# 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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### STARVED TO DEATH.

BY WILL H. MINNICK.

[Suggested by the death of a woman by starvation, in an attic over the vaults of a national bank:]

O'er the bank vaults in an attic,
Found they there a woman dead,
And the verdict of the jury,
"Starved to death," no food, no bread.
While below the death-dark chamber
Where the spirit took its flight,
Wealth was piled in gold and silver
Locked in vaults secure and tight.

Who can meditate or ponder
On this picture, sad but true?
But within his heart knows fully
Something's wrong, and greatly too,
That starvation should o'ertake one,
With such wealth around thus stored,
In sad yet truthful picture
Of what "pirate" gives the Lord.

Soulless, heartless, vultures, vampires,
While you have your day and time
For to crush, and starve and murder
You'll yet answer for the crime;
Answer to a just tribunal
Of the ones you now enslave,
Meeting measure in its fullness
For the measure that you gave.

Stones you gave and serpents also
When the starving ask for bread,
And for drink give gall or wormwood,
Arbitration—balls of lead.
Pile thy wealth by robbing labor,
Like Belshazzar, feast and dine;
Revel, dance and take your pleasures,
Sail thy yatchs, drink thy wine.

But, remember there's reck'ning
With this people robbed and 'slaved,
They will ask through right and justice
Why you've thus to them behaved;
Why you have deprived the toilers
Of the food that gives them life—
Brought starvation, death and sorrow
To the children, father, wife.

Tremble, criminals, like Belshazzer,
Like him you shall feed on grass,
For the toilers of this nation
Will bring this thing all to pass;
Better that you heed the warning,
Heed it ere it is too late,
For the wronged and starving millions
Will but little longer wait.

Will you stand these tyrant masters,
Greedy, avaricious ghouls
Robbing toilers of just wages
By their wealth and high court rules?
No! the times grow more propitious
As the toilers' arm grows strong,
When these devils, vampires, leeches,
Must and shall stop all this wrong.

## MARIAN LEIGH.

BY BERTHA BERTON.

A gray cottage in the background, half hidden by lofty elms and clustering maples, with fitful shadows falling here and there, formed a scene of quiet beauty that Marian Leigh did not appreciate as she stood at the gate that delicious May evening, while the soft air, laden with the dewy fragrance of apple blossoms, came floating about her, lifting her brown curls in a sort of caressing manner, and gently cooling the flush in her cheeks.

A very pretty picture did she make standing there, in the shadow of a lofty maple, with the moonlight falling through rifts of leaves, and wrapping her in its silvery sheen.

A picture that Robert Graham had admired intensely, as he stood by her side half an hour before—if we may judge by the wistful tenderness that looked down from his dark eyes into Marian's flushing face.

Twice that evening had a passionate declaration trembled upon his lips, but with womanly intuition she had led the conversation to other topics, so that he had gone away uncertain of anything but his love for her—and their parting that night had been only that of friends.

Each feeling so much—expressing so little!

He, proud, sensitive, and afraid of a refusal; while she, capricious, shy, and fearful of betraying her real feelings, had seemed indifferent [illegible] that two, who were all the world [illegible] other, had separated, playing cross purposes; but when did the course of true love ever run smooth?

The girl stood watching him till a curve of the road hid him from her view; then an unconscious sigh might have been heard as she walked slowly back to the house, humming a plaintive little love-song that she and Robert had often sung together.

Marian Leigh was not in love—she said so—and surely she ought to know, but a casual observer might have thought that she was entering the border-land, happily unconscious of it; yet her dreams that night were of artists, and dark eyes looking down tenderly into hers, of low, impassioned words, and fond caresses, and she woke in the morning with a feeling of unrest; a sense of loss unknown before.

Robert Graham and Marian Leigh had grown up from childhood together in the town of Elmton.

He was the only son of Judge Graham, an aristocratic old gentleman, who owned a beautiful residence in the suburbs of the town, while Marian was the petted, only daughter of Dr. Leigh, an eminent physician of reputed wealth.

Her mother had died in her infancy, and the father's whole affection was lavished upon his motherless child; and she, in return, idolized the father, who gratified almost every caprice of her youthful fancy.

She had been thoroughly educated, and at eighteen presented a type of true womanliness and peerless beauty.

