

POLITICAL LESSONS.

THE PULLMAN STRIKE A BLESSING RATHER THAN A CALAMITY.

Teaching Workingmen That No Relief Need be Hoped for While the Two Old Parties Remain in Power.

The lessons taught by what is known as the "Pullman strike" are manifold. They are industrial, financial and commercial lessons, and naturally, as the component elements of air or water, blend and constitute a political lesson which all men of intelligence are now studying with profound solicitude. Contemplating the strike from such a point of observation, it may be regarded as a national blessing rather than a national calamity.

It may not be impossible to discuss political questions without reference to political parties, but such is not the American habit. Political parties are the natural result of free speech and while there is even a remnant of this right remaining in the country, men will divide and group themselves into parties. To deprecate political parties involves hostility to free speech and the abandonment of all hope of reform.

The "Pullman strike" has aroused national solicitude. It has vividly defined political issues. If, on the one hand it has made prominent the power of the government by the use of such instrumentalities as its courts and armies, it has on the other hand given, if possible, more conspicuousness to conditions, which injunctions, however despotic, and bullets, however quieting, cannot, in the nature of things, improve; but which, under the application of such Russianized methods, must proceed continually from bad to worse, until revolution rescues free institutions from the grasp of corporate anarchism, or they lie crushed and dead in the python coils of a triumphant despotism.

I do not overcolor the situation. As I write national scorn is concentrated upon congress, where the sugar trust, and the whiskey trust, by the persuasive power of money, humiliated the American people in the presence of the nations, and now we behold the party responsible for the abandonment of right, truth, justice and all things of good report among men, with an impudence sufficiently brazen to make the devil himself blush for what the president terms perfidious dereliction of duty, asking the American people to renew its lease of power. In doing this, the party that won eternal infamy by yielding to the power of the sugar trust and the whiskey trust, arraigns the other great party for having been guilty of legislating in the interests of trusts and corporations for more than thirty years, and against the interests of the people, and what is more important still, it introduces irrefutable testimony to sustain the indictment.

The "Pullman strike" has, in connection with other agencies, served the important purpose of attracting attention to chronic delinquencies of the two old parties, and is impressing upon the mind of multiplied thousands of voters the necessity for another political party.

Afro-American chattel slavery was the national curse and crime which a half century ago, burned into the American conscience the necessity for a new party. Agitators, who fanned the divine spark into a flame, were pelted with storms of vulgar epithets, scurrility and maledictions, to the extent of the resources of the English language. They were confronted with mobs, driven from platforms, and free speech was cloven down; the courts were invoked and decisions rendered which, even yet, are regarded as monumental infamies, and ail along those gloomy years the government, in all of its departments, kept high advanced the national ensign symbolizing liberty, but at the same time floating above slave pens and slave blocks, slave whips and shackles, making the United States darker than the "Dark Continent," and extorting the cry, "Haul down the flaunting lie!"

The agitation proceeded. The demand for a new party became yearly more pronounced; the signal fires of reform burned fiercer and higher; men rallied to the new standard and the new party, which had its origin in agitation, mobs, riots and death, and finally overwhelmed all opposition and in 1860, after forty years of struggle, was victorious, and, later on, amidst the smoke and carnage of war, and at a fearful cost of life and money, seven millions of slaves stood forth unfettered and free, and the stars and stripes for the first time in eighty-six years floated over a land in which there were no slaves.

Since that period of vanquished wrong and the enthronement of the right, a system of wage-slavery has been introduced. Warned into life in the womb of greed, and fostered by laws and legislation as unholy as that which legalized slave stealing and the breeding of

human beings, like swine, for the market, it has gained power and prestige until wage-slaves, under the domination of the money power, acting through trusts, syndicates, corporations and monopoly-land stealing, capitalization, railroad wrecking, bribery and corruption, defying proper characterization, we are confronted with conditions bearing the impress of peonism, infinitely more alarming than was African slavery in its darkest days.

Under such circumstance, what, I ask, is more natural, within the entire realm of human duties, than that wage-men should organize, agitate and strike for their rights?

The "Pullman strike," confessedly more far-reaching in its sweep and significance than any other struggle the continent has witnessed, will pass into history as having been the one thing needful to arouse the nation to the perils which the money power has spawned upon the country.

