

THE LABOR HERALD.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF DISTRICT ASSEMBLY, No. 84, KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

"THAT IS THE MOST PERFECT GOVERNMENT IN WHICH AN INJURY TO ONE IS THE CONCERN OF ALL."

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KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

Al—“SCOUTS WITH HAE.”
Knights of Labor who would bleed
For the cause ye nobly plead—
O, list ye now to me!
Monopoly, with heart of steel,
Monopoly, with iron heel
Would crush us all beneath the wheel
Of heartless tyranny!

Who a traitor now would be,
To the wild woods let him flee,
Drown himself beneath the sea,
Or nobly with us fall!
See the chieftains Gould controls,
Haughty, proud and glibly soles;
Whit the thunders roar and rolls
Let these swaggers brawl!

With your purpose well defined,
With stout hearts and stubborn mind,
Steadily your axes grind,
And calmly wait your time!
Calmly wait, with lips compressed;
Calmly firm, with arms at rest,
Saw wood and do your level best,
And do no act of crime!

Then, by all heaven and earth;
Then, by your heritage and birth,
Only honesty and worth
Will in the end succeed!
Though our common foe men fear,
Though they slight our cause so dear,
Call us conspirators and sneer,
They'll yet come to their feed!

Fight on! fight on! “Lay on, Macduff!”
Until Jay Gould, that wealthy tough—
Until your foes cry, “Hold! Enough!”
Strike now your heaviest blows!
Rouse I and by the Eternal Power!
Rouse, my comrades; never cower;
Soon shall come sweet victory's hour—
The battle soon will close!

ALICE ANTHONY'S GRAY WORLD.

BY BERTHA BERTON.

A gray sky overhead, leafless trees
swaying with the chilly breeze, and
sear, brown leaves rustling along the
brick sidewalk and gathering in piles
in alleys and corners; and at a window
looking out upon the dreary prospect,
stood a girl of eighteen summers. Her
slender fingers were tattooing the re-
frain of an old song upon the window-
pane, and the mournful expression of
her large hazel eyes seemed out of place
in a face so young and fair.

“A gray world this is, surely,” she
said at last, half to herself, half to the
other occupant of the room.

“And what of that? The sun is shining
beyond the clouds, you know,” a
pleasant voice responded.

Alice Anthony turned around in as-
tonishment. She had heard the office
door open, and sure that her friend
Kittie Vinton had run in, in her usual
unconcerning way, she had spoken
without looking to see who had en-
tered.

A faint flush dyed her cheek, for the
stranger had intuitively understood the
sad feeling that prompted her words;
but she recovered herself and came for-
ward, for just inside the door stood a
gentleman, tall and commanding in
figure, interesting in feature and ap-
pearance, and he smiled pleasantly at
her confusion.

“I thought it was Kittie Vinton,”
she said simply, and then she waited
for his order, for she was an agent for
a dyeing establishment, and thus her
little office was open to the public.

The gentleman seemed almost to
have forgotten his errand, though in
his hand was a small parcel, and after
an instant's waiting, Alice Anthony in-
quired if he wished to leave an order.

Yes, he had brought a parcel for his
sister,—some silk, which was to be
dyed azure blue,—and Alice took up
her order-book and wrote explicitly the
directions, and while her head, with its
rich covering of nut-brown hair, was
bent over the little desk, Arthur Char-
lton watched her intently, as if trying
to solve a mystery.

She designated the time when the
work would be done, and still the gen-
tleman hesitated.

“Excuse me,” he said pleasantly,
“but your remark, that was addressed
to another, arrested my curiosity, for
men have curiosity as well as women.
It may seem impertinent, and yet I do
not mean it so, but, is the world par-
ticularly gray this morning?”

And in his questioning blue eyes was
a look so honest and sincere that, quite
unlike herself, Alice Anthony answered
with like sincerity.

“I fancied that it did seem more
lowering, for business is so dull that I
must close the office, I fear;” and in
spite of an effort to speak bravely, her
voice had a pitiful little quaver that
told plain that words how much de-
pended upon that same office.