Robert Graham had inherited from his parents an innate perception of the beautiful, and, amid the adornments and attractive surroundings of his luxurious home, it was not strange that this taste should develop early, nor that when his education was finished, he should choose the profession of an artist.

He was going to Europe—to Italy, to study with some of the old masters.

His highest ambition had been to become an artist worthy of the name, but as the time came for departure Marian's fair face haunted him continually, and his heart sank as he thought of the long separation, for, deeply as he loved her, he well knew the capriciousness and almost ungovernable ambition of the wayward girl.

Would she wait for him, while with patient toil he was working his way upward, more to gratify her love of fame than his own? Would she wait, or would some newer love win her from him in his absence?

The thought was torture.

With his artistic appreciation of the beautiful, whether in nature or art, he had been fascinated at first by the faultless symmetry of Marian's face and form, then by the pretty, imperious ways that were a part of her nature, and by a magnetic influence that she held in some degree over all who knew her.

Still, he had gone away without fettering her by an engagement.

She promised to answer his letters, and with that he strove to be content.

Before going to Italy he made a circuitous tour through England, Scotland, Germany and Switzerland, making studies, and appreciating the beauty and magnificent scenery of those countries with the enthusiasm of a true artist; and reaching Florence in the early autumn, set himself to work with the indomitable energy characteristic of his nature.

Here, for awhile, we leave him to prosecute his studies, and wait vainly, too, for tidings, which, by some strange fatality, never reached him.

As the weeks went by [illegible] Graham's departure Marian's manner became more subdued. The gleeful, girlish ways that had been the life of her home and the joy of her father's heart seemed to vanish to give place to sweet, gentle dignity, that rendered her more attractive, if possible, than before, and when one day there came a letter, with a foreign postmark, there was no mistaking the eagerness with which her trembling fingers grasped the precious missive, nor will we tell how many times it was perused, but it was a revelation, and she knew then that henceforth Robert Graham was all the world to her.

An answer, framed with the love she had never before dared to put in words, was sent, but it never reached its destination, and closely following events occurred, which, for the time, threw in the background all else save the great sorrow which came surging over her young life.

Only a week after she received the letter which, for her transformed earth into a veritable Eden, came the dreadful shock of her father's death.

Absent for a few days, on his return he had been one of the victims of a railroad disaster, and was carried home unconscious and dying.

Events like these bring out the heroism of woman's nature and Marian proved a true woman in this trying ordeal.

A few hours, and the unconscious sufferer was at rest, and Marian Leigh was an orphan, and alone.

Almost stunned by the suddenness of the blow, she would [illegible] affairs rendered [illegible] action imperative.

Unaccustomed to the dry details of business, she assumed these self-imposed obligations as a sacred trust, with a firm resolution that the name and honor of her father should be preserved untarnished.

Her filial devotion was rewarded by the consciousness that all debts were liquidated; but when it was done she found herself penniless and thrown upon her own resources. Accustomed to luxury as she had been, it was a trying position, but there was no alternative.

Her plans were soon formed; and, morbidly sensitive as she felt to the changes of fortune, she determined to sever the ties that bound her to associations of the past, and earn a livelihood in a distant city.

* * * * *

Almost two years had passed away since Marian Leigh left Elmton. She had obtained a position as teacher of music and German, in the family of Professor Hartman, of Boston, and although she had suffered intensely—as natures like hers always must, where everything to which they cling is swept away by the ruthless hand of destiny—she had learned to suffer and grow strong.

More mature, with a thoughtful, almost sad, expression in her beautiful face, she was as fascinating as ever, and had made for herself a host of friends in her adopted home.

She had never heard any tidings of Robert Graham, and, believing that he had ceased to care for her, she strove to banish his image from her heart, and although she had never quite succeeded in doing it, she hoped, in time, to become indifferent to her early love.

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Within the spacious parlors of Professor Hartman were gathered a select party of invited guests. It was a reception, given to a celebrated artist, who had just returned from Europe, and the professor's receptions were noted for bringing together the cream of literary society.

Miss Leigh had been called in, as usual, to preside at the piano.

The music-room was just separated from the parlors by a fall of graceful drapery, effectually concealing the performer, and the bewitching strains of a waltz of Strauss filled the lofty rooms with entrancing harmony.

Later in the evening some one called for old Scotch and English ballads, and Marian's sweet, clear voice rang out in the plaintive melody of "Bonnie Doon."

