUNNIER LOOKING LITTLE NIGGER THAN EVER.

Up he climbed and sat swathed in laprobe by the side of a magnificent and scandalized livery.

"How do you make your living, Abram?" Dorothy inquired.

"I cuts wood and totes chips for ant Sarah, an' she gie me suppin to eat sometimes. Den again, when dar's berries, I picks a heap an' sells 'em. Sometimes I holes a gent'man's horse fur him an' he gie me suppin. Den agin, I cotches mockin' birds an' sells 'em."

"What?"

"Mockin' birds. Gent'man in town gie me 50 cent fur evvy mockin' bird I cotch fur 'im."

"Oh, Abram! That's a very wicked thing to do! Don't you ever catch a mocking bird again."

"Norm." Abram collapsed.

"Don't you know it's against the law?"

"Norm."

"Well, that 'gent'man' does. He ought to be punished. And, now you know it's wrong and wicked, you must never do it again. The fine is $25 or a long time in jail."

"Law!"

"Where do you sleep?"

"Mos' inny whar. Dese here nights it's mighty good sleepin' out doors. When winter time comes, den good places to sleep gits scarce."

Abram, unaware of the effect he was producing, went on:

"Ef you kin git 'longside a dorg in a barn, dat's good. Dorg sho keep you warm."

Unker Dick's only son! Dorothy began to fear that she would make her pretty eyes look red, and so she quit asking questions. Ah! Abram wouldn't have been sleeping out doors if Will had had been in possession of the old homestead! How many of these poor houseless waifs, she asked herself, were wandering about homeless like sheep without a shepherd? Poor babes in the wood! Free without freedom, their old masters and caretakers gone, themselves unwilling and unable to keep each other.

In town she drove to a tailor's shop and went in, followed by Abram.

The docile manner in which he did her bidding, the confiding look in his eyes—and he was Unker Dick's son—these, unconsciously to himself, were establishing and making good his claim upon her.

His measure was taken and as she was selecting the goods for his suit she interrupted herself to become meditative again.

"Abram!"

"Yassam."

"Who do you belong to?"

"You mistess!" in surprise.

"Do you expect me to take you away with me?"

Hope had not soared so high, nor did it make such a bound while she was asking the question.

"Do you think that your sisters would be willing for me to take you away with me, Abram?"

"I don't think de'd keer," he said.

A dawning wonder and glory began to shine in his eyes.

"Do you want to go with me and be my little nigger?"

No doubt of that. His eyes got wet with longing as he answered simply:

"Yassam."

"If you didn't go back home—I mean to Polly's or Dollie's for a week, would they get uneasy?"

"Norm. De use to dat. De don't keer whar I is nor how long I stay dar."

"Clear case of vagrancy," she thought. "Reckon he belongs to me more than he does to anybody. He may give me a lot of trouble, but I think I've got to take him. If he's like Unker Dick—"

"Make him a suit of my livery," she said to the tailor. "I want him for my page."

III.

When Dorothy's visit came to an end she took Abram home with her, the free and pleased assent of his sisters having been readily obtained. In the great city to which she went Abram was sent to school—although if his preference had been consulted he would have confined himself to the pleasures of his office as page, which he was permitted to fill during the intervals of his school duties.

At the present day Abram is professor in a well known college, where his influence upon the advancement of his race is markedly felt.

Every now and then a handsome, sweet-faced matron visits the college and calls for the professor. These visits make days which the professor marks with a white stone. His scholars, before whom he is always a grave and commanding presence, are impressed and amused to see him enter a parlor, bare his head before a sweet white woman and her brood of sons and daughters, and address her with worshipful reverence as "My young mistress."

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GREAT QUANTITIES OF FOOD.

The Productive Power of the United States is Now in Evidence.

Michael G. Mulhall, F. S. S., in North American Review for November, writes: It appears that as regards quantity three Americans now export as much as five did twenty years ago, which suffices to show how groundless are the predictions of some writers who tell us that as population increases so the surplus products for exportation must diminish. In the last twenty years population has risen from 45,000,000 to 71,000,000 souls, an increase of 58 per cent, and at the same time the weight of exports has risen 175 per cent; that is, three times as fast as population.

