THE LABOR HERALD.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF DISTRICT ASSEMBLIES 84 AND 92, KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

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

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MY HOME.

BY GEORGE S. LIGHT.

O home! that hallowed spot on earth,
The home and place that gave me birth—
Though on the sea or foreign land,
A desert waste or barren sand,
A verdant plain o'er which I roam,
It is, it is my home, my home!

O home! that hallowed place to all—
Though it be large or be it small,
A lonely cottage by the rill
O'erhung with rocks or bleakest hill,
Where storms and winds my fate bemoan,
It is it, is my home, my home!

O home! that sacred spot is home
That gives me rest when I come:
Though it be a valley rich and fare,
Or mountain cliff, of verdure bare,
That overlooks the ocean foam,
It is, it is my home, my home!

O home! that place on earth devine!
Like brightest sun there love will shine;
Though cot where peasant hails the dawn,
Or mansion with wide-spreading lawn,
Or castle with its spire and dome,
It is, it is my home, my home!

O home! my early home in life,
The home where first I led my wife,
Where wife and children—one, two, three—
Sit by my side or on my knee,
And each would kiss me when I come,
That was my home, it was my home!

O home! that hallowed home in heaven,
Through love and mercy to man given,
That home alone of calm repose,
That home that shields me from my foes,
That home from whence no friends can roam
It is, it is my happy home!

DIAMONDS AND HEARTS.

BY GERALDINE FLEMING.

The dusk of a September day was softly falling. In the west there yet remained rare, beautiful tints that the glorious sunset had left, while the brisk autumn breeze that swept over the trees told of drearier days to come.

Rita Lawton sat all by herself in the pretty little library at Earlscliff, hurriedly writing a letter she wished to mail on the following morning, her tiny golden pen fairly flying over the tinted sheet.

She was very pretty, with large, wistful eyes of a tender gray that made a beautiful contrast to her raven hair which, in the shade, served only to enhance the purity of her pale, sweet face. A *petite*, graceful girl, with an innate delicacy of refinement that was perfectly charming.

At last she laid aside her writing, and leaning back in her chair, listened to the ripples of conversation that floated from the next room—listened in the vague, half-distressful way of the thought that had somehow come to be quite natural to her these few last weeks of that short, delightful visit to Earlscliff—that of all these people who had met her there, there was not one who would care when she should be gone, unless—and just the faintest possible little quiver ran through her pretty figure, as the sound of Leith Chester's voice suggested the possibility of an exception in his favor.

He had been very good to her all through those pleasant days, from the very moment that Aunt Cora had introduced him, and told Rita, after he had gone, that he was one of the most eligible young men in all the country around, worth a couple of hundred thousands, and a perfect love of a country-seat on the Hudson.

Rita had liked him from the very first—and liked him none the less when her cousin Sophie had whispered to her, in greatest possible confidence, that she and Mr. Chester were so nearly engaged that it was as good as accomplished—liked him none the less, certainly, but something had made her feel curiously strange about it.

Not that she was in love with him, because she had told herself over and over again that she was in love with no one, and tried her best, almost succeeded, in convincing her brave little self that it was only reluctance at leaving dear old Earlscliff that made her so uncomfortable.

Until the sound of Leith Chester's voice, talking to a bevy of companions in the next room, aroused her from that long, dreamy mood that had taken complete possession of her.

"Then you consider me a fair subject for pity, ladies?"

"But we can hardly believe a word of it, Mr. Chester. Just imagine the incongruity of the thing!"

Sophie Gordod laughed, and looked straight into Mr. Chester's handsome, manly face.

He smiled as if amused.

"The incongruity of what, Miss Gordon? I do not comprehend your meaning."

"Why, the idea of you, of all men, leaving us! What on earth are *you* going to do with yourself?"

Leith Chester looked across at Ralph Bradley, who was vainly trying to interest Mrs. Gordod in a conversation—pretty Mrs. Gordon, who had her eyes on Leith Chester in the interest of her daughter Sophie.

"Bradley, what do you think? Shall I stand it, if I emigrate to my farm in the west?"

"Your farm? Bless my soul, Chester, is that farm all there is left you from the wreck of your fortune?"

And Ralph Bradley leaned forward as he spoke the words.

Leith Chester laughed, as much at the horror on Mrs. Gordon's face, as at Ralph's ready reply.