The American Railway Union, having from the first discountenanced violence and deplored the destruction of property may, I think, suggest that the "Pullman strike," notwithstanding such unfortunate features, has its compensations. No one will deny that the "Pullman strike" has aroused the government from its stupor to a sense of its obligations to ascertain the cause of the phenomenal disturbance, and the work of investigation, once begun, the hope and the belief may be entertained that it will be prosecuted until foundation infamies are discovered and dragged forth for the enlightenment of those, who, in the absence of such information, find it profitable to apply the epithet of "anarchist" to those whose courage created the necessity for investigation, which, if honest and thorough, as indications warrant, the inevitable conclusion will be reached that men who strike against starvation wages and for the protection of those who are dependent upon them against corporate and plutocratic spoliation, represent the true American spirit and courage, which, once destroyed by the rapacity of heartless employers of the Pullman strike, aided by United States courts and United States troops, would loreshadow calamities which it would be difficult to exaggerate. If, through the agencies of investigation and legislation, the curse of wage-slavery disappears, or is so modified as to produce greater contentment in the armies of labor, fruitful of the hope that at no distant day full emancipation shall be secured by wise legislation, the American Railway Union will expand to colossal proportions of organized philanthropy such as the ages have not witnessed, because the lesson it will have taught legislators and courts, presidents and governors, and men in command of military machines is, that the majesty of truth and justice rather than the tyranny of injunctions, aided by the persuasive power of powder, must preserve our free institutions, if they are to be perpetuated. Never since the colonies were rescued from the grasp of King George has man's capacity for self-government been so confessedly on trial as in these closing years of the century. Thoughtful Americans are adopting the views expressed by Lord Macaulay, that Americans are not qualified to perpetuate the government the fathers founded. On every hand is heard applause when a court, in the spirit of a czar, lays its hands upon workingmen, and as whom may dictate, deprives the victims of its authority of property and liberty, and rejoicings, rising to peans, are heard when in obedience to military commands wage-men demonstrate, as they fall bleeding and gasping, that ours is a "strong government." Macaulay thought that we should be able to preserve a government and civilization, but that liberty would be sacrificed.

Under the reign of the two great parties that have dominated the government, many years will not be required to fulfill Macaulay's prophecy—indeed, only a semblance of liberty remains, when courts and the military put forth their unrestrained power. Such facts are taught by the lesson of the "Pullman strike," but, fortunately, still other lessons are inculcated, among which is the lesson that the time has come for a new party to take the reins of government and bring it back to pristine purity, and that now is the time for workingmen and all who are animated by the spirit of patriotic devotion to liberty to unify to perpetuate the liberties of the people, to the end that the government by the people, of the people and for the people, may not perish from the earth.

General Miles, who "broke the backbone" of the strike last summer, was banqueted by the Sons of the Revolution in New York the other day. He was bathed in the fulsome drool of Chauncey M. Depew, and went home happy.

Ernest T. Debs

THE GOVERNMENT.

THE MONARCHICAL CHARACTER OF THE SUPREME COURT.

The Danger Which Threatens the Country, Growing Out of the Policy of a Plutocratic Court.

We reproduce from the columns of the *New Commonwealth*, the main features of a masterly article, relating to the power conferred by the constitution upon the Supreme Court of the United States. The writer, after referring to the clash of theories advanced by Alexander Hamilton, a monarchist, and Thomas Jefferson, a Democrat, says:

"The part which the United States Supreme Court has played in this great drama is well known to all students of American history. From the very first this tribunal has been the bulwark of plutocracy and the foe of the people. It has never been in any true sense a judicial tribunal. It has always been supremely a political tribunal and a partisan tribunal. It entered finally upon its period of corruption while Taney was chief justice, doing the bidding of the slave power, becoming more and more corrupt until now it is secretly despised by the legal profession, and feared and hated by the people.

"The formation of the Supreme Court stamps its character upon it. The monarchial principle of appointment of the court by royal executive prerogative is asserted, and this prerogative being lodged in the supreme executive determines, if unchecked, the monarchial character of the government. This is a practical blending of the executive and judicial departments of government. All history proves that this dependence of the judiciary upon the executive for its creation, corrupts justice at its source and strengthens tyranny. The power of confirmation by an aristocratic Senate in no way mitigates this evil, on the contrary it strengthens it.

"The House of Representatives, as the only direct and responsible representative of the people, should have had a voice and a most potential voice, not only in the construction of the Supreme Court, but in the final jurisdiction of the House over the decisions of this Court.

"This sovereignty of the people through their representatives, it is true, is implied in the provision made for the impeachment of the judges. It is the assertion of this implied sovereignty by the action of the House committee, to which we have referred, which imparts such exceptional importance to the proceedings of that committee, especially in this juncture of public affairs. For back of that committee is the House of Representatives, and back of the House of Representatives are the people, who in the last resort, under the constitution, are the government, the executive, the aristocratic Senate, and the autocratic Supreme Court, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

"In other words the right of referendum—referring all questions back to the people—is already a clearly defined and sacred constitutional right, inherent in the people. So is also the right to bear arms a constitutional military right.

"It is around the organized and determined assertion of these constitutional rights of the sovereign people, that the next battle for liberty will be fought out in the United States. For plutocratic tyranny, through prostituted law, has gone so far, that the right of revolution, provided for in the constitution, has become an inexorable necessity. This revolution can be accomplished by peaceful means, unless federal judicial power—backed by military despotism—seeks to set its iron heel upon the necks of the people.