She sang song after song, for this quaint old music stirred an under-current of feeling that thrilled heart and voice with recollections of the happy past.

She stopped at last, exhausted by the effort, and was leaving the room almost unobserved, when her eye fell upon the artist, and reeling, she fell to the floor in a state of unconsciousness.

In the famous artist she had recognized Robert Graham, and the shock proved too much for her tired nerves.

She recovered soon, however, and my readers may imagine that mutual explanations speedily followed, which were entirely satisfactory to the lovers; that their engagement was shortly announced, followed by their marriage a few months later, is a matter of course. And having traced them through the vicissitudes of a somewhat cloudy courtship, we leave them, dear reader, to the sunshine of wedded life.

### Cruelty to Women.

[illegible] and we cannot shrink from it. The public are, probably, not aware of the cruelty which is being inflicted on a large class of the community by the practice of keeping shopwomen standing during the hours of business.

In some of the large establishments daily patronized by ladies of fashion the permanent injury done to the young persons engaged is of alarming proportions, and it is time to protest.

Young women come up from the country in full health, and are rapidly reduced to a condition which practically condemns them to life-long suffering. So fatuous is the discipline in many of the large houses that if a girl is seen to lean for a few moments for relief in her weariness she is reprimanded, and if the offense (!) be repeated, dismissed.

This cruelty—we can use no milder term—is one which society, or, if need be, the law, must put down.

We have not adverted to this painful subject until compelled to do so by the most conclusive evidence that the practice of keeping girls standing during business hours is a large factor in the causation of the most distressing diseases.—*Ex.*

Pinkerton's private standing army marched against the striking switchmen in Chicago, June 28, and the associated press dispatches gleefully announce that the back bone of the strike is broken. Will the workers, not the drones, the workers, please stop long enough to note that the capitalists have actually got a standing army in [illegible] They failed [illegible] Congress [illegible] lar army, so they employ a private guerrilla captain to keep a standing army ready for them. It is well for us to know the truth, and to know also that we cannot destroy the force of these truths, these facts, or change the nature of them by shutting our eyes or by calling an army of guerrillas, in the service of capitalists, by some other name.—*Ex.*

Possibly the farmers will get to figuring on these problems presently. Then they will understand why it is that a farmer must work all day long, he and his wife and boys, for a mere living while idlers live in palaces and enjoy the best of everything. Why is that the fruit grower here in the valley get 10 to 25 cents a bushel for apples while the consumer over in Eastern Oregon pays ten times as much; why is it that the grain grower works hard all day in the sun and dust to get enough to keep himself supplied with coarse food and clothing, while thousands of grain gamblers and stock jobbers live in fine houses and have parks and carriages and liveried servants. This is not because of the will of God or a law of nature; it is because of ignorance among the workers and meanness among the idlers. Read, think, educate, organize, combine.—*Ex.*

## THE LABOR QUESTION.

**EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH OF HON. RALPH PLUMB, OF ILLINOIS,**

*In the House of Representatives, Friday, June 11, 1886, on the Bill (S. 1657) to Legalize the Incorporation of National Trades Unions.*

Mr. Speaker, I am not unmindful of that class of philosophers who maintain that the true functions of government are exhausted when it has so far acted as to become a persistent police force which effectively preserves the property of the citizen from being stolen and his life from being taken by the lawless: that all else is better achieved by the individual himself, and that in the end the best results will be attained by surrendering every individual member of society to that law which is called "the survival of the fittest." This philosophy would expose labor to the same competition as cotton and wheat are subjected to, and as a result it must often occur that the laborer may be obliged to accept a wage so low that the loss of employment for a short period in consequence of sickness or any other misfortune must make him a pauper.

Sir, I protest against such a division of the proceeds of labor. The poorest born of all who toil have a right to more than will keep them from the poorhouse. They have a right to accumulate and to pass on from the condition of dependence to independence; and I maintain that in our rich country under our institutions hopeless poverty should be confined to the imbecile, the intemperate, and the sluggard.

The proper function of government is to protect the weak and restrain the strong, that all may have a fair chance in fighting the battles of life. The mission of the Republic is to make its millions of citizens equal before the law—none so weak as to be forgotten or neglected by it, and none so strong as to defy its power.