"Oh, Mr. Chester, you never are going into those horrid Western wilds, because you have lost everything else, are you? I thought surely you meant it for a sort of caprice, you know. I supposed there was a delightful little cottage, and everything romantic."

Rita came into the room at this juncture in good time to see the surprise and growing coldness on her aunt's pretty face.

Leith looked quickly up at her and bowed.

"Miss Lawton, add your condolence, please. These ladies are horrified because Ralph has foolishly blundered over a piece of news I hoped to have kept a secret."

A delicious flush surged over Rita's cheeks. Somehow—and how foolish it was—she felt glad that Leith Chester had lost all his great wealth.

"I cannot see why Aunt Cora need feel horrified." Then lifting her eyes timidly to Leith's handsome face, she added: "I hope you will be happy and contented, Mr. Chester."

Sophie rose from her chair languidly.

"Come, mamma, you promised me a glimpse of your new duchess set. Mr. Bradley, Mr. Chester, you will excuse us."

Leith was on his feet in a moment.

"Ladies, there is not the slightest need of your sudden lack of interest in me, or rather your disappointment at learning that I am no longer eligible as a wealthy bait. Pray, Ralph, remain and entertain the ladies, and I will retire. Miss Lawton, if fortune favors me, I hope to say good-bye to you to-morrow. Ladies, good-night."

And with a dignity that would have befitted a duke, Leith Chester went away, leaving Ralph at the mercy of two curious women's tongues.

Sophie Gordon sank back among the blue cushions, with an expression of most devout thankfulness on her pretty face.

"Oh, Mr. Bradley, I feel as if I could never sufficiently thank you. Only suppose I had accepted him, what on earth should I have done?"

Ralph looked innocently at her.

"Indeed, Miss Gordon, poor Leith must have grown unusually reticent about his love affairs lately, for he never hinted to me you had refused him!"

A vivid flush deepened on her face.

"Oh, I didn't mean to say he actually offered, you know. But if he had, and I had accepted him!"

"Oh!"

Ralph's monosyllable was eloquent, and somehow made Sophie wonder if he were making fun of her.

"Because, you see," she went on, almost indignantly, "Mr. Chester has been so attentive to us all, and, indeed, his wealth and position made him very desirable. Bnt now—"

And a peculiar toss of her head and a compression of her lips finished her remark far better than words could have done.

"I am really sorry poor Leith has disappointed you all—shall I include you, Miss Lawton?"

Rita turned her flushed cheeks toward the group more bravely than she had ever done in her life.

"Indeed you may not. Mr. Chester is the same as he was when he was the possessor of all his lost wealth, and a true friend of his will esteem him none the less."

Mrs. Gordon laughed maliciously.

"Why, my dear Rita, what a beautiful display of romantic interest. Pray repeat it to Mr. Chester, Mr. Bradley."

He rose coldly.

"I shall do so, and being sure the kind of friend Miss Lawton describes, I shall carry what you call romantic interests still further—I shall select Leith Chester's friends for mine. Ladies, good-night."

After he was gone, Sophie turned, with a fierce scowl, to poor little Rita, who was still standing near the door through which she had entered, with the same sweet, flushed excitement on her face.

"You brazen thing! Why couldn't you have kept your mouth shut? You see what you have done—actually driven Mr. Bradley from Earlescliff, and the whole country round will ring with the news."

"I think not, Sophie. If you will be reasonable, you will see it was your own cruelty and hollow heartedness that did it."

Mrs. Gordon laughed.

"Cruelty! hollow heartedness! Perhaps, Rita, you would not refuse to apply an antidote to Mr. Chester, my dear."

Rita looked quietly at the vexed woman, but made no reply, and then went to her own room where she was to pass this last night of her long visit at Earlscliff, the visit during which she had learned so much of the hollowness of society, so little of what was enobling, save and except her love for Leith Chester.

She knew it now—knew it with a conviction strong as death—that the ill fortune that had come to him had developed in her what it had failed in Sophie. She admitted it with a thrill of joy, and prayed God to give him his love before she had laid her head on her pillow that night.

With the morrow he came, to bid her good-bye, as he had said the night before. The parlor was deserted—the shrewd women of Earlscliff took excellent pains to keep out of the way of the penniless man, who might have Rita if she were fool enough to take him.

He met the girl half way across the floor, and took her hand warmly.