"The mere child's play in which the people have been engaged, in their conflict with capitalism for the last twenty-five years, must now give way to the assertion of the absolute collective sovereignty of the people. That sovereignty to be asserted in such manner, as the people themselves, the final referendum, may determine.

"If judicial absolutism is to stand, if executive usurpation is to go unrebuked and unchecked, if the government of the United States is in fact lodged in an imperial executive, an aristocratic Senate and an autocratic Supreme Court, the House of Representatives being a mere dummy and safety valve for the delusion and amusement of the people, then tear up the declaration of independence, dig up the bones of Jefferson and hang them in effigy upon the upheld torch of 'Liberty Enlightening the World' in New York harbor, erect a statue of Hamilton at the national capital, in place of that reared to Abraham Lincoln, and let the people crawl before their rulers and eat the bitter food of degradation stained with their tears, and sweat, and blood.

"Let those who would rather die free men and free women, than live slaves, remember that those who would be free

themselves must strike the blow.

"The judicial must be divorced from the executive power. The House of Representatives must have a concurrent voice with the Senate in the confirmation of all executive appointments, the ratification of all treaties, and a potential voice in the construction of and jurisdiction over the Supreme Court. The referendum must also become a part of the organic law of the land.

"The people of the United States love peace and the ways of peace; they are willing to await the gradual evolution of liberty through the progress of civilization, but they will never willingly wear the chains which plutocracy in the name of prostituted law is forging for them and their children, and children's children. They plant themselves upon the declaration of independence and reaffirm: 'That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations in such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.'

To give immediate effect to these principles we suggest the assembling of the people through duly appointed delegates in national convention at some central place and at the earliest convenient time, there, to assert their sovereignty and formulate their demands for a peaceful change of the present form of government.

THE CONFLICT.

He hath shown himself a hero, hero worthy of his steel:

At his word hath tyrants trembled—was oppression made to reel:

And the man who pulled the throttle of the iron horse of speed,

Shows his power now to throttle the infernal robber, greed.

Pullman may amass his fortune: Vanderbilt has done the same;

So the laboring hosts remember Carnegie, of Homestead, fame.

And the thousand other pirates who have robbed the sons of toil:

But the boycott at Pullman had a tendency to foil

That old scheming propaganda, known to all the world as "TRUST,"

But whose genuine cognomen should be "Filthy Lucre Lust."

All the boycott at Pullman meant to honest sons of toil

Was an honest pay for labor by a divy of the spoil:

For this, the noblest creed of nations, was this boycott begun.

And with its final acquisition will this boycott be done.

You may place their noble leader underneath your prison locks,

Your tyranny would not be greater if you placed him in the stocks:

But you can't entomb his spirit, nor you can't corral his power,

For the hardy sons of labor know the meaning of the hour.

Realize the situation, Labor—Capital the twain,

That the one who wins this contest, in the future holds the rein.

On January 22, 1895, a national convention of manufacturers was held in the city of Cincinnati, O., for the purpose of organizing a National Association of Manufacturers. The call for the convention recited the importance of establishing permanent exhibitions of American manufactures in the capitals of South American countries, the purpose being to create new and valuable markets for American goods.

A convention having in view such an object could not fail of receiving very general indorsement, but those who know, assert that the real intent of those who were active in calling the convention, contemplated establishing uniform wages for employees. One gentleman is reported as saying: "Calling the convention is but another instance of the gradual tendency of all things towards centralization in this country. Workingmen's unions are crystallizing and the mobilization of the labor element of this country into one vast, united body, is contemplated. Trusts are being formed, railway corporations are banded together for concerted action and all the differentiated industries of the country are associating for a common cause. The grand combination of all the manufacturing interests of the country is the farthest step yet taken in this direction and the proportions of the combination will be as enormous as its power will be unlimited. Manifestly, the Manufacturers' Association would be a formidable affair, but not as powerful as would be the organization of labor, upon the principles which are embodied in the constitution of the American Railway Union—principles, once established and acted upon, could defy, in industrial affairs, all the organizations and alliances of manufacturers, railroad magnates and combinations of other employers of labor that could be put in the field.

AN OLD TIME DUEL.

THE LIE WAS PASSED, AND BLOOD DEMANDED.

Pathetic Scenes on the Battlefield—Death, Devotion and Desolation.

