

THE CONFLICT.

THE AMERICAN MIND TAUGHT TO TRUST IN PROVIDENCE AND COURTS.

Task of Righting Antiquated Wrongs is Herculean—Education, Agitation, Unification and the Ballot Advocated.

I know nothing of African slavery as it existed in the southern states. My eyes never looked upon a chattel slave.

It has been my misfortune in these latter days to look upon thousands of wage slaves as powerless to better their conditions as were the plantation slaves of the southland.

My mission is not to revive memories of the past. I would let the dead bury its dead.

I know that the task of righting antiquated wrongs is herculean. I know that in numerous instances brave men despair but I believe in the redeeming, emancipating power of education, agitation, unification and the ballot.

I often read and hear of a "new south," of freedom as contrasted with the old south before the war.

A short time ago a magnificent steamer ran into the sand and mud on the Jersey coast and remained fast until hope of floating her was almost abandoned.

The American mind has been educated to trust in Providence and in the courts, there being a vague idea that Providence and the courts were infallible.

The good old lady whose horse ran away said she trusted in Providence until the breechin' broke.

Why is he not tried? Why is this case and others summarily dropped?

Let the sneaking, cowardly buffoons who smear our courts with flagrant perversity tell us.

And yet, before 8,000 people, in Battery D, Mr. Debs demanded a trial. He shook the walls—and the hearts of the people—in his forceful demand that he should either be shown innocent, or proven guilty.

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It is because Mr. Debs and his fellow "convicts" had the testimony from A. R. U. telegraph dispatchers which would put every officer of the Railway Managers' Association in jail!

Was it because those plutocratic corporation hounds had fired their own cars? Had murdered? Had conspired to proclaim a dictatorship if the strike spread? Had thrust the A. R. U. officers in prison on a sentence of a court without trial? Had defied the constitution? Had informed Duke Pullman of the subpoena, so he could flee the city, on a special? Had hired a juror to be sick, so the "conspirator" case would be broken up?

And you Mr. Ayers, you also are publishing a journal in the old party, gold-bug pasture, will you tell why this case was dismissed in spite of the demand of 120,000 members of the trades assembly?

Are these citizens to be denied the courts? This man was first imprisoned six months for "contempt of court" to which court he had not been summoned—without a trial—in spite of the constitution. He was then arrested for conspiracy. He was being tried. The dispatches came with crushing force against his persecutors for having incited riot, arson and murder!

He thundered his demand in the ears of aged Wrong and gray-haired Despotism!

What say you ye children of patriot sires? Are ye brave men—or are ye link-brethren with slaves and cowards.

The foregoing from our esteemed contemporary has the right ring. The pointed questions that are asked will not be answered.

And thus ends the great conspiracy trial, at least until the first Monday in May, when it will be begun all over again.

The gauzy pretext that the "government" is in the case and that the "government" is prosecuting and persecuting the defendants, that is to say, the American Railway Union, is such a palpable sham as to excite ridicule and disgust.

What disclosures the defense made in only two days time allowed them before the curtain fell in consequence of the sick juror? Pullman tied the city. The craven coward did not dare toe the mark.

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A brief examination of the "confidential" proceedings of the meetings of the General Managers' Association discloses the fact in their own handwriting that the General Managers are law-breakers and conspirators.

And nothing more completely demonstrated the subserviency and utter prostitution of the Associated Press than its report of the dismissal of this celebrated case.

The murdering, blacklisting, car-burning, riot-inciting gang dare not try us. They know that we are innocent and they know that we know and can prove that they are steeped in crime and yet we were jailed like felons and they go scott free.

Keep bravely forward with your infamous programme. A day of reckoning is coming and you are hastening it on. Meantime there must be no wavering in our ranks and no backward step must be taken.

The Japs are importing from the United States labor saving machinery. Their eyes are telescopic and they see the time when they will offer their wares in the markets of the world at lower figures than Englishmen and Yankees can afford to sell.

EVOLUTION.

FROM RAIL-SPLITTER TO PRESIDENT; FROM LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE.

A Historic Figure That will Grow in Grandeur While the Rivers Run to the Sea.

The naked truth—the unadorned facts relating to the career of Abraham Lincoln, read like romance, and pictures painted by the pens of poets find their companion pieces in the life of one of the most extraordinary men, patriot, and statesman, the world has produced.

Writing of Abraham Lincoln, McClure's Magazine has the following sketch: In the summer of the year 1830, Abraham Lincoln exercised the right of majority and started out to shift for himself. When he left his home to start life for himself he went empty-handed.

His strength made him a valuable laborer. Not that he was fond of hard labor. Mrs. Crawford says, "Abe was no hand to pitch into work like killing snakes."

He drove the oxen on the removal of the Lincoln family from Indiana to Illinois, he tells us, and, according to a story current in Gentryville, he succeeded in doing a fair peddler's business on the route.