The quantities of food exported yearly Europe, from which it appears that American farms raise food for 100,000,000 people yearly. The western prairies are capable of carrying double the present number of live stock, and producing ten times as much grain as they do, so that, for at least a century to come, there is every probability that the exportation of food will increase with population. The same is true as regards cotton, the crop having risen 125 per cent in twenty years.

The world is only beginning to have evidence of the enormous productive power of the United States.

Old People

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An Indian Actress.

Miss Go-Won-Go Mohawk, who has just returned from England, where she has been for the last six years, enjoys the distinction of being the only Indian actress in the world.

Miss Mohawk is not only a real red Indian, and a descendant of the famous chief Red Jacket, but she is what may be termed an aristocratic Indian, for she belongs to the Six Nations, which means to the American Indian what belonging to the peerage means to an Englishman. But Miss Mohawk's claims to consideration do not depend entirely upon her blood or her nationality. She is a remarkable woman in more senses than one. She would be a notable figure in any class of any race, however highly cultured or civilized the race may be, for she has the mental acumen, the quick perception, and all the other qualities which go to make up the highly intellectual order of being so much in demand in the front ranks today. In addition to her rather extraordinary intelligence, Miss Mohawk has rare magnetic qualities, which place her head and shoulders above any other woman on the stage in this respect. In fact, her personality is so striking that when on the stage she dominates everything and everybody else in sight. Miss Mohawk was born at Gowanda, Cattaraugus Reservation, New York. She is the daughter of Chief Gane-gua, who was known to Americans as Doctor Allan Mohawk. After laying the foundation for her splendid physique by rowing, running, riding and hunting, and in all of these sports she excelled, Miss Mohawk entered a girls' seminary at Painesville, O., from which she graduated with honors a few years later.

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HART'S INVALUABLE LEGS

They Were Liberally Insured Before He Fell and Lost Them.

STORY OF A THRIFTY KANSAS MAN

His Mania for Accident Insurance Worked to the Limit—Then a Chicago Street and Surgeons Did the Rest.

The story of John W. Hillmon, a Kansan, of insurance fame, is familiar to nearly every man, woman and child in the United States. It has been printed in every newspaper in this country. The insurance companies believe, or pretend to believe, that Hillmon is still alive and that he is smart enough to keep out of their clutches. Even so, Hillmon is a novice compared with another citizen of Kansas.

This other citizen is David W. Hart of Dodge City. He is not a great man, but the insurance companies think he has shown a turn of mind at speculation which would entitle him to membership in the Chicago Board of Trade. Few men are gifted with the foresight of a seer or the prudence of a Franklin, but Mr. Hart of Dodge City, Kan., seems to have both.

For many years, relates the New York Sun, Hart was on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe between Dodge City and La Junta, Col. He was by turns a switchman, freight brakeman, passenger and freight conductor, and, for all any one knows, an engineer and fireman. However, he passed twenty years on rolling stock. He was not a clumsy man. He was a small, wiry, active fellow, to whom year after year of railroad work had given a certain agility and dexterity about cars. So adept, indeed, had he become that in all these years he had never met with an accident—not one. He hopped off cars, he hopped on cars. He switched, he climbed over slippery decks of cars. He coupled up trains, he perched on brakes, he swung from car to car, he caught flying trains, he missed approaching engines, and, in fact, stared death in the face in a thousand ways. Still he escaped unscathed.

Thus Hart struggled along through life until he passed the forty-fifth mile post. He was the father of half a dozen children. He was a frugal and thrifty man and saved enough money to buy a house in Dodge City. He also contrived to buy another one at La Junta. It is not always best for a western railroad man to own too much property in one town. He also saved money for a bank account.

INSURANCE A GOOD THING.