An account of one of the most pathetic and heartrending duels on record is the following, taken from the *Atlanta Constitution*:

Mr. James T. Bacon's lecture on "Anecdotes and Reminiscences of Early Edgefield," delivered in the opera house in Edgefield a few days ago, was a masterpiece of pathos and humor, wit and merriment, incident and accident, romance and history. Among many others he told the following pathetic story of a once famous duel, so illustrative of old-time Southern chivalry, and the consequent death blow to a mother's heart. It is reproduced in his own simple and eloquent words:

In the year 1828 there was in the South Carolina College a beautiful, brave, noble, gentle youth from Edgefield, of barely eighteen years. His name was Hampden Wigfall. The Wigfall family had then lived in Edgefield only four years. They were rich, Huguenot people of the parish of St. Thomas and St. Denis, in Charleston district, where they built an Episcopal church of brick, which is still standing, and around which they are buried. In 1820 old Durand Wigfall bought a summer home in Edgefield, where he died in 1825. His widow, a gentle, shrinking and devotedly pious woman, was left with three sons and one daughter, Hampden being the eldest. This lady was the sister of my paternal grandmother.

At college a misunderstanding arose between Hampden Wigfall and his intimate friend, young Cogsdale, of Charleston, another very noble young man, only nineteen years of age. The misunderstanding turned out to be only trivial, but the lie was passed, and in those days of extremely strained chivalry and honor no reconciliation could be effected. The code duello then reigned in its most absolute and pitiless power. The man who was challenged to fight a duel and even wavered one second in accepting it was socially damned, branded and ostracised forever and ever. Young Wigfall challenged young Cogsdale to meet him in mortal combat. The boy of eighteen challenged the boy of nineteen whom he loved and who loved him.

They met with all the formalities—the seconds, the doctors and the inevitable negro attendant—at Sand Bar Ferry, near Augusta, before that and since, the most noted dueling ground in America. Mrs. Wigfall, the widowed mother, and my old grandmother, who had also been a widow for two years, went to Augusta in Mrs. Wigfall's carriage to be near the scene and await the result. The mother was more dead than alive and bordered on actual lunacy.

The duel was to take place at sundown of a summer day. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, having sent their carriage on before to prevent suspicion, my grandmother and Mrs. Wigfall crept out of Gen. Glascock's house in Augusta, traveled down the South Carolina shore of the river on foot and hid themselves in a thick wood not two hundred yards from the scene of the duel. They could hear the sounds but could see nothing. The carriage had been driven by my grandmother's old coachman, "Uncle Watt," and by his side, on the lofty old-fashioned dickey seat, sat Matilda, the negro waiting maid. The carriage could not enter the wood, so it waited on the outskirts, one hundred yards off.

Hampden Wigfall fell at the first fire, killed instantly. The mother rushed frantically to the scene. The seconds and doctors were terribly surprised. Such a thing was unheard of as a woman near a duel. And when the mother threw herself upon the body of her child she threw herself also upon the body of his unhappy slayer, for young Cogsdale, breaking away from his seconds, had rushed to the body, thrown himself prostrate upon the earth by it, wound his arms around it and was sobbing out like a little child, and in tones of unutterable anguish cried, "Oh, Hammie, Hammie, Hammie!" as if trying to awake the dead boy.

My grandmother has often told me that the cry of the slayer was ten thousand times more heartrending than even the cry of the mother. And then followed a scene of Christian fortitude and Christian spirit perhaps unexampled in all history. The hitherto wild mother calmly unwound the arms of young Cogsdale, and lifting him up, kissed him tenderly on the forehead and said with commingled pity and fervor: "God be with you my child; God be with you! You will need Him more than I will, for I will soon be with Him, I will soon be with my God and with my child." And as the seconds led the weeping boy away she cried out to him, wringing her

hands, "God be with you my child. In heaven Hammie and I will pray for you." It was now quite nightfall and the twilight lingered upon the saddest picture that was ever seen on sea or shore.

In the meantime the wretched mother had overheard the words, "We must wait for the coroner." Creeping up to my grandmother she whispered in tones of terrible agony, "No coroner must touch the body of my child, and then, with what was seen afterwards to be a woman's and a mother's cunning, she went twenty paces away, whither the seconds, the doctors, Gen. Glascock and the negroes had all withdrawn, to leave her somewhat alone with her dead, and begged them all to retire for one hour to the ferry, half a mile away, that she might pray beside the body of her child. Knowing her to be a woman of deepest piety they quickly departed, every one of them, to the ferry.

As soon as they were fairly out of sight, although a frail and slender woman, she lifted the body of her dead boy in her arms and bore it without shaking or staggering or resting a moment to the carriage at the skirt of the wood. The carriage was an immense, old fashioned round-bodied coach. My grandmother and Matilda followed her closely, pressing up in fact to her very shoulders to catch her if she should fall. But she did not waver a moment, and as the carriage came in view she ran vigorously toward it. This was a mother bearing her dead child away from what she considered the profaning touch of the coroner.

Delivering the dead body into the arms of Matilda and the coachman she entered the carriage and seated herself in a corner of the back seat; my grandmother followed her and took the oblique front corner. Then Uncle Watt and Matilda lifted in the dead body. The mother received the head upon her bosom, while the legs rested upon my grandmother's lap, and through the fifteen miles home in the warm, black summer's night, thus they traveled. Home was reached at midnight, and the bereaved mother laid herself upon her bed, and with her dead boy upon her bosom.