The economic idea is more "little churches around the corner," with less revenue and more reverence—churches where the poor may claim Christ as their "elder brother" and God as no "respector of persons."

The Birmingham (Ala.) Sunday Morning Star, of April 26th, publishes the following editorial paragraph: Chief Arthur says that the interests of capital and labor are the same.

Chief Arthur and Grover Cleveland are a pair of traitors beside whom Benedict Arnold would on Judgment day, wear a halo of glory in a competitive review of earthly careers.

The Cleveland Citizen, published in the city where the official headquarters and the grand officers of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers are located has this to say of that organization: "Arthur's Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is once more eating dirt."

And yet some people believe the B. of L. E. is a labor union. The Cleveland Citizen, published in the city where the official headquarters and the grand officers of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers are located has this to say of that organization: "Arthur's Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is once more eating dirt."

God is at hand." Then, again, Christ commissioned "seventy preachers and sent them away two and two," and He commanded them as he had the twelve apostles to "carry neither purse, nor script, nor shoes," and they were to preach "the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."

And again, confirmatory of the proposition that Christ's religion was to be in a superlative sense the poor man's religion, Christ said on one occasion, to satisfy some misgivings as to His mission, "Go and show John the blind receive; their sight, and the lame walk, the leper cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them."

It is to be presumed that in the early days of Christ's religion the poor, then, as now, were not preached to in domed cathedrals, in palatial temples, gorgeously adorned and sumptuously upholstered, in which the pews, cushioned and carpeted and sold to the rich, invite the occupants to repose and to pleasant dreams.

It is held in some quarters that if men really desire to worship the Infinite Disposer of events, if they have any adequate conception of His majesty and attributes, they ought to be willing to build temples worthy of His name. The logic is false and impious.

The revenues derived, directly and indirectly, from the christian religion, could the sum total be known, would astonish the angels and dumbfound the world. No statistician has attempted the task.

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PRETTY TOUGH.

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SAVINGS BANKS

COMPARED WITH BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATIONS.

An Interesting and Instructive Paper Containing Statistics and Data on this Important Subject.

Gunion's Magazine, a publication devoted to "American economics and political science, has in its April issue, an exceedingly interesting and valuable article on "Building associations and savings banks."

Quoting from the ninth annual report of the Commissioner of Labor, it says there were in 1893, 5,838 building associations in the United States, having 919,614 male members and 307,828 female members, a total of 1,218,442 persons.

Contrasting savings banks and building associations, the article in question, says: "A savings bank gathers up the savings of the very poor, and lends usually to governments, to cities or to the rich owners of land who can give a first mortgage for a large sum on productive real estate worth twice the sum loaned as security."

The difference between a savings bank and a building and loan association is seen at a glance—for while the managers of savings banks seek to impress their patrons with the idea that they are charitable institutions, they are, in fact, as stated, machines to "enable the weak to help the strong," while building and loan associations help their shareholders exclusively—in a word, they are co-operative associations and all the money earned is divided among the members.

It would be difficult to make a stronger presentation in favor of building and loan associations.

In closing the article, referred to, the writer discusses the principle upon which building and loan associations are operated, as follows: "The principle involved is that of massing the contributions of those who have but little in a manner to re-enforce the strength of each with the power of the common host. It gives to the "cheese-parings" of the helpless, the force of accumulated capital. It brings local neighborhoods in the most sparsely settled districts, as well as slightly acquainted persons in large cities, into a capacity of mutual association and reciprocal aid. It combines the marvel of security with the minimum of required skill and organizing capacity. It does not demand an integrity which is unattainable or not to be had on every cross-road or corner.

Geo. M. PULLMAN AND THE TRAVELERS' INSURANCE COMPANY.

The wage earners of the United States are familiar with Geo. M. Pullman's methods to secure wealth.

To what extent the famine fiend Geo. M. Pullman controls the Travelers' Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., we do not know, but this avowal may be made, that to whatever extent he may influence the policy of the rich corporation, his methods will be in the line of hoodle and bunco, pirate and pharisee.

Just what crimes Geo. M. Pullman would perpetrate against mankind to get money may be past finding out, but it is known that at the town of Pullman, Ill., he did rob his employees; that he did reduce them to beggary and famine, and that no appeal to his head, heart, conscience or humanity could move him to mercy, or to relax his grasp upon the throats of men, women and children who had become the victims of his piratical rapacity.

Such an abnormal sound, though many times a millionaire, should receive the ceaseless execrations of the wage workers of the United States, and the Travelers' Insurance Company, of which he is a prominent member should

be boycotted by them, and the labor press of the country, could with eminent propriety contribute to the good work of making it odious.

Geo. M. Pullman belongs to a class of monsters who have the greed of a hog and the cruelty of a tiger—and these traits of character were astoundingly developed, when with a heartlessness which defies adequate characterization, he subjected thousands of his employees to the horrors of starvation—the recollection of which even yet fills the mind with horror.