“Yes,” the gentleman replied, “I
know that business is exceedingly dull,
but for that very reason we may expect
a change; and there was never a sky
so gray, nor clouds so murky, but that
the sun burst through, and so it will
again. Don't grow faint hearted,
Miss—”

“Anthony,” she supplied the blank,
and Arthur Charlton started involun-
tarily as he heard the name.

Then he remembered that he was ex-
ceeding the limits of a business call,
and with the check which she had given
him for his sister's parcel, he descended
the stairs and took his way down the
street.

“Alice Anthony, as I live!” he so-
liloquized; “for she resembles Hal so
closely I cannot be mistaken; and to
think that, after all my searching, I
should find her in such an odd way—
in such a place, too! Well, I think I
can change the appearance of her gray
world; at any rate, I am willing to
make an effort.”

And then Arthur Charlton went
home, and in his own luxuriously fur-
nished room he seated himself before
a richly carved rosewood desk and be-
gan to sort out papers.

At college Hal Anthony had been
his most intimate friend, and the light-
hearted fellow had been in the habit of
making of him a confidant in all mat-
ters of his daily life.

He had told him of his sister Alice,
and had sometimes read to him snatches
of her lively and interesting letters, so
that he seemed almost to be acquainted
with her.

Their paths had diverged when col-
lege days were over, for Hal Anthony's
business had taken him abroad.

He had died after amassing a com-
fortable fortune; he had died suddenly,
leaving only a message to his old friend,
Arthur Charlton—an earnest request
that he would see that his property
should be given to his sister Alice.

A friend who was with him in his
last hours had sent this message to
Arthur Charlton, and had also for-
warded to him his personal effects, and
he would have gladly fulfilled his
friend's dying request, but when he
strove to discover the residence of Hal
Anthony's sister, he could find no
clue; unaccountable though it seemed,
there was not even a letter among his
papers that would furnish the desired
information.

More than a year had elapsed since
his death, and for the first time Arthur
Charlton felt certain that he was on
the right track.

He had never seen a picture of his
friend's sister, but the strong resem-
blance of the girl whom he had just
met in the office, together with the
name, was almost positive proof.

But—did she know of her brother's
death? If she did not, the unexpected
fortune would hardly be welcome if it
came through a loss so great.
Then he resolved to write to this girl
and ask for information concerning
Hal Anthony, and he did so without
delay.

The answer came next day, in a
graceful feminine hand—a brief note
that told of Hal Anthony's death in a
foreign country, but just where, his
sister had never been able to learn;
but that she was aware of his death;
and all that Arthur Charlton cared to
know, and without delay he called
again at the office of the pretty dyer.

At her desk, and busy with her ac-
counts, she raised her eyes to see that
the gentleman who had left a parcel of
silk had called, and coming forward,
she explained that there was some mis-
understanding, as she had specified a
day of the following week when the
goods would be done; but Arthur
Charlton had called on more important
business, and wondering, Alice Antho-
ny proffered a seat.

Then he proceeded to tell her of the
fortune left in trust for her by her
brother. An allusion to her brother
awakened sad memories, and she could
not refrain from tears, but soon she
grew calm, and listened with surprise
to the information.

It seemed that Hal Anthony had
been so deeply ingrossed with business
that he had grown neglectful in writing
to his sister, and after he had made
several changes of location, she had at
last lost all trace of him.

Then a rumor came of his sudden
death; later it had been confirmed, and
while the young girl had mourned
deeply her brother's death, she had
grieved also at his seeming negligence.

Arthur Charlton was able to impart
some information regarding his last
hours, but Alice was greatly surprised
that her brother had amassed such a
fortune.

To the lonely girl, who scarcely
earned enough to keep the wolf from
her door, it was, indeed, a blessing.

When Arthur Charlton was about to
leave the office, Alice expressed her
gratitude with grateful eyes.

“Do you remember what I told
you?” he asked, holding her small
hand a trifle longer, perhaps, than was
necessary, and looking down in the
sweet young face that had already be-
gun to take on a careworn expression.