"Miss Lawton, I want to thank you for your womanly words of encouragement; and more—I want to tell you that you have inspired a holier feeling than even the highest respectful admiration. Rita, dear, true little Rita, can you not see that I love you dearly, passionately? Look up, little one, and tell me I am to have you for my darling—my wife!"

It had come to her at last, this love of Leith Chester's, and she sobbed out her own sweet confessions on his breast.

"Are you sure you will not shrink from farm-life, Rita?"

Her large, wistful eyes answered him before her lips framed the words.

"Shrink from it! Oh, Leith, it will be Paradise with you! I will try to be so good and saving, and maybe you will yet redeem the wealth you have lost."

"My noble, brave, little darling," and he took her in his arms, and she did not see the loving smile on his lips, the pride in his handsome eyes as he bent over her head. "Listen, then, Rita, while I tell you that you shall indulge in farm life only when we visit the old farm in the west. Every summer shall it be, dear? And at other times don't you think we can be very happy in our lovely little home on the Hudson? Because, little Rita, I have not lost a dollar—rather gained a fortune in winning you, my darling. I had no idea Ralph would carry out the joke; but thank God, he did, for I have won you, and have learned to distinguish between diamonds and hearts."

And sweet, noble-hearted girl that she was, Rita had, indeed, received a just reward when she had so unflinchingly cast aside all for the love of the dearest one to her on earth—Leith Chester.

Politics at Last.

The Philadelphia *Tocsin* in an editorial says that the action of the General Assembly in deciding to "hold responsible at the ballot-box all congressmen who oppose labor interests" is a step in the right direction, and one that we can heartily indorse. We are more than pleased, therefore, to notice this progressive step. It shows that the workingmen are satisfied that political action is necessary if they ever wish to redress their wrongs; it shows that the K. of L. as an organization are to take the initiative; and it also opens the way for like action upon the part of District Assemblies in the several States, and for the locals in their various localities. Too much fear of future consequences is what has deterred the organizations from entering politics long ago. It is our opinion that this was an idle fear, inspired by politicians who had an idea that their favorite party would suffer; but the time worn party lines must eventually break in favor of labor, and it cannot happen any too soon. As for the formation of a third party we think such a move inexpedient at present, though it may be necessary to do so at some future time. As the resolution adopted at the special session says, the Order will hold [illegible] present incumbents responsible if they fail to support the measures mentioned in the report of the Committee on Legislation. This action was wise, and the object intended can only be secured by the workingmen advocating and voting for the election of Congressmen who are friendly, no matter with what political party they happen to be affiliated. Labor parties under various names have been in existence at different periods for the past fifteen years, but their platform has always been burdened with some side issue which caused thousands of workingmen to withhold their support. What is needed in every community is a Workingmen's Legislative Committee that can be trusted to act fairly in the selection of candidates for the endorsement of the wage-workers, and when they are selected the workingmen should bend every energy to insure their election at the polls. In this way only can we hope to achieve success.—*Dayton Workman.*

Justice.

All persons desiring a nice, clean shave at the hands of skilled artists, should call at the MODEL PALACE of J. Guvernator, No. 10 N. Seventeenth st. Chopping and leeching perfectly done.

BOYCOTT BAUGHMAN BROS.

POLICE OUST MR. POWDERLY

THEY STOP A KNIGHT OF LABOR MEETING IN COOPER UNION.

Capt. McCullagh Thinks It His Duty to Look After "All Them Communists, Anarchists and Laboring Men"—His Men Refuse to Leave a Private Meeting, So Mr. Powderly and His Friends Have to.

A small white card was issued to the members of the Empire Protective Association, D. A. 75, Knights of Labor, yesterday [illegible]

"Meeting of D. A. [illegible] Union, Thursday Night, 9 o'clock."

Before that hour about a hundred men had gathered on the sidewalk opposite the Cooper Union. They were orderly and conversed with each other in whispers. They were sober and earnest, and a casual observer could see that serious business was on hand. When the doors opened they filed downstairs, and about a hundred others followed at intervals. In the great hall they sat as near the front centre as possible, and appeared merely a handful. About 10:15 the General Master Workman, T. V. Powderly, arrived, accompanied by three members of the General Executive Board—Messrs. Turner, Hayes and Bailey.