The connection of Geo. M. Pullman with the affairs of the Travelers' Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., should have the effect to damn the company in the minds of every honest man in the country—and especially, should this be the case with the great army of wage workers who know that Geo. M. Pullman, is, without exception, the most infamous of all the breed of oppressors of the poor the country has produced.

If the labor press of the country can be induced to express its abhorrence of Pullman and his methods and give prominence to the fact that this heartless oppressor of the poor is making money out of the Travelers' Insurance Company, that company may be taught, by a loss of business, that it cannot prosper while any portion of its profits goes to enrich Geo. M. Pullman.

KELIHER AT DULUTH.

The Duluth News contains the following account of Secretary Kelihier's address before the Duluth Trades Assembly: "No recent meeting of the Trades Assembly has been of greater interest to the delegates present and to organized labor in Duluth, than that held last night. National Secretary Sylvester Kelihier, of the American Railway Union, was present and addressed the meeting at length, giving an insight into the present standing of the railway union, the work that has been done in its behalf, and what the organizers and promoters of the big union expect to accomplish in the near future."

"At the time at which Mr. Debs and myself and other leaders of the A. R. U. were sentenced, it was openly boasted that the organization was dead, that it would never again be a power in organized labor," said Mr. Kelihier, "but those who made the boast did not understand with whom they had to deal. They did not know that there were thousands of people throughout the length and breadth of the land who had sworn to succeed at any sacrifice, who were determined to carry this organization to success, to place it where it would in a measure control the wages paid its members, if the struggle lasted for ten or twenty years."

I can say truthfully that the A. R. U. never was in better condition than it is at the present day; that more work has been done within the past sixty days than ever before in the same length of time, and that we have made remarkable gains throughout the Eastern and Southern states. As Mr. Debs stated in a letter which I received from him yesterday, it is a matter not of months, but of days, before we will be in a position to take our stand publicly and to assume the position which we propose to maintain. We expect within a few weeks to have our delegates from a Duluth union again with you, and also to have delegates again in every trades assembly throughout the country," Mr. Kelihier urged the necessity of united opposition to the encroachments of capital, expressing the assurance that the only salvation for the country in the great crisis which he was assured was near at hand lies in the sense of right and equal justice that throbs in the hearts of workmen of the nation. He urged upon the assembly the need of caution in every move, of allowing no personal motives to urge the organization to any action not sanctioned by absolute right and justice, and of guarding against petty enmities in its own ranks.

In his denunciation of Judge Woods, who sentenced the A. R. U. leaders, he was most severe, denouncing him as the corrupt tool of corporations, placed upon the bench by corporate power, and whose every promotion had been a bribe. Mr. Kelihier's address was received with the warmest enthusiasm, and a vote of thanks was tendered him at its close."

Grover Cleveland recently appeared in the city of New York as chairman of a Presbyterian Home Missionary meeting, and in his address said:

"As your fellow-citizen, interested, I hope, in all things that deepen the religious sentiment of our people and enlarge Christian activities, I fully realize the transcendent importance of this agency upon the hearts of men for the salvation of their souls."

"But, it is not only as your fellow-citizen, but as the chief executive of your free Government, that I desire to speak."

"No one charged with the duties and the responsibilities which necessarily weigh upon your chief executive can fail to appreciate the importance of religious teaching and Christian endeavor in the newly settled portions of our vast domain."

For the salvation of souls Grover's record shows that he has more faith in bullets than in bibles.

When Irishmen have a scrap they never throw shamrocks.

Equus to Debs

WHY THE AWFUL SILENCE?

The old party press keep mighty silent about the dismissing of the Debs conspiracy cases in the Chicago courts!

And yet, before 8,000 people, in Battery D, Mr. Debs demanded a trial. He shook the walls—and the hearts of the people—in his forceful demand that he should either be shown innocent, or proven guilty.

Why is he not tried? Why is this case and others summarily dropped?

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would listen may still be heard in the thrice damned countries where the tortures were practiced—and yet, all the agonies of the Inquisition were in accordance with law, and men and women yelled, "enforce the law."

In America, in colonial times, it was the law to hang witches, whip Quakers and banish Baptists. It was the law to whip men and women who refused to report to a priest and give an account of their religious convictions. It was the law for minor offences to cut off ears and brand offenders with hot irons—and hanging men for theft—and then, as now, the "better element" insisted upon the "enforcement of the law."

For more than two hundred years, it was the law to hold human beings as chattel slaves in the United States. The slave trade for more than one hundred and fifty years was lawful—and when the American conscience began to awaken to the infernal character of the slave laws, the cry was heard—north, south, east and west, enforce the slave laws—catch the "runaways," and return them to their bondage. These sticklers said, "It is the law, and the law should be enforced."