“Oh, yes,” she answered, glancing
up shyly to his fine, manly face. “You
said that the sun was shining beyond
the clouds; but, indeed, I could see
nothing that morning but a lead-colored
sky, and a sear, brown earth.”

“Well, you see a change, and I hope
that your future life may have more
sunshine than shadows;” then he went
away.

The business which had been in-
trusted to his care was soon arranged,
and Alice Anthony returned to put
great confidence in her brother's friend.
But Arthur Charlton forgot all about
his sister's commission, until one morn-
ing, when she placed in his hand the
check that he had brought home; then

he looked so confused that she feared
something had happened to her goods.
However, he brought the silk a few
hours later, and when she expressed
her delight at having found some one
who could suit her in dying, he in-
formed her that the lady was about to
retire from the business.

Alice Anthony resigned her position
as agent for the Chemical Dye Works,
and engaged board in a private family,
on a quiet street. The winter passed
pleasantly, for Arthur Charlton, her
brother's friend, sympathized with the
lonely girl, and through his kindness
she was enabled to enjoy whatever was
rich and rare of the entertainments of
the season; and when another summer
rolled round, she had learned to be-
lieve fully in Arthur's assertion, that
the sun did shine; she had also learned
that in her brother's friend, she had
found her ideal of a noble man, and in
response to his earnest pleading, she
became his wife.

Progress is a sublime necessity, a
science and an art, and may be had by
fits and starts, alternately and strangely
influenced by hopelessness and mad
impatience. A mule, briskly walking
along, suddenly stops for some unac-
countable reason. After considerable
kicking and other manifestations of ill
temper, it suddenly condescends to
move on. So we may move on after a
murderous fashion, first all indifference
and then all excitement and riot. It is
not only to have some things but also
to keep them, and many useful and
valuable articles we might well keep.
By all means let us keep cool. Let us
keep on the right track, organizing and
agitating, and not forgetting that with-
out effort there can be no practical
results. The writer is again crawling
out of his shell, having withdrawn from
the field to wait for the introduction of
the next grand national move that is to
follow upon the eight-hour campaign.
He thought it best to use his brains
and pen simply to start every new
step, every successive plank of the
Knights of Labor platform constituting
a progressive step. The vast array of
united labor is rather large and cum-
bersome and difficult to general, and it
spread over a wide territory. We be-
lieve strictly in order, and hate disorder
and confusion as a cat does that she
Take up every plank of the Knights of
Labor platform, one by one, systemat-
ically and with a will. It seems plain
enough that the multitude of toilers
cannot proceed precisely like so many
grasshoppers, and that, doing nothing
for a while and then suddenly bounding
up by electricity. Let us not turn
“labor reform” into a fever-ague. The
St. Louis men are getting somewhat
“French,” Parisian, you know.
Why not have it eight hours through-
out the country until we come to the next
move? Eight hours will take the un-
employed out of the labor market and
thus strikes will be less endangered.
One thing at a time, though not one
thing all the time. True statesmanship
and sound political economy consist in
tending to the greatest general neces-
sity for the time being. That having
been attended to, we must consider
the next necessary step, and so on,
through the whole platform, orderly
and all united in a solid body. If this
be nonsense, then discard it at once.
The writer is not infallible. But if it
be good sense, then men must be fools
indeed not to act accordingly. The
next step after the eight-hour move is
the abolition of child labor and strict
compulsory education for all. This
step has already been made a fact in
the Connecticut Legislature. Of course
the factory lords did their best to
oppose and kill this great onward and
upward move. In Massachusetts the
same attempt was made, but with less
success. It is best not to attempt to
unite the vast array of toilers upon too
many issues at one and the same time.
Ours is a movement of movements, a
reform made up of so many smaller re-
forms; smaller, yet each grand and
essential in itself. Therefore, as this
greatest of modern movements is so
complex, taking in so much and cov-
ering so vast a ground, let us be steady
and firm and have a clear understanding
of the master science of human progress
and let us bear in mind that local union
should be subject to national union,
and that to make every successive step
a success we must move nationally.