A *World* reporter had been waiting for Mr. Powderly all to-day, and as he approached the hall asked him where he had been and why he was in the city. Mr. Powderly said he had just come from home, stopping over at Philadelphia long enough to bring Mr. Turner with him. He had not known anything of the meeting he was going to attend until that day, and had come to confer with District Assembly No. 75. The people in this city knew more of the street-car employees' troubles than he did, and he wanted to learn all the facts. If the assembly wanted him to meet the capitalists, and if the capitalists were willing to meet him, he would do so. He had nothing more to say at that time.

A committee of the officers of the Assembly met Mr. Powderly and the other members of the Executive Board at the door of the Cooper Union, escorted them to the platform. They were received with enthusiasm. They were scarcely seated when three policemen, brandishing their night clubs, marched down the stairs, past the guards and into the hall. The policemen were O'Rourke, Gunn and Schwanz, of the Seventeenth Precinct. Mr. Powderly was about to make a speech when the officers entered. He stopped and asked by what right they were there. The roundsman, or spokesman, said, "By orders of Capt. McCullagh."

They were told that that was a private meeting and requested to leave. The police spokesman replied that there was no power there to put them out, as they were doing their duty and would remain. Mr. Powderly then declared that no business would be done and refused to speak further.

An officer of the district was despatched to hire another place of meeting, and returned in a few minutes with the intelligence that Central Labor Union Hall, No. 141 Eighth street, had been secured. To that place the meeting adjourned, but it was found too small and the assembly could not be called to order, and Mr. Powderly promised to meet them at the next regular meeting.

After the General Master Workman and the members of the district had gone a reporter of *The World* waited on Capt. McCullagh at the station-house and asked by what authority he invaded the meeting of the Knights of Labor.

"I was notified that there was going to be a meeting in Cooper Union," said, "and that Powderly was going to address a lot of workingmen. I feel it my duty to look after all them Communists, Anarchists and laboring men when they meet. I came down there to the hall before 9 o'clock with a squad of men and saw a lot of men standing out on the pavement. They looked sort of respectable, so I didn't want to keep my men up. I told the roundsmen and two officers to wait there and go into the meeting and find out what they done and report to me. The roundsmen has reported twice since then. I stand by what my men have done."

"But this was a private meeting. Had your officers any business there?" asked the reporter.

The Captain evaded the question by asking another:

"Wasn't the hall full of people?"

"There were about two hundred there," answered the reporter.

"Why, I saw 500 men on the sidewalk myself," said the Police Captain. "My men did perfectly right. I don't believe it was a private meeting at all, because it was in a public hall."

Capt. McCullagh further stated that he had been informed by the janitor of the building that a public meeting was to be held, and exhibited a note without signature, scrawled on the back of a police circular, as corroborative testimony. "Captain: There will be a mass meeting at Cooper Union to-night." That was all.

On further questioning the Captain stated that if he had known it was a secret meeting, and that Mr. Powderly would be there, he would not, of course, have sought to invade it.

An officer of the district said: "The reason we hired Cooper Union Hall was because there is not another in the city large enough to hold the Assembly without a saloon attachment, to which Mr. Powderly particularly objected. We have nothing to say of the police invasion. We leave that to the public [illegible]

The People Must Have Money.

The best demand upon Congress of the Cleveland Assembly is for direct loans of money to the people at low interest. This measure is full of potency. It cuts off one of the most dangerous arms of the great Octopus of Usury that is steadily sucking out the life of Labor.

Don't you see what a terrific blow it is at the Money Power? The people resume the right to use for their own benefit and at the lowest price. They are no longer to be left to the tender mercies of the robber class who deprive them of the use of money, compel them to run in debt and then with relentless hand gather in their little properties with a turn of the wheel.

The mortgaged homes of the people are to be saved!

Did you ever know an industrious man and his wife who set out in life poor, who bought a bit of land and put a house on it paying part down and giving a mortgage on it? Have you ever watched such a pair saving carefully and paying little sums as they could? Children came, there was sickness, expenses increased, a dull time threw the man out of work, the time for payments came and there was no money in drawer or in the bank; it took all to live and so the little home had to be sold. There were the flowers and the vines and the orchard and all the little belongings which a loving care had tended and added to make the home complete. They were poor little humble things to the world, but the tendrils of human hearts encircled them. They were a part of human lives consecrated by human loves and toils. Have you known any such home to be and broken up and its inmates scattered? Did you not feel that it was an awful crime akin to murder?