As late as 1857, came the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, which sustained all of the slave statutes and consigned millions of human beings to interminable slavery—and millions of the "better element" in and out of pulpits, applauded the decision, but there were other elements who did not believe in enforcing laws simply because they are on the statute books, and because of the hostility to the enforcement of hell-born laws, came the rebellion—and Lincoln's proclamation, and behold! when the storm of fire and blood had passed away—there were no slave statutes, and those who had dared to denounce them became the "better element" in American citizenship. The conclusion is, therefore, to enforce and obey good laws, and to everlastingly denounce all laws which seek to regulate conscience—the enforcement of which has made men question God's rule on earth, blotched christianity and made the world a charnel house.

CHILDREN. The Declaration of Independence holds that all men are created equal. This self-evident truth is often scouted, but it must be admitted that all children, at their birth, are equally innocent and equally helpless, and that all of these innocents have an equal right to live, an equal claim to care and protection. That this is denied them, has nothing to do with the righteousness of the claim.

A baby is, however unpoetic and un-sentimental the language may sound, an economic unit of far greater importance to the world than any other unit of value that can be named. A statistician investigating the problem of population, estimates "the total population of the earth at about 1,200,000,000 souls, of whom 32,214,000 die annually—i. e., an average of 98,948 day, 4,020 an hour, and sixty-seven a minute. The annual number of births on the other hand, is estimated at 36,792,000—i. e., an average of 100,800 a day, 4,200 an hour and seventy a minute." By this it is seen that the births per minute, exceed the deaths per minute, by the very small number of three. But for this small excess of births over deaths, the population of the earth would stand forever at 1,200,000,000, the only hope of any nation to increase its population would be by immigration, but this process, while increasing population in one country, would deplete it in the country from which emigrants were drawn, and thus, while one nation increased in population, power and wealth, the other's loss would entail decay and eventually national death—and such conclusions, historically and mathematically true, emphasize the fact that the world's hopes of progress, are based upon the small excess of three per minute of births over deaths—and hence, the national importance of care and protection of the babies. Therefore it may be assumed, that to take care of the babies is to take care of the nation, because if babies are properly cared for, their childhood develops physical, mental and moral strength; neglected, the result is weakness, ignorance and depravity.

The children of the present are to be the fathers and the mothers of a generation that will be required to do a deal of fighting—social, industrial, religious and political, when those, now active in such departments of human endeavor, are either dead, or too old and infirm for efficient service, hence the fundamental economic idea that the welfare of the nation demands robust babies. If such propositions are approximately correct, the education and rearing of children should stand well up in the list of interests which challenge the concern of the government, and this solicitude, in the United States, is evinced in the establishment of free schools by the government. We write, however, in the interest of infant humanity, in all of our great cities, where

multiplied thousands of babies are born to die for the want of fresh, life-giving air and pure water—to die amidst filth, which even dogs and cats will shun, and which only rats and vermin can endure.

We do not write of babies born out in God's country, nor of the children of the rich in cities, but of the children of the poor, in all of the great centers of population. We do not contend that the authorities should take supervision of these infants. We contend for no Spartan policy in such matters. If the authorities supply an abundance of pure air and pure water, and supervise tenement houses to the extent of providing ample ventilation and cleanliness, their duty is performed, and if such duties are neglected they become largely responsible for the slaughter of infants in our great cities which annually mounts up to sum totals, which, did they represent the death of any of our domestic animals, would create widespread alarm.

Moreover, of these poverty stricken infants that survive what can be said, except that they are little more than effigies of human beings, which grown to a semblance of manhood and womanhood, reproduce their species and multiply the dangers which forever threaten the peace of society—to fill almshouses and prisons and increase the burden of taxation for their support.

No effort of genius has anywhere or at anytime exaggerated the horrors of slums, sweat-shops, or tenement houses, and their culminating abominations is found in municipal disregard of infant life, and the penalties the nation will eventually pay for this persistent disregard of obligations may be summed up in the often repeated warning that "history repeats its-elf."

SUPERSTITION. To make the declaration that "Ignorance is the parent of Superstition," and then follow it up by asserting that all civilized as well as savage persons, christians as well as pagans, are more or less superstitious, is conferring upon ignorance a world-wide domain. Nevertheless, upon investigation, such will be found to be the fact.

Whether the processes of evolution started out on molecule or mouse to produce men and women, a "little lower than angels," or as the "new version" has it "a little lower than God," need not be discussed further than to say, that with rare exceptions, the article produced is a good deal lower than the average conception of either angels or God. But it is not our purpose at this writing to enter the domain of the occult—the mysterious realm of the unknowable—since in such cases explanations do not explain, being satisfied if we may contribute our mite to the treasury of common sense and thereby help the readers of the Times to dismiss their superstitions and thereby realize that if not entirely free from debasing vagaries, they are on the right road to emancipation. As a general proposition, superstitions, those of a serious character, are closely allied to some sort of religious belief. This is especially true of savages and pagans, and equally true of persons claiming to be christians.