Sir, this law of "the survival of the fittest" applies to nations as well as to individuals; and, sir, the only condition upon which it is possible for our Government to survive is that we faithfully adhere to the principles of liberty, fraternity, and equality upon which it was founded.

It is well, Mr. Speaker, for Congress to pass laws legalizing arbitration, providing for labor organizations, shortening the hours of labor, and, if you please, maintaining as far as possible the payment to Government employees of a fair wage; but, sir, I submit that all these enactments fall far short of reaching a true solution of the labor question. Sir, there are other and more far reaching measures which should be adopted as the policy of the Government, and these measures the men of labor in this country study and comprehend.

The true Knight of Labor asks for no special privileges; a fair deal is all he wants. He wants less of honeyed phrases and more legislation in the interests of the whole people.

He wants an ample currency of gold and silver and Treasury notes issued by the Government and endowed by it with all the functions of money.

He wants a system of internal improvements carried steadily forward that shall serve the interests of agriculture, manufactures and commerce.

He wants protection to American manufactures, to the end that labor may be diversified and employed.

He demands that the laws against the importation of contract laborers and foreign paupers be rigidly enforced.

He asks that we build our own ships from the products of our own mines and forests, in our own workshops, to the end that we may [illegible] an independ[illegible]

He asks that a liberal expenditure of money be made to aid in carrying the mails and manufactured articles of our citizens to such countries as are contiguous to our shores, where such articles are in demand, to the end that our exchange of commodities with those countries may give addition employment to labor, and enhance the prosperity of our people.

He claims that labor has a good right to be organized under law as capital; and to show the necessity of such organization he points to the corporations under which railways, banks, manufactories, land companies and cattle companies have carried on their operations and have grown rich, in many instances, as they believe, at expense of labor; and for this legal organization of labor this bill provides.

He asks that the public domain be placed beyond the power of such land-grabbers as have for years been engaged in unlawfully obtaining titles to large areas of the best lands, to the end that the actual settler only shall have for himself a home for his own tillage, and not for speculative purposes.

In short, he asks that the legislation of Congress shall recognize the fact that in its grand march forward the Republic has safely passed the crisis of internecine war and has entered upon an era of peace, and that now and henceforth the tremendous power of the millions of our laboringmen may be so directed as to promote the prosperity and happiness of all.

The present House of Representatives has passed an arbitration bill. The Senate has sent here this bill to provide for the legal organization of laboringmen, which, when passed by this House, will, with the arbitration bill, be steps in the right direction.

We have before us another bill for the organization of a department of industries, to be presided over by a secretary who is to have a seat in the Cabinet. To this department it is proposed to confide the interests of agri[illegible] labor, with a commissioner for each, and through which correct statistics can be promptly furnished for guidance in required legislation. These are all important measures, which I trust may become laws that may prove effectual aids in securing to productive industry its appropriate influence in the councils of the nation.

Mr. Speaker, I will close by repeating that I am not alarmed by the agitation of the labor question; it is an agitation legitimate and inevitable. It is impossible to determine at this time the precise manner in which the great questions involved will be finally settled, but, sir, it is safe to assume that in the end labor will be exalted to its true position among the forces which move society forward. Whether labor be intelligent or not it produces all the wealth that exists; but with intelligence the laborer will not only produce wealth, but will wield it for his own advancement and for the happiness of all.

Sir, I look upon the organization of labor with intense interest. It has, it seems to me, come to lead the nation in taking that great step in the onward march to a higher and better civilization in which the masses, the wealth producers, the tax-payers, the musket-bearers are to make their full impress on the policy of the Government. It is a new departure; nothing like it has been done in the past. In no previous period and in no other government have the conditions for success been furnished as is the fact here and now. This exaltation of labor to its proper position is a necessary sequence of the abolition of slavery—it is the emancipation of labor itself. A fearful responsibility rests upon the leaders of the labor movement; they need intelligence and virtue; they need wisdom and forbearance; they must have unfaltering devotion to principle; and with these qualities the struggle will not be long continued, nor the victory uncertain.