There must be no more of it in this land!

That is the decree of the workingmen!

No! the great government that we have looked upon as heartless and organized only for the protection of property, is about to show that the most precious interests of the people are not below its notice.

Let this cry go up everywhere.

Loan money at one per cent. to the people!

Save the imperilled homes of the people!!

The people must have money at cost!!!—*Justice.*

Lawyers in the K. of L.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., June 26.—In the May 16 issue of *John Swinton's Paper* is an article from a retired lawyer to the K. of L., predicting defeat, disunion, death and decay to the Order unless the lawyers are admitted. He complains that the K. of L. admits the soldier while having no use for him, but will not admit the lawyer while having use for him every day. Why is it that the K. of L. has use for the lawyer? Is it not because he has so manipulated the law, in the interest of themselves and the moneyed class, that nobody but themselves can hope to thread its mazes? Is it not a fact that no two of them can agree on the commonest points of law? Is it not true that there is not a law upon our statute books (the work of lawyers) but can be made to mean anything but justice, with its ifs, buts and provideds? Is it not true that lawyers fix a legal value upon their services and deny the same right to the working people? Is it not true that the lawyer is educated to pervert and construe the language of the country into false meanings, to suit the purposes of vicious and designing men? Is it not true that through the influence, and by the direct aid of the lawyers as a class, this republic is now saddled with the national banking system that is robbing the many for the benefit of the few? Is it not true that lawyers manipulated the Credit Mobilier, the railroad land steals, made it possible for Gould to water stock, and protect the Standard Oil and other collosal thieving monopolies? Is it not true that, without the aid of the lawyers to make the law, and then construe it and force the execution of it through a lawyer judge, thousands of high-toned thieves would now be playing checkers with their noses, in our State prisons? Is it not true that when a rich rascal, like Gould or Huntington, makes a deal and scoops in the little fish, they first consult the lawyers and act under their advice? Is is not true that the lawyers are ready to defend and, by a quibble upon a word, turn loose upon the community the worst thief, murderer or felon, provided he can put up the money? Is it not true that by long habit a lawyer becomes unfit to judge of the moral merits of a case, and can only see things in the light of legality? Are they not educated to pick flaws, hunt up loopholes and take advantage of all mistakes, without regard to the justice or equality of the case? Lawyers know nothing but law, and they are forever tinkering with it, not for the purpose of securing justice for the people, but to further their personal [illegible] To admit lawyers into the K. of L. would be equivalent to removing the keystone to the arch, undermining the foundations and blowing it up with dynamite. The object and mission of the lawyers is to stir up strife and contention, and nothing would please the money power better than to see the doors of the Order opened to the lawyers. They could then count upon their fingers the months of its existence. With spies and Judases in the camp, but little could be done to check the grinding power of monopoly. Evidently the lawyers are beginning to fear the growing power, and feel the proscription and ban they are under, and now by specious arguments seek to unlock the gate, that they may graze in the rich pastures they see looming up in the near future. Keep them out. They had no hand in framing or formulating the laws or principles of the K. of L., and its declaration of principles is not interlarded with ifs, buts, or provideds. It is a very un-lawyer-like document, not only in its get-up, but in its intent and purpose. No declaration ever exceeded it in its scope, equity and justice, yet no lawyer had a finger in the pie, and no lawyer should be admitted within the inner or outer circle thus formed in the interest of the honest working men and women of the land. Without lawyers, the K. of L. is run and guided by the rules of justice, common sense and equal rights, obligations and responsibilities. Admit the lawyers, and all these will disappear and nothing but law take their place. We have too much law in this country now, and what we want is justice and less law. The Devil, in the guise of a lawyer, made Eve believe that the Lord did not mean what he said in the law he had laid down, and the human race has been cursed with a horde of lawyers ever since, and the lawyers of to-day partake of all the subtility and cunning of their great progenitor. Keep them out of the new garden of Eden, the K. of L. GEORGE R. BROWN.

Will Labor Act Wisely.

