

**NEITHER BOND NOR
FREE. (A PLEA.)**

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Neither bond nor free. (A plea.) by G. Langhorne Pryor

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G. LANGHORNE PRYOR

**NEITHER BOND NOR
FREE. (A PLEA.)**

Neither Bond Nor Free.

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"What's freedom widout sumphin' wid it?"

—JACK DENTSEY.

BY

G. LANGHORNE PRYOR.

"Howe'er it be it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

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A FEW OPINIONS OF
"NEITHER BOND NOR FREE."

REV. GEO. H. HEPWORTH, D.D., of New York "Herald": "I hope the project may prove successful, as it deserves to be."

REV. H. B. FRISSELL, Principal, Hampton Institute: "The book contains some excellent points."

FUNK & WAGNALLS, Publishers "Literary Digest," New York: "It is indeed an eloquent plea—very persuasive, and written in a calm and dispassionate manner. The author has evidently thought much on the race problem."

REV. R. H. W. LEAK, D.D., Manager, A. M. E. Book Concern, Philadelphia: "It's a good book. I like it very much."

COL. J. R. WADDY, Postmaster, Norfolk, Va.: "Like Booker Washington, the author's work will do much to allay the irritation between the races and promote the growth of a better sentiment in our Southland."

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
A Chance Meeting.....	7
CHAPTER II.	
A Church Scene.....	13
CHAPTER III.	
The Town of H——.....	21
CHAPTER IV.	
Toussaint Visits Merna.....	25
CHAPTER V.	
Merna and Her Uncle.....	33
CHAPTER VI.	
A Lawn Party.....	38
CHAPTER VII.	
Van Courtney and Clarissa.....	46
CHAPTER VIII.	
Toussaint would Follow where Merna Leads.....	55
CHAPTER IX.	
A Picnic, Followed by a Storm.....	65
CHAPTER X.	
At the Parsonage.....	76
CHAPTER XI.	
An Outing Experience.....	83

	PAGE
CHAPTER XII.	
The Southern Industrial Institute—Vacation.....	92
CHAPTER XIII.	
Sowing the Wind.....	103
CHAPTER XIV.	
The Wages of Sin.....	111
CHAPTER XV.	
The Queen of Society.....	127
CHAPTER XVI.	
Literary Life at the Capital.....	134
CHAPTER XVII.	
Politics in the South.....	147
CHAPTER XVIII.	
A Message from Africa.....	163
CHAPTER XIX.	
The Black Republic.....	167
CHAPTER XX.	
Jack Dempsey—Thereby Hangs a Tale.....	174
CHAPTER XXI.	
Race Problems.....	186
CHAPTER XXII.	
“What’s Freedom without Sumpin’ wid It?”.....	202
CHAPTER XXIII.	
Four Years Later.....	212
CHAPTER XXIV.	
Order Out of Confusion.....	216

NEITHER BOND NOR FREE.

A CHANCE MEETING.

"SEBA! Here, Seba! Here, Seba!" rang out on the still air. It was unmistakably the voice of a girl, whose age you might have guessed as anywhere between the years of fifteen and twenty—its ring was so soft, so clear, so musical.

At that moment the dog was bounding along up the woody path, and a little in advance of Seba was poor bunny, whose strained eyes and stiffened ears betokened alarm. Onward the animal sped, until presently the two turned from the leaf-strewn path and were lost to sight in the deep wood.

The cause of this sudden flight was apparent, for the rapid approach of firm steps, just ahead, caused it to scamper in a new direction.

Toussaint Ripley espied the dog, paused a moment and then passed on at a brisk pace. He had not gone a great way before he heard repeated calls for Seba.

An instant gazing about for the object of that name, the next he was profoundly surprised to have his eyes meet those of a charming girl of tender years. Toussaint raising his hat, bowed graciously, in anticipation of a speech which the young girl's lips were then framing. To her question as to whether he had seen a dog—a greyhound, in the last few minutes, Toussaint replied that he had noticed a dog in pursuit of a squirrel.

He had, however, scarcely made answer, when Seba came rushing through the wood, and in an instant more was crouched at his mistress' feet, panting breathlessly. The girl caressed the animal, who, in turn, frisked about under her gentle treatment. Toussaint, meanwhile, toyed somewhat abstractedly with his watch-guard, and then the fair stranger in turning smilingly said "Good-day, sir," and hastened away, leaving him to his thoughts.

"A creature divinely fair," he mused. "Who is she, and what brings her to this place?" Toussaint was altogether too busied with these questions to hurry homeward. He trudged slowly along, now and then observing the lengthening shadows as they lay athwart his path. The golden orb of day was passing from sight in the western horizon. There were already visible tiny, fleecy cloudlets, making their way over and around it, which promised to divest the closing hour of this lovely June day of its charming afterglow and mellow twilight.

Within half an hour, walking at a brisk pace, Merna had gained the principal thoroughfare of the town of H——, and some minutes later, Mrs. Margaret Lockley, who had been waiting and watching eagerly at the door of her home, was affectionately recounting to her niece the anxiety she had felt, occasioned by her tardy return.

"Merna, explain at once," she gently chided, "for I had expected your return much earlier."

It was now Merna's turn to explain. She began: "Oh, I have had a delightful stroll—only a trifle more than a mile beyond the confines of the town. Presently I came to a woody path leading through a lovely copse, and beyond this I could see the deep wood. I was charmed with the scenery of this sunny land—the trees—the flowers—the birds—all. And Seba, too, was delighted, until after a time something attracted the dog and he ran away furiously. I called him repeatedly, and for the first time he gave no heed to my voice. He had been a most obedient dog."

Noting the intense, not to say painful, earnestness of Merna, Mrs. Lockley observed: "What was he after?"

"A gentleman whom I chanced to meet told me he had gone in chase of a squirrel. It was very kind of the stranger to have offered his services to search for Seba."

Mrs. Lockley then asked Merna to describe the