On the morrow the coroner did comply with the legal formalities, but the mother never knew it. She buried her boy, standing at his grave, without uttering a cry, and then she went back to her bed only to leave it, as she had said on the fatal field, to go home to her God and her boy. Young Cogsdale, nineteen years of age, left college and left the state. In his thirtieth year, unmarried, with snow-white hair, he died in Newark, N. J., never, it is said, having smiled since the hour of the duel.

PULLMAN WILL NOT BE TROUBLED.

The special correspondent of the *Chicago Times* who gives out the information of doings in Illinois' legislature says: George M. Pullman is not to be troubled by the present legislature. It is told on reliable authority that an attorney for the Pullman company has given it out that that corporation had nothing to fear from the Republican majority this year, and as for the Democrats, they could do nothing. It is also reported that the Pullman company has two or three detectives here constantly shadowing certain Democratic legislators with a view of crushing them by exposure should they introduce any bill adverse to the interests of the palace car company. Certain it is that up to the middle of the fifth week of the session not a single measure of a disagreeable nature to Mr. Pullman has been presented. This is a record breaker in the annals of Illinois legislation, and bears out the belief that Pullman has what is vulgarly termed a "lead-pipe cinch" on the situation, and on the other corporations also for that matter.

The Chicago dailies estimated the audience assembled in the auditorium to listen to President Debs' lecture, "Who are the Conspirators?" all the way from "1,200 or more" to 3,000. The fact is the galleries were jammed and the more expensive seats in the body of the building were so well filled that altogether it presented a scene of a perfect sea of faces.

For the information of those who contend that there is nothing in a name it may be mentioned that among the applications for clerical half rate tickets received at the office of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road is one from the Rev. Conrad von Winklersteinhausen, Bear Creek, Iowa.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL OLNEY has approved of United States District Attorney Knight's refusal to issue a warrant for the arrest of C. P. Huntington on the charge of issuing an inter-state pass to Frank Stone, a California politician.

PRESIDENT DEBS is speaking to tremendous audiences in the northwest every night.

When the Frost is on the Punkin.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock. And you hear the yowling and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock. And the clankin' of the guineas, and the cluckin' of the hens. And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence: O it's then the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best. With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest. As he leaves the house, bare-headed, and goes out to feed the stock. When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock. They's something kindo' heavy-like about the atmosphere. When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here— Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees. And the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees; But the air's so appetizin' and the landscape through the haze Of a crisp and sunny mornin' of the airy autumn days Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock— When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock. The husky, rusty rustle of the tossels of the grain. And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn: The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still A pechin' sermon to us of the barns they grew to fill: The strawstack in the meadow, and the reaper in the shed; The houses in their stalls below—the clover overhead!— O, it sets my heart a clinkin' like the tickin' of a clock. When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock. —JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Man's Blessing On Man.

Traveling through Europe a few years ago, I secured an invitation to visit the salon of a celebrated artist in Paris. He received me with more than ordinary courtesy, taking great pains to show me his magnificent collection of paintings and explain the events, or ideas, which were so admirably represented on the canvas. "I have lived in America," he said, "pray come to my private studio and let us have a little chat on your great and beautiful country."

Delighted and thankful, I accepted the invitation. A bottle of wine soon was set on the table and with true French geniality, my host filled two glasses.

"Trinquone," he said, handing me a glass, "to America."

"To France," I rejoined.

Glancing around the room, I noticed, with surprise, that all the pictures on the walls treated of the same subject. Some were oil paintings, some chromos, some steel engravings, some crayons, and some plain common wood cuts. But they all represented the same object. The collection was a vast and profuse portrayal of the human form in all its possible attitudes and expressions. Instinctively I felt myself in a temple of worship where one single deity swayed undivided power.

"You are very partial to the human form," I remarked. "This collection is an exhaustive study of man in his numerous and various manifestations."

"The human being is the absorbing test of my study and the object of my profoundest admiration and love," he replied contemplatively.

"Sceptic philosophy seeks to enthrone man on the seat of God," I observed.

"This is true," he rejoined, "but it was a strange adventure that initiated me in that 'sceptic philosophy,' as you term it. Shall I relate that strange adventure to you?"

"Pray do so," I answered, "I feel extremely interested in it."

"Years ago," began my host, "while I resided in America, I started to explore the regions of the wild West. Alighting from the coach at a station, I decided to roam about the wilderness. Soon I found myself on a rough tortuous highway. There were no trees to shed the dry creviced clay of the road and cool the burning beams of the sun with the fanning of their branches. Laboriously I plodded along, ascending and descending the numerous hills on my way. Far out in the distance, appeared a forest and my eyes feasted on the dense, green mass in sight. I quickened my step to reach the inviting woods, but intense lassitude hampered my strenuous efforts. The solitude around, the ruggedness and bareness of the road, the scorching heat of the sun, all these imparted to my heart a feeling of utter desolation.