### In The Same Boat.

The constant stream of farmers placing on the armor of knighthood is very gratifying. No class of toilers work harder and enjoy much less of what they produce than the farmer. They seem to be the natural food of the bosses, the tax eaters. Their information is largely confined to the say-so of the county paper, which dare not do anything but reflect the opinion of the politicians. The farmers are waking up, shaking off their coffins and shrowds and asserting themselves as inhabitants of the earth. The party bosses are frightened, but it will not avail them. The stampede has commenced, and unless they crawl into small holes many of them will be trampled to death.—*Creston Advocate.*

The farmer has been more scientifically swindled than any other class and he has innocently looked on to see where the process would end. Watered stocks in banks and the robbery of contraction have cut down the value of his farm in money at least two-thirds in the last twenty years. He has realized the fact, but has not fully determined the cause. The bankers' property in money value has gone up in the [illegible] went down. Now, who is beneficiary in this transaction? The farmer is not dead sure. His wheat since 1870 has dropped about 50 cents on the bushel and other things in proportion. What the banks left him the railroads have managed to wring from him by high rates of freight to pay dividends on watered stock. To the right of him, to the left of him and in his rear he has been robbed. He has however voted the regular ticket, and many of them have thanked God that they "never scratched a ticket." It is related by a traveller in England in the last century that some of the poor tenants took their soup with the swine, and then cried out, "God save the Queen." While the bankers and railroad rascals were robbing the farmer, he has hurrahed for his party. The bankers met at some watering place and declared what was the "best interest of the country," and the farmer gulped the twaddle down. From year to year the seance has been repeated and still the rigid partisan would not hear. He trusted the banker and the railroad magnate and the politicians who held bank stock, and railroad stock and passes in their pockets. The workingman carried the mottoes and the torches of the "boodlers."—*Cleveland Chronicle.*

### "We Are Lost, Hoxie."

Gould: I see the K. of L. is going to try its hand at the ballot box.

Hoxie: Yes, but it will amount to nothing. We control the party machinery. Should some of these labor idiots get enough of the cobwebs brushed out of their brain to see the power of the ballet to do us up, we can easily circumvent them.

Gould: What is your plan?

Hoxie: Should enough of them co-operate to elect whichever candidate they pleased in a district, we must change our tactics. Instead of looking out for the nomination and election of a friend on either one ticket or the [illegible] heretofore we must make [illegible] of friends upon both tickets, then let the labor fools fight over which of our friends shall go to Congress.

Gould: That will require us to spend more money to secure the nomination of friends instead of their election.

Hoxie: Precisely.

Gould: But don't you know that the parties will then bleed us for campaign money.

Hoxie: Well, don't they both bleed us anyhow, and what can they do if we refuse them? One of our friends will be elected anyway.

Gould: I am fearful that these Knights are working a bigger deal than we suspect. The news I get are discouraging. The organization has doubled since we commenced our war on them. All our schemes to disrupt it have been miscarried. The money we gave Powderly was all wasted. Our scheme to pack their Assemblies with our agents and finally get enough of them into the General Supreme Conclave to kick up a row and secede, have all failed, been exposed, and resulted in putting the head officers on their guard. The quarrels between them and the trades unions amounts to nothing, it is like the tremendous rackets about the cats. Our own ranks are full of traitors. Almost everything we do and say is published in the labor papers. What is it all coming to, Hoxie?

Hoxie: Damfino. History shows that the few such as us have always ruled the many. The average workingman is deficient in brain, that is, [illegible] combine with one another. I am of the opinion that your fears are merely unfounded. The corruption of the age, the ambition of leaders, and the jealousies that always exist among ignorant men will yet split it into a thousand atoms. Don't be scared, Jay.

Gould: I always feel reassured after I talk with you. I hope you are a prophet. But I must confess I have experienced a good deal of annoyance. Only think of Powderly for President, Weaver, Secretary of the Treasury, Frederick Turner, Secretary of State, Ben Butler, Attorney-general, Dick Trevellick, Secretary of the Navy, and Henry George, Secretary of the Interior, to pass upon the titles to our land grants. It makes me "tired" to think of such a thing, no matter how remote the possibility. But I shall rely upon you, Hoxie. In truth your name ought to be Foxy, eh?

Hoxie: Perhaps, and your name ought to be "Gold."