In religious superstitions of a serious character, whether ancient or modern, they are found to be in unholy and debasing alliance with bigotry, than which an inscrutable God never permitted a more terrible curse to come down upon the human family. No wealth of apostrophe or anathema ever did full justice to a bigot. In the language of Phillips, he is "a wretch, whom no philosophy can humanize, no charity soften, no religion reclaim, no miracle convert; a monster, who, red with the fires of hell and bending under the crimes of earth, erects his murderous divinity upon a throne of skulls, and would gladly feed, even with a brother's blood, the cannibal appetite of his rejected altar." It is probably safe to say that a man afflicted with bigotry resembles a maniac. His mind is incurably diseased and far gone in irreparable decay; one who points to the chains which bind him to his hallucinations as trophies of his battles on the fields of religious warfare, and donning his robes, blotched with blood of his victims, vauntingly boasts that his crimes have the approval of heaven.

It is doubtless true, that by the processes of evolution and the march of education, certain superstitions the progeny of bigotry, have disappeared from christian lands and that the superstitions of the cruel type are to be found only among savages and barbarians; under the rule of the Sultan, in China and in some other lands where there is an "established church" to dictate belief and compel obedience. Here, in the United States, where we boast of superlative enlightenment, superstitions take on a milder form, though not less conclusive of the fact that they are numerous, wide spread and debasing. This is seen in the thousands who thronged to Denver to avail themselves of the healing powers (?) of Schlatter. An exhibition of ignorance, which all things considered, it would be difficult to parallel in the land of the Hottentot, Buddha, Joss, or Mohammed,—the superstitious craze going so far that people of education believe the mountebank, vagabond Christ, could, by "blessing" handkerchiefs and other things, give them power to heal diseases. The fact is that to the extent that

such superstitions exist, reason is de-throned and the victims of the craze are mentally debased, and made less capable of solving the practical problems of life. They are those who are everlastingly looking for signs and wonders, they are the believers in dreams, and in visions, talismans, in fetiches, fortune-telling, astrology, etc., going so far as to set the day when the solid earth will be destroyed, and in the preparation of "ascension robes."

The demand is for those afflicted with such superstitions to get rid of them with all possible expedition, and get back to common sense theories of life. The age of miracles has long since gone by. A man may pray for a job at \$1.50 a day till the stars fall and he won't secure it. If he breaks his leg, he must appeal to surgical, and not "christian science" to have the bones set, and thus on, in any department of human affairs.

The Schlatters and the Schraders and all the tribe of mountebank Christs, who tramp over the country as "healers," and ply their vocations, to the inexpressible disgrace of our civilization, tell in mournful numbers, that our schools and colleges, churches, libraries and books, have before them a herculean task in redeeming the people from the debasing influences of superstition.

MUGGETT'S CONTEMPT. As stated in our last issue, County Treasurer Mudgett, of Spokane, Wash., was cited to appear before Judge Hanford, to show cause why he should not be punished for contempt of court for levying on a Pullman sleeping car on the Northern Pacific Ry., for the collection of taxes due the county from the Pullman Co. The Spokesman Review says:

Judge Hanford held that while the car might have been the property of the Pullman company, it was being operated over the tracks of the Northern Pacific, and as that company was in the hands of a receiver, the car was in the possession of the receiver, and the treasurer or any other person had no right to detain it or in any way interfere with its regular use without an order from the United States Court so permitting. Judge Hanford said that while he did not believe Mr. Mudgett had any intention of laying himself liable in doing this, and believed that he was acting in a manner which he thought he had a perfect and legal right to do, he had nevertheless made himself liable to a show contempt order, and he therefore fined him \$25 and costs.

Certainly! Mr. Mudgett should have known better. The court of which Hanford is a small part belongs to the Pullman company and similar corporations and it is to be expected that any attempt to compel such corporations to pay their taxes or live up to the law will be resented by their creatures, the courts. The judge in this case admitted that the county treasurer was doing his sworn duty and yet he fined him \$25.00. This is justice "as she is done up" under plutocratic dominion. Not in ten thousand years would Hanford or any other federal judge impose such a fine if it were for an attempt to collect taxes, legally due, from a poor man instead of a rich and powerful corporation. How much longer will the people tolerate such mockery in the name of justice?

A POLITICAL SLAVE AND KNAVE. Walter Wellman, writing to the Chicago Herald from Washington has this to say of a distinguished Democrat:

Ex Governor Campbell who is spending a few days here has given out an interview which is attracting a great deal of attention. He says it is the great and overwhelming duty of democrats everywhere and of all shades of opinion to stop their bickerings and get together for the coming fight. He says no democrat who is not willing to pledge himself to vote for the nominee of the Chicago convention, no matter who he is and what the platform, ought not to go to the convention. The place for such democrats is at home, "and I prescribe no medicine for anyone else I am not willing to take myself," said Mr. Campbell. "I here and now pledge myself to stand by the party, no matter what it does in Chicago." If Campbell keeps on talking like this he will make himself a candidate against his declaration that he doesn't want the nomination and that his name will not be presented to the convention.