On, on and onward I paced until, at length, the compact green mass desintegrated and individual trees were discernable. Anticipation of refreshing rest spurred me on and soon I reached the desired goal. Advancing on the edge of the forest, I gave a long glance towards its interior and an exclamation escaped my lips. Yonder, on the green carpet of a broad clearing, spread a bed of tall, stately daisies, studded here and there with brilliant buttercups. The daisy is my favorite flower. To me, it symbolizes strength, dignity, harmony; three great principles suggestive of self-reliance and nobleness in man, and of order and equibleness in society. I love the *Marquise*, as the French call the beautiful flower.

Forgetful of all else, and lost in contemplation of the lovely picture about me, I sat on the narrow path fearing to tread on and crush the dainty flowers. Birds, which at my approach, had become silent and had flown to the upper branches of trees, soon regained their assurance and resumed their former place and their chant. Close by hidden under interlaced twigs of brushwood, a brook merrily trickled, mingling its silvery murmur with the many voices of the myriads of insects around, and the leaves of the trees rustled and moaned at the touch of the sweeping breeze. So grand a concert of nature, so magnificent a *mise en scene*, intoxicated me with delight. This is paradise, I muttered. Oh! that I could remain here forever!"

The purring noise of the brook soon appealed to my parched lips, and a thirst, which in the first instant of ecstacy had been forgotten, began to burn anew. Plucking a large brush leaf, I knelt on the edge of the rippling stream, filled the leaf with the crystalline water and sipped it with avidity. Then I bathed my feverish, dust covered hands and face. Refreshed and filled with new vigor, I strolled among the brush and culled the largest and brightest daisies on my way. Then, sitting under a tree, I arranged my bunch of flowers and tied it with sprigs of grass. For a long time I remained buried in admiration of nature's beauty and harmonious arrangement, when suddenly a feeling of loneliness crept over me. I raised my eyes, and behold! the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, bathing amid waves of gorgeous colors that floated

gently on the dusky blue of the sky. I held my breath in dismay. The night was approaching and I was alone in the immense forest. Starting on my feet, I hurried towards the direction which seemed to be that through which I came; but the footpaths crossed, met and converged, leading to all the points of the compass. I rushed on the road on my right and, failing to find an outlet, retraced my steps and flew on the path to the left, only to meet with another disappointment. The vast forest was a labyrinth out of which I could not extricate myself. And now, obscurity spread all round, and on the dark vault above the silvery moon started on her nocturnal journey. My brain began to swim and my knees bent under me. Fear, fear, was fastening upon my mind, was clawing at my heart, was paralyzing my limbs. Overcome by grief, I sank under an oak tree and leaned against its huge, rugged trunk, fearful lest my breathing attract the attention of wild beasts. Dread nailed me to the spot. To shut out alarming visions I closed my eyes, and at length sleep relieved me of my misery.

When I regained consciousness the sun was shining radiantly, the birds and the insects filled the air with their merry chirping. On the ground, by my side, lay my faded bouquet of daisies. I took it up and the dainty flowers drooped their withered heads on their soft, limp stems, the veritable image of prostrated sorrow. A thrill of pain went through my heart. Why had I snatched the beautiful flowers from their life-giving soil and ruthlessly destroyed their existence? Never before had I so grieved at a work of destruction. Was it because I was placed face to face with nature, away from corrupted social influences which deaden in us the sense of pure natural morality? Or was it, perhaps, because my soul was steeped in sorrow, that I grieved to see the expression of pain on the perishing plants? Was I waxing foolishly sentimental, or were there characters unfolding in me such as nature may evolve in men brought in closest of touch with her? I knew not, and I wondered.

Rising on my feet, I cast an anxious glance about me. Shall I succeed in finding my way out of the woods ere the sun sets again? Could I but find the bed of daisies which so ravished me on entering the forest, the way out were easy. In what direction might it be? Starting on my search, I entered a foot-path and marched on for what seemed to me hours. Not discovering the patch of daisies I retraced my steps till I met with another path which I took and darted along with all the speed at my command. Failing once more in my search, I rushed back and gained another beaten track, then another, and another, and another, madly stepping at the cadence of the wild beatings of my heart. Still no edge of the forest came in sight. Exhausted, sore footed, crushed with grief, I sank prostrate on the ground. Thoughts rushed through my brain with unpeppable velocity and soon mingled in riotous confusion. Suddenly the raging fire in my brain subsided and all thought vanished. Rigid and motionless I sat, vacantly gazing about, rapidly lapsing into unconsciousness.