Gould: Ta, ta. Be good to yourself.—*Ex.*

### The Law and the Boycott.

A good deal of gush and slush has been written and spoken on the subject of boycotting within the past three months. By the sycophantic worshippers of wealth—those we mean, who use no reason, but blind idolatry in their worship—by them it has been argued that when any organized body of men, a union, or any combination of laborers, boycotts a firm or an individual, such boycotting is a conspiracy, and punishable by law. To show how utterly [illegible] it is only [illegible] to use for example a family of persons in a country neighborhood, which should refuse to trade with some individual, or some store or factory, for reasons of their own. Could they be indicted for conspiracy? The veriest numskull of a county justice of the peace knows better. There is no provision in the constitution, there is not a scintilla of law to be found in our statute books to warrant such a notion. An unjust judge might, perhaps, be bought to make a decision favorable to those who call a boycott a conspiracy under the law, but he never would be sustained in the higher courts. The *Sun* is not now arguing either for or against the boycott, but is simply urging the right of the people of free America to trade where they please, to work for whom they please, and to hire whom they please. Frequently corporations such as newspaper offices, railway companies, factories, etc., have refused to employ men who belong to the Knights of Labor, or to other unions of organized workingmen, yet, it was never claimed that they could be indicted for conspiracy. The subject can be dismissed by saying that not until individual and corporate liberty has been destroyed in this country can men be prevented from from using the boycott.—*Duluth Sun.*

### Hard Times.

When men find it difficult to provide food for themselves and families they begin to ask why it is they have such a struggle, but the inquiry usually stops far short of the real cause. They do not investigate the principles on which society is based—do not surmise that laws which they have been taught to consider just, are in reality grossly unjust, and that evils, such as poverty and crime, which appear to be incurable, are in fact but the outgrowth of a pernicious social system, and will disappear when the system itself is abolished. [illegible] injustice established in its stead [illegible] workingmen of California [illegible] their sufferings. It is a great evil, and threatens to become still more detrimental to the public welfare. But the real cause of wide-spread want is far deeper than this. The labor problem is not a California question nor an American question, but one which concerns all civilized countries. The rights of labor are the rights of humanity—the same everywhere. The Chinese trouble as yet is local, but the sufferings of the poor are not local. The cry of distress comes from all parts of the world. Let us reflect a moment upon the condition of affairs in our own land.

In every State of the Union men are out of employment. The poorhouses and prisons are full; crime is rampant; suicides are increasing daily; women, whose souls shrink from impurity, are forced to sell their bodies for bread; an army of tramps, homeless and desperate, still wander back and forth through all the land, while our cities swarm with the destitute and starving. What are the causes of all this woe and misery?

The primal causes lie at the very base of our social system, and cannot be rooted out without radical change in the system itself. They are organic—sanctioned by custom, sustained by the church, enforced by law, and interwoven with the very fabric of society. The main cause of crime, poverty and degradation throughout the world is the monopoly of the natural sources of wealth—the usurpation by the few of that which by right belongs to all.

From the earliest organization of [illegible] time the preponderance of legislation has been for the protection of property. By natural right that only can be private property which is produced by labor; and all so produced is subject to decry; but human enactments affirm that to be private which nature made public; and human law gives the power of increase to that which nature dooms to destruction. Statutes thus in conflict with the laws of "God" must necessarily be in derogation of the rights of man. By virtue of these usurping laws it follows that what is recognized as property consists of two distinct species—one eternally existent, the other acquired—one a gift of nature, the other a product of labor. It is evident that without exclusive control of the one it would be impossible to monopolize the other: because all created wealth soon passes away, and can only be replaced by additional labor. No sane person advocates an arbitrary division of this species of property, because, under our system, created wealth constantly flows into channels by which it is concentrated into the hands of those who monopolize the sources of wealth. The way to destroy a poisonous plant is not by pruning its branches but by striking at its roots.

The wealth of the world proceeds from the soil, which belongs to humanity, and should be free for all. But the law of man, in defiance of the provision of nature, recognizes property in land. This legal usurpation is the fountain-head of injustice. It takes from man his natural means of sustenance, deprives labor of its just reward; [illegible] into classes, and compels the many, who have nothing, to toil for the few who by sanction of usurping law have stolen all.

Under the best and most advanced governments on earth the interests of the many are constantly sacrificed for the interests of the few. Monopolies rule the world. The rich and poor are established orders of society, and there is a never-ceasing struggle of the lower to attain the position of the higher, and of the higher to avoid sinking into the lower. Individuals among the poor become hopeless, hardened and desperate; hence we have beggars and criminals on the one hand, and equally hardened, cold, calculating and selfish millionaires on the other.—*Labor Standard.*

### Ruth's Interrogations.

"Papa, what is boycotting?"