Keep Cool and on the Right Track.

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Powderly's latest circular to the
Knights of Labor is the bugle-blast
calling upon the people to prepare for
the battle against monopoly and wrong.
Every man who earns an honest living,
as a workman or any legitimate busi-
ness, is expected to fall in at once.
We will soon see whether stock-
gamblers robbers or the people shall
rule.—Champion.

Hoxie, in his reports to Gould, an-
nounces day after day that the strike is
virtually ended. If these reports were
true, there would be no need of tele-
graphing the matter more than once or
twice; as it is, there can be no reason-
able cause for such waste of time and
labor but the desire to dupe the public.

AMERICAN WORKMEN ARE CALLED UPON TO ARM THEMSELVES.

An Old Soldier Utters A Cry of Warning.

Private Capital Demands Its Pound of Flesh at the Point of the Bayonet.

Slaves or Freemen! Which?

Comrades: You have heard the cry
“To arms! To arms!” What reply
shall we give?

Shall we ignore it with a sneer as
the vapors of European revolution-
ists who do not understand the genius
of our institutions; shall we deride it
as the catch-word of professional agit-
ators; shall we continue to flatter
ourselves that as Americans—sons of
patriot sires—we have no wrongs which
we may not redress by the ballot?

Let us face the problem. Let us ask
ourselves if there is indeed any valid
reasons for alarm. Let us consider for
a moment whether, as with advancing
years, our position is growing brighter
or more hopeless; whether gaunt fam-
ine and distress lurk near our door
ready to swoop down upon our loved
ones.

In all our industrial centres the Red
Flag of the International is unfurled;
from every quarter comes the wail of
despair from the pinched lips of starved
wives and children, and the low, mut-
tered curse of the idle breadwinners;
on every breeze is wafted these signa-
ls of social discontent, and men find
their skill, their will, their brawn pow-
erless to protect their dependent ones.

It is not an European question, but
an American one I ask you to consider.
How near are you to the same brink?
How many weeks of enforced idleness
separate you from utter destitution?
52? 26? 13?

You work for wages. Are they
increasing?

Is your position a guaranteed one,
or is it dependent upon the state of the
market or the law of demand? Are
you to-day satisfied, or are you hoping
for something better?

In fine, it is a personal question. A
very few years ago such questions would
have been idle; to-day they find recep-
tive years. Is there not in this fact a
pregnant meaning? Do you not realize
yourself that times have altered?

You are a mechanic. Have you the
opportunity now that there was then
for the man of small means to start in
business for himself? Is not the small
manufacturer, the small trader being
driven to the wall? Can the capital of
a few hundred dollars compete with
that of millions? Is not your routine
in life become a fixed one?

Let us leave on one side all theo-
retical questions of abstract rights for the
present.

You feel the lines drawing yearly
more close which hold you in the net
of wage-labor; you realize more and
more the lack of opportunity to escape
by raising yourself above your com-
rades; you look ahead to old age and
can see no relief unless it be a seat
beside a son's or daughter's hearth, who
is following the same weary round
where your strength was worn out.

As an American, you, of course, read
the papers. You read of strikes and
lockouts; of suffering communities
struggling for better remuneration; of
families in need of the common neces-
saries of life. In your walks you meet
idle men who would work as gladly as
you if the law of demand would per-
mit. You are familiar with the ten-
ement-house quarters of our city, per-
haps necessarily so. You know its
influence on health, on the morals of
your children, on the happiness of your
family circle.

As an American, I ask you is this
continued discontent cropping out
everywhere, the necessary outcome of
our republican institutions? Is there
virtue in the Constitution to heal the
growing division between capital and
labor; is there power in legislation to
remove the causes which compel you
to bring up your children in a human
beast; will the ballot restore the faded
cheek of your wife or preserve the
bloom of health on the faces of your
children?

Let us consider these questions first.
Let us weigh existing “remedies”
before considering new ones.

Was your father a wage-worker be-
fore you in this land of the free? Is
your condition better? If so, has it
been acquired by reason of your politi-
cal freedom?