Hart believed in insurance, especially in accident insurance. Unlike Hillmon, he did not care to die to beat an insurance company, and for the protection of his family he liked to keep well insured in railroad benevolent associations against accidents to life and limb. As Hart worked on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road he was insured, with other employes, in the Travelers' association for employes of that company, so as to receive $666 for the loss of a leg. He did not stop with that safeguard, but threw out a few more anchors, or, in railroad parlance safety signals, in the way of accident policies. He was insured in the Engineers' Association, in the Railway Officials' and Employes' association, the Employes' Accident association, the Railroad Conductors' Life Insurance company of the United States and Canada, the Switchmen's Union Benevolent association, the Railroad Trainmen's association and the Railroad Passenger and Freight Conductors' association. He also belonged to the Masonic and United Workmen lodges, in which he had $4,000 in policies. This list would strike most persons as being a fair provision against all contingencies, but Hart knew better the value of his own limbs than any one else. Not that he feared for a moment that he might in his old age grow careless and fall beneath the wheels of his own train. Oh, no, there was merely the dark presentiment ever in his mind, so he paid his assessments.

In the autumn of 1893 came a pleasant break in the monotonous life of this railroad man. He was selected by an admiring constituency to go as a delegate to a railroad men's convention at Boston. The trip pleased Hart, for not only could he represent the railroad men in an important convention, but could have a chance to see the World's fair. Being a frugal man and not addicted to drink or bad habits, he saved up a neat sum and after paying his insurance assessments was able to start for Boston with a few hundred dollars in his pocket.

LOOKING OUT FOR HIS LEGS.

Hart no sooner left home than that dark presentiment would come up before him. He had taken a sleeping car out of Kansas City, and as he was whirling along toward the White City, he thought how recklessly he was exposing himself to the perils of travel in the hands of a crew he knew nothing about. Every railroad horror he had read of for years came before his vision again as he lay there in his berth. The tales of careless railroading in fair times would pop up in his mind, despite all he could do, and fancy conjured up grim pictures of horror. It was in vain that he argued with himself that he was insured in case of accident. Nothing could pay for the loss of any of his valuable members. What were these trifling policies to the loss of a toe or finger? And as for a leg, could the national treasury pay for it?

Troubled and harassed by these thoughts, Mr. Hart reached Chicago. It was with a sigh of relief that he left the train and made a straight cut for accident insurance offices, where he enrolled himself under the banner of their protection. Some conception of the magnitude of his operations may be gleaned from a brief glance at the list of companies he insured in, always with the provision against the loss of a leg. He took out policies in the following companies:

Pacific Mutual Life—$2,000.

Fidelity and Casualty—$50 per week for twenty-six weeks.

Travelers' Insurance—$30 per week for twenty-six weeks.

Interstate Casualty—$15 per week for twenty-six weeks.

London Guarantee Accident (Limited)—$30 per week for twenty-six weeks.

Aetna Life—$30 per week for twenty-six weeks.

United States Mutual Accident Association—$2,500 for loss of a leg.

Guarantee and Accident (Lloyd's)—$25 per week for twenty-nine weeks.

Accident Insurance Company of North America and Canada—$30 per week for twenty-six weeks.

The Standard Accident Insurance—$30 per week for fifty-two weeks.

Manufacturers' Accident Insurance Company of Canada—$2,000 for loss of leg.

Employers' Liability Association Corporation (Limited)—$10,000 for loss of leg.

HOW IT FOOTS UP.

A singular circumstance is that in the previous year Hart, while on a similar trip to Boston, had insured in these same companies and in the same manner, but that year he was wonderfully preserved and had no cause to make a demand on the corporations. The policies above enumerated were taken out on the thirty-day limit plan, and in case Hart should be killed his heirs would get something over $100,000. In addition to this liberal protection to his life, the dozen or so companies he was insured in at home would pay, in case of death, about $50,000.

But Hart seemed most concerned about his legs, although there was no reason to suppose there was anything extraordinary about these members. He had such a fancy for their insurance that between the sum insured at Chicago and at Dodge City either one of those legs was worth—if not to Hart, to the companies—about $50,000. In two of these companies which issued him a policy before he started for the east, one of his legs was valued at $4,000. In the aggregate both of his legs were worth about $100,000. Thus for the small outlay of about $83 Hart could feel that any ordinary accident to either of his legs would be amply paid for.