How long I remained in that lethargic state, I am unable to say. Presently, the faces of the friends I loved passed before me like a moving panorama. The blood in my veins began to trickle rapidly and the healthy warmth invigorated my torpid mind. Oh what would not I give to see these dear ones again and press their hands in mine! All the wealth of the world could not pay for so great a bliss! Shall I ever be by their side? Never perhaps. This wilderness seems too vast to be encompassed, and I may never again gaze on a human face. This thought maddened me and I started on my feet. I must roam, and search, and wander, until I meet with a human being to whom I may speak or whom I may gaze, whose voice I may hear, whose hand I may grasp and press. I must have some one, if not a friend at least a stranger! How harsh this word sounds to my ear! Can a human being ever be a stranger? The human form divine, precious beyond all gems or treasures, the master piece of creation—can he ever be a stranger to his fellow man? A stranger!

Where did I learn to use that cruel word? Oh! it is sacrilegious to speak thus of man. Jesus Christ came and died for all men, specially for the sinner. For Him, there were no strangers. It is the world, it is society that teach us to look down on a portion of mankind and forget that the human creature is the priceless creation of God. Nature in whose presence I stand in my isolation, reveals to me the unspeakable value of the human being regardless of state or condition. Oh! that I could have one by my side, were it only for a few instants, to tell him of my love and weep on his breast tears of shame for not having sooner apprehended the transcendental greatness of man!

The passionate yearning to meet a human creature inflamed my imagination, and I dashed through the forest, heedless of rocks that bruised my feet, of brush and thorns that rend my garments and lacerated my hands and face. On and on I sped, my excitement increasing with my haste until exhaustion compelled me to halt. In my hallucination, I peered through the woody waste, straining my eyes in the efforts to discover a human being in the distance. The voices of birds and other animals around me, transformed into human accents, and breathless, I listened to tones created by my own imagination. Trunks of trees, away down the vista, took human shapes and motions, but when I ran towards them and approached, the optical illusion dissolved. At the foot of a tree, a chipmunk sat erect, his human-like eyes calmly resting on me. A thrill of joy shook my frame. I sprang towards the pretty animal, eager to gaze on his gentle, intelligent eyes, the nearest to man's I had seen since I landed in the wilderness, but the nimble squirrel shot up a tree and concealed itself in the foliage above. I stood and waited, yearning to behold once more that faint picture of a human glance. Unaware, my hands went to my eyes and my fingers scanned carefully their outlines and those of every feature on my face. The picture of the human visage had dimmed in my memory and instinctively I sought to revive it by the touch of my own face. But it was all to no avail, the portrait of the human face remained hopelessly confused. A sense of disgust filled my soul! Since I had almost for-

gotten the features of man, what was I now? I was gravitating towards the condition of the beast with which I lived and adjusting myself to environment where man played no part. Oh what a degradation! Again and again I made mental efforts to portray the human face, but all in vain. My shadow I thanked for falling on my steps. Oh! for a mirror to reflect my own image and stamp it anew on my memory! I glanced at my arms and hands, scanned every part of their structure with admiration, and my yearning to meet a fellow being, sprang with new ardor.

Resuming my wild search, I rushed here, there, and everywhere, over a ground that seemed limitless, during a time that seemed endless. Shreds of my garment hung on the brush I passed and my unshod feet left traces of blood behind me. At length, my knees began to tremble; things around me grew confused and obscurity spread before my sight. A sharp vibration tingled in my ears and echoed in my brain: madness! madness, was creeping over me! With persistent efforts, I kept on marching before me. The path I trod suddenly came to an end and lo! at my feet, a plain of water spread on all sides as far as the eye could reach. Was it the sea? Everywhere around, a deadly silence prevailed and the calm rippling surface reflected the sun and the sky above. Panting, I approached the edge of the watery plain and sat on the elevated soddy bank. Leaning forward to glance at the clear soothing water, I uttered a cry of mad delight: Below, gently rocked in the rippling waves, a human face turned towards me. Breathless and motionless I sat, dreading to disturb and destroy the precious apparition.

Later, I stretched out my hand to greet the vision. It responded by throwing a hand upwards. At the sight of that face and that uplifted hand, an indescribable sensation of happiness swept over me; the severed current between me and my fellow-being seemed reconnected. Jumping on my feet, I leaned forward and the tatters that hung on my torn garment balanced in the liquid mirror. "Tatters on the human form!" I shrieked, "Oh God forbid that it be so debased!" and in the twinkle of an eye I had snatched the hanging rags and flung them behind me. Leaning once more over the faithful mirror, the human form divine appeared to my ravished eyes. In my exultation I spoke words of tenderness to the image and it responded with smiling lips and beaming eyes. I stood entranced. Can I ever part with the blissful vision and return to the lonely wilderness, where neither man nor his image shall ever meet my gaze? Before me lay the unbounded sea, behind stretched the limitless waste. Away from my fellow man I cannot live, nor exist. He is the sun of the human soul, the world is nothing without him. To return to the solitary woods is to rush into madness. I would dash my brains against a tree.