When a man abandons his convictions, and goes for his party, right or wrong, he becomes a party slave and a political knave, and it is that sort of public men who have brought upon the country its present condition of bankruptcy, widespread corruption, debauchery and the fears which honest men entertain regarding the perpetuity of our institutions.

We are in receipt of a copy of The Province, published at Victoria and Vancouver, B. C., from which it would appear that the high officers of government in Canada are not more scrupulous in their tactics than are the agents of Rothschilds who misrepresent the industrial classes in our own country at Washington. The Province goes after Sir Charles Tupper, in true Yankee fashion, for his suppression of a sentence of a letter which he read in parliament, and the paper handles the monopolies without gloves. Canada needs a reform press as sorely as does the United States, and it is most gratifying that in Winnipeg and British Columbia the battle of the industrial classes is to henceforth have creditable representation.

Grover Cleveland and the English ambassador went to the theater together last Thursday evening. Rothschilds should have been one of the party.—Silver Knight.

And Shylock should have been performed. Those who want to be on top should not complain of up-hill roads.

Say, Union Men,

what Overalls do you wear? We'll tell you why we ask. There's a principle at stake. Every suit which bears the



brand is made by well paid Union Operatives—Every suit you wear is direct help to your cause. If your clothing dealer doesn't keep these goods or will not order them, drop us a card.

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PAPERS.

What the "American Sovereigns" Are Coming To.

BY J. R. ARMSTRONG. A few days ago as Jeff Davis was passing through the deserted C. & B. ranch, at the head of the Verde, he discovered a helpless and insane man lying beside the carcass of a dead cow. The man's feet were so badly frozen that he was unable to walk, and even had his feet bound in straw...

Eating the rotted carcass of dead cows, eh! Fancy the president of the United States, the servant of these "sovereigns," being found with both feet frozen, devouring ravenously big mouthfuls of decayed meat. Do you think he would sink down to such a pass as that, you great, profound patriots of the Sargent-Arthur stripe?

Investive genius is at work experimenting on electric motors to take the place of steam engines, and in a brief time the great steam giants which you are now so proud of will be side-tracked and expert electricians will take your place. Then you will be given a long earned holiday to look about the country and learn that politics is a good thing to know. Mr. O'Brien is getting just what he has voted for, perhaps unknowingly, poor fellow, but he will never live to assist in undoing what he has done.

stood on a thoroughfare yesterday afternoon to watch the great procession of people as they passed by, and my heart really smote my ribs. Tramp, tramp, tramp, in ceaseless march I saw their idol, the dollar, stamped indelibly on their dull-eyed, "lantern jawed" faces. Men who had been such votaries of this thing walked along clutching their pocket-books with a frenzied grasp. Women, too, swept along, holding their purses with a vice-like grip, scarcely taking their eyes off their god for fear some miscreant might steal it.

The old spoils laden parties by their careful mismanagement and legislation in favor of the rich and powerful have made these enormous debts possible. You, my child-like minded simpleton who has placed implicit confidence in such marble men as Gompers, are to be blamed for the existence of these "traitor parties," because you have listened to the Gompers-cuckoo song, "Keep out of politics, workmen!"

The soundreilly contractors had a double object in view in advertising for "help," the breaking up of the labor unions and playing into the hands of the g. o. p. Several thousand of the mechanics here will have to "hoof" it back East or stay here and depend on charity soup, which at present is very thin and scarce.

Alas for the poor "O'Briens" that now swarm upon this God-forsaken coast. Many of their lives will doubtless be forfeited in listening to the voice of the plutocratic enchantress! Poor human driftwood that seems to be caught for fuel whenever it serves the purpose of capitalism! Property in reality pales into the merest insignificance in comparison to human life.

starving body. You remember the foreclosure of your little home, that was Republican protection to the banker. That miserable bill is still in the field thimble-rigging at the same old game, "Protection for the American workmen."

Ah, sooner would I thrust myself into a yawning hell than knowingly entrap the thoughtless and ignorant workmen into a policy of suicides, even at the price of the White House chair. But McKinleys, Reeds and other honorable nobodies care, is the dollar and not the industrial! The richest mine in the land is the presidential chair under the "Protective" wing of Republicanism.

The Reason Why.

MR. EDITOR:—The principal reason why our people remain in bondage is the fact that they refuse to acknowledge their condition. If, instead of deluding themselves with the hope that they will some day suddenly become plutocrats through the discovery of a rich mine, the death of some rich relative, or in some other improbable way discover a large fortune rolling up hill, or instead of putting on as many airs as their limited means will allow and consoling themselves with the fact that they are doing better than some of their less fortunate wage slave brothers, they would recognize the fact that none of them were getting their fair share of the wealth produced by them; that wherever an effect is found there must previously have been a cause; that two of the principal causes of our condition are the paying of interest and rent; that a nation of paupers and wage slaves in the most productive country on the globe, is the immediate effect of a ruinous management; and that each wage slave has recourse to the ballot which, if properly administered, will prove a very effective Plutocrat Exterminator.