Silence may at times be golden, a still tongue may indicate a wise head, and the less said the sooner mended, may all be good maxims, but times there are when silence is both cowardly and criminal. In our humble opinion we have arrived at one of these periods in our political, economical and social history when the truth must be spoken right out in meeting, so here goes:

The politicians of all political parties want office. Their sole study is where and how to get the votes to secure a nomination and an election. They naturally favor the wealthy and powerful who furnish money to conduct campaigns. The wealthy and powerful often desire legislation in their own special interest. They enlist the candidate in their interest and reward him by securing his election. They furnish the money, and the money gets him the votes, and the votes elect him.

The producers, the toiling many, furnish the votes to elect this man who has, even before his election, bartered away their rights. Congress meets and they discover, to their dismay, that the monopolists, as usual, have everything their own way. The people, the good innocent souls, then get upon their hind legs and howl and threaten and say no man can be trusted. "We elected an honest man and when he got to Washington he became a rascal." The truth is, he was a rascal, sold out, body and breeches, to the monopolists before he was nominated. The remedy for this is very simple. Let the producers, the toilers, get together and decide what public measures will benefit them, just as the monopolists do. They don't need much money to do this, money is only needed to secure votes, but little money is necessary. Let them select their candidate and let him understand that they are electing him and that they expect to work in their interest, and that his political future depends upon how well and honestly he works.

This is the only means by which the toilers can come to the front and make themselves a power. In order to take such action as this, they must know what they want and they must be united in their effort to secure it.

They must cast aside party prejudice, personal jealousy and political bossism. They must inform themselves upon the issues of the times so correctly that they can tell in a moment whether their public servants are performing their duty or not.—*Ex.*

Which is the Sinner?

[illegible] the present Congress been Republican the tariff question would have been virtually settled from the start, and no such period of doubt and depression which have existed since the present Congress was elected would have been heard of.

The foregoing is from the Pittsburg *Times*. It is on a par with the standard of partisan newspaper twaddle. The Republican party is a better protection party than the Democratic party, but it [illegible] a record of which to boast. [illegible] years has reduced it some 75 per cent. The Democrats if left to themselves would not have done much worse, and they certainly could not have shown more insincerity in the handling of this great matter, nor have succeeded in getting the tariff scheduled in more incongruous shape.

If the Republican party intends to continue posing as the friend to the protective policy it had better promptly get rid of the humbuggery that has characterized its handling of tariff affairs. It has always been the blatant "friend" and the secret opponent of protection. Its rank and file have won elections on the protection plank, and its officials have nullified this by their administration in favor of importers. There was almost constant turmoil under Republican Secretaries of the Treasury upon questions between importers and home manufacturers, which questions were almost, if not always, decided against the protective policy. To give the devil his due, there has been none of this since Secretary Manning has been in office. There was no end to it under McCulloch and John Sherman. Nor when such questions arose and were decided against the boasted Republican policy did the Republican majority in Congress interfere by the passage of acts that could not be misinterpreted, though there were many demands this should be done, more especially as regarded the fatal displacement of a comma in the cotton tie matter. Republican papers may as well determine to quit misrepresentation and hold the official end of their party to strict accountement of the policy laid down [illegible] here or will turn more on records than promises. Nor will comparatively good records pass muster—the record from now on had better be positively good or a third party may step in and mix things dreadfully for the old parties.

Platforms, it may be remarked, are usually unobjectionable. They are made to catch voters, and are no earnest whatever of a party's actions. What is required is the nomination of good men, not of the description of the majority that have been receiving nominations and election. Will the *Times* give its opinion of the stuff of which the local legislative tickets are composed, as compared with recent delegations to the Legislature?—*Ex.*

The Difference.

I shall now give two illustrations which epitomize my argument that the working classes do not receive justice to-day. I have a friend, a capitalist, who a few years ago projected a short railroad of a hundred miles which should connect two main stems of road; and thus make a new trunk line from the West to the seaboard. It was a happy thought and a charter was obtained. He, with nine other capitalists, formed a construction company. Each gave his notes for a hundred thousand dollars, and the work went on. After the completion of the first section, the prospective value of the road was so great that mortgage bonds were issued for three times the cost of the section, which were floated at 92. [illegible] the money thus obtained, the [illegible] the gentlemen had not put a cent of money into the enterprise; they held almost two-thirds of the bonds, and all of the stock; and my friend has been enabled ever since to maintain a style of living not like his former years, but like a prince, and can transmit the same to his children.