You may attend church. Has reli-
gion done ought for your economic
condition, other than teaching conten-
tment and submission? You know it
has not, neither do you look to it for
such relief.

Is it not equally true that political
freedom has done absolutely nothing to
better your economic condition? You
know that neither the realm of religion
nor politics intersect that of economy
under our present system.

You have mental freedom, but long
years of conflict and bloodshed were
necessary to establish it. You fully
recognize the right of every one to the

free use of his reason; that there may
be no greater blasphemy than the denial
of freedom of thought; that what was
once the prerogative of God is now the
treasured right of self. In the world
the mental relations you deny authority
and proclaim liberty; in other words,
anarchy, the absence of government.
self-rule.

You have inherited this as your
birthright. The men who wrested this
from the hands of authority did not
obtain it by prayer, but by revolt.
They relied on force to extort it from
authority.

For the same inherent political freedom,
our fathers (for the writer is of Puritan
and Revolutionary descent) achieved it
by their swords. It is a legacy of
which we are proud, nor would I un-
dervalue it. Nor, on the other hand,
should we overvalue it.

Mental freedom! Political freedom!
These are acquired. We need not
contend for these; they are ours.

But economic freedom?
Have you advanced toward that?
You are nearer it because of the pre-
vious conflicts; these issues are re-
moved, and you are now face to face
with this alone. Otherwise they have
not helped you.

Is it not the direct line of progress?
The world's workers have risen slowly
from slavery to serfdom; from serf to
wage labor. Is this the end? Do you
believe the onward march of personal
freedom will stop short of emancipa-
tion—liberty? Ask yourself the ques-
tion. Interrogate your discontent,
your cravings, your wife's blanched
check, your child's peevish will, who,
like you, feels that something is want-
ing to the normal condition of happi-
ness.

“But we can do nothing!”
Stop! Do you admit that economic
freedom is desirable? That control
over the means of labor—and thereby
over your life and that of your family,
your material well-being—should not
be vested in the hands of a few?

Do you believe that you have a right
to labor—that you should not be held
subject to arbitrary states of the mar-
kets? Will you assert that you have
an inalienable right to life, liberty,
and the pursuit of happiness, and that
whatever condition renders this right
inglorious is unjust? Do you deny the
right of the possessor of wealth to hold
in his grasp the means of life, and to
permit their use only so far as it may
conduce to his profit?

Is not possession of the means of
life as necessary to your well-being, to
liberty, as free thought and free ballot?
This admitted, what follows?

When our ancestors asserted a right,
they stood ready upon a suitable occa-
sion to maintain it. We believe the
right we assert to be an outgrowth
from the tree they planted and watered
with their blood.

We have agreed that the end is a
desirable one. We have settled the
why, and the how comes next in order.
The occasion will never arise if all
refuse to look for it, but thousands of
your comrades are already convinced.

Here is one step gained. If you are
in sympathy with them, if you believe
in your theoretic right to labor, not as
a boon to be craved, a sop to be thank-
ful for, but as a social right, join with
your comrades who believe likewise.

In the first place learn to know each
other, organize meetings for the dis-
cussion of these questions; seek to
understand the philosophy of the labor
movement; sift the arguments pro and
con; study Socialism, what it proposes,
its methods and aims. In all cases
preserve your personal independence;
hold fast to the cardinal principle of
liberty, and do not overthrow one tyranny
to erect another.

Be your own man. Seek to own
yourself.

In the second place, you will begin
to see that the conflict between labor
and capital is not to be settled by the
shrieks of alarmed plunderers who fear
the coming day of judgment, and to
be allayed by the double lead ed edi-
tials of journals dependent upon these
plunderers for bread and butter; not
to be quieted by the rose water ser-
mons from mealy-mouthed gossippers
preaching to rich pew-holders.

Before settling the How, before the
inevitable OCCASION shall rise, you need
arms. Already the blood of your com-
rades has been shed, wives widowed
and children made fatherless. On
every hand you witness an increased
reliance on the militia to protect “vested
rights.”