Too many wage slaves reason like this: suppose I had \$50,000, then I would want a chance to loan that out on interest and make money out of it. Well he might as well say, suppose I was a whale, in that case he would want a tail and flukes and all the rest of the paraphernalia belonging to a whale. My friend, the proper thing for you to do is to suppose you are a wage slave and then you will be on the right track with a light train and going down grade at that.

Evil for Good.

MR. EDITOR:—As a Member of the A. R. U., I ask you to publish the facts below. The advice given by the Grand officers of the present railroad brotherhoods to knife those you cannot control is very strikingly exemplified by the action of the members of the Brotherhood here toward me. In 1893 I was employed as brakeman on the Wyoming division (Wilkes Barre) of the L. V. R. R. I was a member of the switchmen's Union and all fair-minded men know that they suffered very severely at the hands of the B. of R. T., notably when 400 trainmen scabbed the places of 400 switchmen on the C. & N. W. R. R., myself being among the victims of this labor (?) organization.

As soon as the non-union men (not scabs for there was no strike as yet,) heard of the switchmen's action they decided to do whatever the switchmen decided to do. They struck and came to me imploring me to get the S. M. A. members out. I told them that our obligation in the Switchmen's Union was against our striking and that we had no grievance. They begged and pleaded. I reminded them of the Northwestern lockout and the Muskegon scab act, and of their treatment of myself and other switchmen on that division, some going to the Trainmaster and telling him they "saw Becker taking a drink on duty," that "Becker was trying to agitate a strike for the Chicago standard scale," etc.

knife the Trainmen's order. We struck and the Superintendent said he would "drive that Becker out of the Valley." Night and day I fought for the victory, as chairman of the pickets, finally landing in the lockup as a result of my activity in their cause; having been publicly thanked by the Grand Masters at their meeting in Bethlehem.

A letter of thanks from Grand Master Wilkinson and the blacklist all over the country as a result of my activity in that contest and the late A. R. U. strike in Chicago reduced me to an almost starving condition, and now as to my thanks. About two months and a half ago I secured a position as brakeman on the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. here in Hartford. The fact that I was a member of the A. R. U. was well known as I had repeatedly lectured on the Pullman strike. I went to work and in order to secure myself to the men I told them about the L. V. strike and informed them of the part I took and showed them very conclusive proofs.

LARRY'S BURGLARS.

How a Messenger Boy Prevented a Great Robbery.

Larry Dolan thought it the coldest night he had ever experienced as he spun along the wide suburban avenue in the face of the bitter northwest wind. Larry was a messenger employed by the Mutual District Messenger Company, and, as his station covered a large suburban area, he was often called upon to make long rides upon his bicycle to answer the calls of the company.

He had been in the service about a year; in fact, ever since his arrival in America from "Auld Ireland," as he called it. He had been quick to learn the ways of his adopted country, and, on account of his shrewdness and industry, was considered one of the best boys in the service.

"Bad luck to the man that called for a messenger this night," said Larry to himself as he coasted down a grade, steadying his bicycle with his feet, while he rubbed his ears vigorously with his disengaged hands.

"It makes me mad to think all this is for Col. Callamore," muttered Larry, "the most disagreeable old curmudgeon on the line. Didn't he hev me taken to the station house last summer, charged with shteating pears, when I'd been to his place to answer a call? There's no tellin' how it would have ended, either, if the mounted policeman on the beat had not come in with the very bye from the Reform Farm that he had caught with a basketfull of the Colonel's pears. An' the Colonel niver so much as said, 'I beg your pardon Larry,' for the hurt to me feelings. As for that, he does not seem to know me name, and only says when he sees me, 'Hello, twenty-six, is that you?' Bad luck to him and the cowl'd weather together."

Having restored the circulation in his benumbed ears, Larry increased his speed, and with head bowed against the cutting wind, sped out the avenue at a rate which soon brought the outlines of the Callamore villa to view. This was a large, three-story Queen Anne house, sitting back some distance from the avenue, and surrounded by trees and shrubbery. As he rode up to the side entrance, he was surprised to see no light in the Colonel's library and office. The only light visible was one that shone from the second story bedroom. The absence of a light in the library led Larry to believe that the call had been a mistake, for if a messenger were needed the Colonel would be in that room, which he used as an office. Larry knew that the Colonel would likely be alone, for the family were in Florida for the winter.

He dismounted, and, leaning his bicycle against the carriage block, was about to ring the bell, when he was startled to see that a window leading into the library was open.

"Faith, now, an' what does this mane?" said Larry, half aloud, following his habit of talking to himself. He approached the window, and then he saw a large semi-circular hole in the bottom of the upper pane, the piece of glass that had been removed, lying upon the ground, and near it a gunny-sack which rattled when he touched it with his foot. This discovery caused something like a cold chill to course down his back.