There is no record of Mr. Hart's conduct in Boston, whither he went after buying all the insurance he could get in Chicago, beyond the fact that before returning to the west he went on a pleasure trip to Toronto, where he once more insured his valuable legs, taking a $2,000 policy in the Manufacturers' Accident Insurance company, and one for $30 per week for twenty-six weeks in the Accident Insurance company of Montreal. Feeling still more secure than when he started, he journeyed homeward by way of Chicago. His desire to see the World's Fair led him to stop off there, and in the wonders of the White City for a brief moment he forgot about his legs and the dark presentiment, though doubtless, if insurance policies had been for sale there he would have been true to himself and his family and have purchased all there were.

WHY GRIEVE AT FATE?

The most memorable day of Hart's brief period of forgetfulness was October 26, and the hour was 6 p. m. This was the day when fate and David Hart may be said to have met for mortal combat. The sound of their encounter reached no mortal ear. The theater of their action was the commonplace Chicago street car. Thus did destiny show her contempt for the tragic. Where an electric line shot around a dark loop near the World's Fair grounds Hart succumbed to fate, the combat was ended, and presentiment and mystery won the victory. No man knows what subtle agency decreed his fall, but fall he did. He said he was pushed from the car by crowding passengers. There he lay. The deadly wheels had passed over one of those precious and much insured legs. Hart was conveyed to a hospital, where the doctors consulted and cut off his left foot. The right foot also was injured, but amputation was not necessary. A second and third amputation were necessary, as the first was unsuccessful.

While on a bed of pain Hart was visited by an agent of one of the insurance companies, who tried to make terms with him, but without success. Mr. Hart sent for a lawyer and placed in his hands all his wealth of insurance policies, and instructed him to proceed to collect the cash. The attorney was instructed also to sue the street railroad company for heavy damages. Then it was that the insurance companies concerned began to consider ways and means of placating Hart. They wanted the street car company to join with them in fighting the case, but the company decided to settle with Hart and allow the insurance companies to settle their own battles. The companies contested the claims, but soon some of the benefit organizations decided to pay Hart, thus breaking the compact, and leaving each company to settle or fight, as it desired. Hart is still waiting for the payment of many of his policies, the companies maintaining that Hart planned to defraud them.

This is a story of a thrifty westerner who has double-discounted John W. Hillmon, who had to die to beat his policies. Hart placed a higher value on his legs that Hillmon did on his life, and in the rural Kansas vernacular he could give Hillmon cards and spades and then beat him.

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Militia Guard a Prisoner.

DALLAS, Tex., Nov. 10.—A special to the News from Emory, Tex., says: On account of expected mob violence against Moss, who is in jail here for an alleged attempted assault on little Ida Cain last Sunday morning, Sheriff Beavers wired Governor Culberson for guards to protect the prisoner. The Greenville Rifles, thirty-three in number, arrived here at 7 o'clock last night and are now at the jail on guard. The prisoner will be taken to Greenville for safe keeping today. There is considerable excitement, but at present it is thought there will be no attempt made to lynch the prisoner.

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For sale in Omaha by James Forsyth, 207 N. 16th street, Kuhn & Co., 15th and Douglas Streets.

Good News for Women.

HANNA, Texas, May 27th, 1897.

I used three bottles of Wine of Cardui for profuse menstruation and flooding three years ago. I found relief from it and have a fine boy 20 months old. I have been suffering from the same trouble again for several months so have commenced using Wine of Cardui. Have been using it nearly two weeks and am about well again.

My daughter-in-law has suffered from suppression always, she tells me, and got so bad it caused convulsions. I advised her to use Wine of Cardui three months ago. She is now on her second bottle and is better than she has been since she came to the age of puberty. We want all our friends to know about Wine of Cardui and get relief. Mrs. MARY E. HOLDEN.

WINE OF CARDUI

Mrs. Holden's letter shows what Wine of Cardui has done. It will do just as much for other afflicted women. Where Wine of Cardui can be obtained there is no necessity for women to suffer from flooding, whites, falling of the womb, suppression, painful or irregular menstruation. This pure Wine will relieve such troubles. It will make weak, languid, nervous women strong, healthy, happy women. It is better than any other medicine to do that. Wine of Cardui is taken in the privacy of a woman's own home. All druggists sell it. $1.00 per bottle.

LADIES' ADVISORY DEPARTMENT. For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, Ladies' Advisory Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.