"It is very wicked, Ruth."

"What is it, papa?"

"It is very un-American and unlawful, my girl."

"But, papa, what do you do when you boycott?"

"I don't boycott."

"Well, what does anybody do when they boycott?"

"They don't buy of anyone they boycott nor anyone that does buy of them."

"S'posen [illegible] don't sell anything?"

"Oh, if it's a minister they don't go to his church, and if they can't get at whoever [illegible] boycott any other way they won't [illegible] anybody who sells him any thing."

"And that's wicked?"

"It is wicked conspiracy, Ruth."

"Can a man be put in jail for boycotting, papa?"

"Oh, yes, they are running them in by scores in the East."

"Why didn't the man you discharged the other day for being a Knight of Labor put you in jail then?"

"Well, it's a free country yet, and I will [illegible] please, Miss."

"[illegible] Mr. Snyder to discharge [illegible], didn't you?"

"Yes, and I'll never buy another pound of sugar of Snyder, either, for hiring him."

"But that's a boycott, papa?"

"Not a bit of it, child; I hire whom I please and when I please."

"Well, but you stopped going to Mr. Sniffle's church 'cause he preached about usury; ain't you boycotting him?"

"No, no, nonsense. I can hear who I like preach."

"Why don't you 'rest the last milkman for not selling you any more milk?"

"Ah, I'd like to, Ruth, but he don't like to come so far out of his way for nothing, and he has got all the rest of them the same way. I guess I shall have to pay up two or three of my milk bills."

"Is a blacklist a boycott, papa?"

"Oh no. It is a divine instrument for keeping workingmen out of factories who interfere with things too much."

"Fixes the man so nobody will give him work, don't it?"

"Yes, it's death on agitators, if it's worked right."

"And ain't it wicked?"

"Oh no."

"And they can't put anybody in jail for blacklisting a man?"

"Preposterous! Never been done."

"Nor for buying where you like, can they, papa?"

"Not much, so long as you don't boycott."

"[illegible] it right to stay away from [illegible] you don't like the preacher?"

"Most assuredly."

"Well, papa, I don't see the difference 'tween buying where you like and and blacklisting and boycotting; do you?"

"Oh botheration. You don't understand these labor questions. Play with the baby."—*Co Operator.*


### 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, Cupping and leeching perfectly done.


BOYCOTT BAUGHMAN BROS.


RICHMOND, VA., April 15, 1886.

I take this method of informing my friends that B. F. Durvin's Pile Cure can now be found at all reliable druggists in the city of Richmond

Hoping that my afflicted friends will excuse me for introducing my Salve through this channel, in preference to following a circus with it, and while admitting that it is not the greatest Salve on earth, I still point with pride to the many cures it has effected among my acquaintances in cases of Burns, Cuts, Boils, Corns, and all complaints where a good Salve was needed.

I remain, as of old, your friend,

B. F. DURVIN.


Beecher has gone to Europe to preach in favor of justice for the Irish. This fat libertine, this advocate of cheap Chinese labor, in order that American workingmen may learn to be content on bread and water, gives an illustration in the instance of the entire life and [illegible] of his class. *He is in* favor [illegible] and justice if it is far enough [illegible] in time or space. He wants the poor to be protected against rapacious and cruel landlords, because his house of God, that is a den of thieves, is not interested in fleecing the Irish poor; but let the American laborers demand the same rights and this well fed hypocrite, who pretends to be a disciple of Jesus, the carpenter's son, will at once give us his home version of the gospel of Christ as expounded by Shylock. He sings praises to one who said that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; but he would instantly call for Gatling guns and policemen's clubs [illegible] modern crucifixions, for any one who should dare to put in practice to-day the doctrines taught by this same Jesus, the carpenter's son, in Judea, eighteen centuries ago. In general, he and his kind are willing that justice should be preached everywhere, in all ages and places, and practiced in Ireland or India, or in the far distant future, in heaven, in the clouds, anywhere and everywhere, and at any time, past or future, but by no possible means here and now where we are and during this time. Raise his salary again so that he may lay up treasures in——[illegible].