"Burglars," thought Larry, as he stooped down and felt the tools in the bag. Within the next few minutes the boy's busy brain did a great deal of thinking. His first impulse was to ride away and leave the burglars undisturbed.

"Why should I bother myself looking out for him?" thought Larry, bitterly. "Sure, he's treated me badly enough, and it would only serve him right." Almost immediately he was ashamed of himself for harboring such a thought, and the better nature of the sturdy Irish lad came to the top.

"Faith, I'll get even with him another way," he thought, "and do me duty, too. I'm the only one that can save the Colonel from a robbery now, and I'll do it." It occurred to him to mount his bicycle and ride for assistance, but he remembered that the nearest police station was nearly two miles distant, and unless he should meet some straggling patrolman the burglars would have time to get away before help arrived.

Then Larry resolved on a bold step; he would go into the house by the way the burglars had entered. He felt sure the marauders were upstairs in the vicinity of that light, and Larry had an idea which, if it could be successfully carried out, would furnish the quickest means of obtaining assistance. The lower sash was raised to its full height, the burglars having cut a piece from the upper pane to enable them to get at the window fastener. Larry silently climbed through the window and dropped noiselessly into the library. Then he removed his shoes and stole out into the hall, walking without noise in his stocking feet.

With his heart beating so loud that he imagined he could hear it, Larry crept up the stairs, clinging close to the wall and avoiding the banisters for fear of making a noise. He stopped on the landing, and, applying his ear close to the open door, could plainly hear the conversation in the room. Apparently there were three men, and they were discussing the advisability of blowing open a small safe which stood in the room, evidently the receptacle of the silver and other valuables of the household.

Having heard this much, and being satisfied of the intentions of the intruders, Larry quietly descended the stairs and returned to the library to put his idea into execution. He first closed the door leading into the hall, and then groped his way in the darkness to a corner of the room where he knew a telephone was located. Larry had often sat in this room waiting for the Colonel to answer the messages he had brought from the city station, and was familiar with the apartment.

"He knew that this telephone had a patent arrangement attached to the transmitter to enable one to speak in a lower tone of voice. By aid of this instrument one could almost speak in a whisper, and yet be distinctly understood by the listener at the other end of the wire.

Covering the two call bells on the telephone with his hand to deaden the sound of the ringing, Larry turned the crank at once, and taking down the receiver, listened for the reply of the operator at the central office. "Give me 279," said Larry in a low tone of voice, when he received the cheery "Hello!" of the girl at the central office.

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evidently Mr. Fisher took in the whole situation immediately. The exclamation of surprise which he uttered was half cut off by his closing the telephone suddenly. Larry knew that the night clerk would act promptly and that help would be forthcoming at once. He closed the telephone and stole softly back to the window, confident that at that very moment a patrol wagon load of men would be leaving the station house.

When the patrol wagon was but half a square away Larry swung his lamp from side to side as a signal to stop, and was rewarded by the driver pulling up the team alongside him.

"Onyhow, I've done me duty," said Larry, as he rode along; "an' if them fellows don't catch the rogues it's no fault av mine."

When he reached the office he was besieged with questions by the night clerk and the other employes, and for the time Larry was quite a hero. In about half an hour the patrol wagon drove back on its way to the station, and inside, securely handcuffed, were the three burglars. They had been completely surprised, and had surrendered without a struggle.

When the wagon stopped in front of the office Larry mounted the step and said: "There's just one thing I would like to ask you fellows—who turned in the call for a messenger boy?"

"That must a' been me," answered one of the burglars. "I was feeling along the wall to get to the door of the library, and I run my coat-sleeve up against a little kind of crank that moved and made a sort of clicking noise."

"That accounts for the call not coming in full," said Larry to the night clerk, "the crank only went back half way."



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A. R. U. NOTES.

"To the front" is the shibboleth of our valiant legions. A new union of engineers has been organized at Chicago. The firemen in Georgia are coming to us in large numbers.

BREVETIES.

Cleveland's grand march will begin in 1897. There is an extraordinary demand for pitchforks. A good many mugs ought to be broken, particularly beer mugs.

When we get a titled aristocracy and coat of arms in this country, can you think of any better heraldic device for a Rockefeller or a Vanderbilt than an overgrown hog?—Star and Kansas.

J. R. Sovereign, Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, wants "every reform element in this country to make every possible effort to unite the several divisions into one grand party and with one national ticket for all make a concerted campaign against the gold power and the national banks."

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Be ready for the pitchfork campaign; Fight till dead goldbugs cover the plain; And the Pope with their pitchforks tumble the slain

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The Amazon is the king of streams. From first to last it receives over 1,200 tributaries, of which more than 100 are large sized rivers, and these rise so far apart and have their floods and ebbs at such different seasons that the Amazon is at about the same height the year around.

THE NEW RUBBER FOOT.

An improvement has been made recently in artificial feet which seems to leave nothing more to do in order to produce as nearly a perfect counterfeit of the natural member as it is possible for human ingenuity to secure.

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