I had also a friend, a workingman who labored with his hands upon the construction. He received his ticket on and return, and daily wages while there sufficient to maintain himself and family as usual while he was actually at work and not longer. The only result which still clings to him is a malarial disease, contracted there, which in all probability, will incapacitate him for the future for more than two-thirds work, so that himself and family will hereafter be poorly fed, poorly clothed, and poorly housed. Is this an equal distribution of profits? I am aware that what is a proper share for the workman is merely a question of sentiment, and depends upon the estimate which you place on his manhood. But, from the Christian standpoint of the brotherhood of all men, was it equitable? If the capitalist for his brain work and the loan of his credit received more than enough to maintain him in his style of [illegible] to the end of his life, ought a handworker to have received enough to maintain him in his style of [illegible] to the end of his life? If this be not so, can our civilization be said to be just to him, according to the standard of the Christ?—*Rev. C. B. Baker.*

MAIDEN STARTED.

[illegible] started from her slumber
[illegible] a dizzy little shriek,
[illegible] she'd seen her lover
[illegible] another lassie's cheek.
—Colton Hub.

[illegible] from her slumber
[illegible]
For a block was on her number
And she had to hustle out
—Decatur Review.

She started from her slumber
With a dizzy little head,
She dreamed a man was under
Her inviting steel-spring bed.
—Saratoga Eagle.

She started from her slumber
With a dizzy little 'larm,
As she gazed in mute wonder
At the pillow in her arm.
—Industrial News.

She started from her slumber
With a screech like a lion roaring,
And heard a voice beneath the window
Saying shut up and stop your snoring.
—Clarion.

She started from her slumber
With a throbbing, aching head
For in a horrid nightmare
She had seen her Jimmie dead.

A Query Answered.

We have just received another letter, of a kind quite familiar to us, in which the writer requests us to "furnish him with some facts and authorities on the labor question as he desires to prepare an essay upon the subject."

Hardly a week passes in which we do not receive one or more of these epistles. Sometimes it is a debate the information is asked for, sometimes simply for the personal enlightenment of the questioner, but always a speedy answer is requireq.

We are always gratified to learn that people are interested in this topic, though we sometimes wonder if our correspondents really believe that an editor is so over-burdened with leisure time as to have nothing to do but to [illegible] answer such queries.

However this may be, we have a suggestion or two to make to these seekers after knowledge which may be of service, not only to them, but to many others who are also seeking light.

The necessary facts and arguments for the defence of the labor movement can be best obtained from the use of one's own power of observation, not from books. You may read Marx, Lasselle, Proudhon, Adam Smith, George, and the whole army of latter-day writers, yet if you depend on them entirely for information, you are yet ignorant. As in the "Forest of Arden," so in our modern wilderness of industry. There is a tongue in the clatter of every labor-saving machine, a sermon in every tenement house, and plenty of tragedies in every factory community.

The labor movement is not based on the theories of books, however true or ingenious, but on the natural rights of human beings to a decent livelihood in a land of plenty.

Stand by the gates of a factory and watch the crowds issue forth, pallid and stunned from their imprisonment. Note the bowed and bent form of the old man who has toiled at his trade for a lifetime, until he is as much a part of it as a wheel is of a machine. Go to the great cities and see how industrious virtue fares by the side of vice in idleness. Watch the miners as they surrender God's fresh air and the green fields of earth for a life in the dark, damp pit.

Scan the records of legislative bodies and see [illegible] passed for the benefit of [illegible] undefended. [illegible] gobbling process by which a [illegible] of men are appropriating the bulk [illegible] the increase of wealth in the republic while great masses of workmen are always on the borderland of want.

Follow out this line of investigation here crudely pointed out, and if you know no [illegible] somewhat of the labor problem [illegible] dry essays of statistics of nicely formulated bookish plans will make you aught the wiser.—*Laborer.*

The Knights of Labor make a great mistake in remaining members of the two old political parties. In so doing they are fighting one another in the interest of their enemies. The capitalists have both the old political parties completely under their control, and they chuckle with delight when they see wage-workers and poor young men fighting one another, some as Democrats and some as Republicans. The true policy of wage-workers and poor men generally is to form a party of our own. The contest between the rich and the poor is inevitable. Let us make it a political contest, and fight it out as the citizens of a republic should do, with our ballots. The ballot is the most potent weapon which the poor man possesses. How silly is it for him to use it, not for his own benefit, but for the benefit of contemptible politicians!—W. H. Bensen.