"I cannot part from thee, precious form!" I said, throwing out my arms in loving expression. The figure in the water threw up its arms as if to embrace me. The effect was electric.

"I will go to thee," I cried, as I leaped in the outstretched arms.

"How were you rescued?" I asked, excitedly, for the narrative had completely absorbed my attention.

"The splashing of the water woke me up," he answered, with composed gravity, "but the dream did not vanish; it passed into my life and transformed my ideas by opening a new vista to my reason. The human being has remained my ideal of all that is noble, lovely and precious. Nothing in the universe can compare to him for he is the image of the Divinity. Separated from his fellows, deprived of their sympathetic smile and inspiring presence, no man can live, not if you were to spread the wealth of the world at his feet. With a crust of bread and a companion, he may live happy. It is that great revelation that inspired Walt Whitman, your glorious philosopher-poet, when he commended his 'Leaves of Grass' with these words—'I celebrate myself!'"

"Friend, I thank thee for opening to me the gates of that revelation," I said, taking the hand of the artist and pressing it with effusion. MARIE LOUISE. New York.

Pert Pickings. BY R. K. Wonder if Frick will find any "blow holes" in his desk such as were in the armor plates. Examine it carefully, Henry Clay, there may be something overlooked.

The eastern railroads have been blocked from six hours to three days owing to the blizzard of February 7th. Why don't the railway managers get restraining orders and have them served on the Almighty?

Wicks' character has been given to the reading public, through the action of his wife to secure a divorce—high temper, cruelty and assault—and such a man to manage the Pullman Company's affairs. Verily, verily, verily, verily. Your turn next George M.

One Bennett, of Baltimore, manager of the Western Union Telegraph Co., has been held in contempt of court for refusing to divulge the contents of some private dispatches. I wonder if some of the judges and grand juries of our enlightened country are not held in contempt by the Great Judge above?

One McLaren, of Hoboken, N. J., a member of the B. of R. T., has become entangled in the meshes of the law, and is now in limbo. He has not even had a trial, and the feeling seems to indicate that he is innocent of the charges brought against him. Nevertheless the "Grand" Executive of the B. of R. T. has adjudged him guilty, ordered his name stricken from the rolls and his insurance policy cancelled though he was in good standing at the time of his last assessment, but the money was refused. Is this the brotherly love that their order teaches?

The striking Brooklyn trolley car men have given up the fight and gone back to work, not because they were dialoyal to their cause, not because public sympathy was against them, not because the leaders of the strike were unfaithful, not because they were compelled to do so from want or necessity, but because the law, the strong arm of justice which they appealed to and which should have espoused their cause, was so slow in acting for the cause of labor. Their cases were adjourned from time to time. (It's very easy for capital to adjourn a case) and at the rate that justice was being dealt out to them it would have been

1899 before anything could have been done. Brother Connelly, leader of the men on strike, deserves great credit for the able manner in which he conducted the strike and handled the (7,000) men. President Norton of the Atlantic avenue line has been indicted for breaking the 10 hour law. We will watch the case with interest, but it's dollars to doughnuts that he and his cabinet will get clear by a plentiful sprinkling of the "long green"—or some raw in the law.

Against the Blacklist.

In his message to the state legislature Governor Upham, of Wisconsin, says: "It is for the public interest that, so far as may be, every industrious, sober and competent man be employed. I cannot but regard an arrangement among a large number of employers not to employ or permit to be employed, if they can prevent it, competent and faithful men, simply because they quit the service of some other employer, as a conspiracy which should not be tolerated by the law. The employer has no more right to be protected by the law against a conspiracy on the part of employees than employees have to be protected by law against a conspiracy on the part of employers." This exemption of employes or laboring men from persecution by employers for quitting is peculiarly important in this day of commercial distress.—The Labor Leader, Feb. 16, 1895.

John Burns on Carnegie. "What did you find so bad at Carnegie's works? We hear that you scored Mr. Carnegie unmercifully."

"I found hypocrisy there. Carnegie comes to England and plays at philanthropy. He writes a spread-eagle book about triumphant democracy in America. He builds libraries and writes magazine articles in which he says that a man has no right to die rich. Naturally I expected to find at his works in Pennsylvania some proofs of his enlightenment, but I found that while he is spending his money on libraries which glorify his name, on Scottish estates which gratify his pleasures, he builds no hospitals for his workmen, he endows them with no libraries, he does nothing that is practical to brighten and help their lives. Why, there is absolutely no provision at hand for medical aid to men injured at his works. They have to be carried six miles to the hospital in Pittsburgh. But I shall say more about that sort of thing later on."—The Chicago Searchlight.

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