The “glorious republic” for which
our fathers bled is powerless to-day to
settle the issue of the present; it relies
on force to maintain “constitutional
liberty!”

You are not blind. You see all these
signs of the times. You are a witness
of this increased reliance on force to
uphold American freedom! You see
the old garment of the constitution
stretched to cover emergencies never
dreamed of by its framers. You are
now forced to reflect that graver issues are
before us than the legislation of the
last century had knowledge of, and
demanding a new and different settle-
ment. You like thousands of others,

have vaguely felt that that antique work
is not as elastic as human progress;
that as a reservoir of the political wis-
dom of the eighteenth century it may
become a matchless work of art, but when
it becomes a dam to the course of pro-
gress toward freedom, you, like thou-
sands of others, will be tempted to
join in their cry and damn the consti-
tution!

The necessity for arms is thus
answered on every hand by the signs of
the times—it is in the air!

Finally—the OCCASION.
When Paul Revere galloped out from
Boston in April, 1765, to carry the
news that the British were moving in
force, he was told by a squire: “Do not
make so much noise.”

“Noise,” replied Paul Revere, “you'll
have noise enough before long. The
regulars are coming out!” So he gal-
loped on from house to house, arousing
the inmates from their slumber to im-
mediate action. The farmers grasped
their flintlocks; Lexington, Concord
and Bunker Hill followed.

If the great railroad strike of 1877
were to be repeated to-day, would it
not be such an occasion? Let another
commercial panic—these periodical
visitations of a bourgeois providence—
throw vast numbers of our workers
into idleness, would not a spark as
small as the firing of the militia on the
unarmed populace of Lemont be an
occasion?

We are told that panics and commer-
cial depressions are necessary, and
must be accepted. When armed we
will not only accept it—but wait for it!

Hungry bellies will make occasion!
Have no fear that the occasion will
not arise—it will arise. Then you—
though now undecided and satisfied
that your pay is secure—homeless and
hungry will be looking around to see
where you can seize a gun and join
your more far-sighted comrades.

You realize that the discontent of
labor is growing in intensity, in bitter-
ness; that its expansive power will be
greater the longer it is repressed.

Here we all agree.

You realize that the avaricious greed
of the capitalist is also increasing in
like ratio; that the greed for wealth
was never greater; never more disposed
to stalk over all obstacles for individual
enhancement; never more reckless of
human suffering and misery; never
more ostentatious in its display of
luxury.

Here, again, we all agree.

Under such conditions will not the
possession of arms be a provident fore-
thought?

Get them now, before your economic
masters use the ballot to deny you even
that privilege. It will not be money
thrown away. A rifle or revolver is a
“handy thing to have about the house.”

Some day you may meet a robber, who
knows? You may find it a convenient
article against the banditti of “law and
order,”—some thief who has robbed
you may be tempted to enforce a new
demand upon you.

It is well to be prepared for emer-
gencies!

Sons of patriot sires, greater perils
than your fathers faced are before you!
Will you shrink the assertion of a right;
neglect preparation for the maintenance
of what you believe; dodge the inevit-
able issue that must be fought out on
American soil? Be not alarmed lest
some views you are not prepared to
admit will triumph. Neither you nor
I can forecast the exact course of pro-
gress—we can but do our share to re-
move barriers. Humanity is greater
than leaders; the wisdom of the whole
will prevail over any folly of a few.
Trust humanity.

To arms! To arms! *Ven victis!*
LUM.

Chew O. H. C. Tobacco.
Smoke Sunbeam Cigars.

If the quincy had got the best of
Powderly, millions of the people would
have sincerely regretted his decease.
If Jay Gould should happen to get a
piece of tough beef crosswise in his
gullet and fail to dislodge it, the moun-
tains would be confined to the immediate
family connection. That is not the
only difference between Powderly and
Gould, but it is one of the most
striking.—Cleveland Leader.

The idea advanced by some people
that we have to consult the other nations
before putting a stop to immigration,
is an absurd one. The fact is, that this
is the United States, and is owned