

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Dr. Talmage Would Solve the Labor Problem With It.

The Conflict of the Century is Yet to Come—Human Wisdom Cannot Prevent It, but Christianity, if Given Full Sway, Will Do So.

In his latest sermon the popular Washington preacher offers some suggestions that, if acted upon, would undoubtedly solve the industrial troubles of the world. His text was Matt. 7: 12: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

The greatest war the world has ever seen is between capital and labor. The strife is not like that which in history is called the Thirty Years' War, for it is a war of centuries, it is a war of the five continents, it is a war hemispheric. The middle classes in this country, upon whom the nation has depended for holding the balance of power and for acting as mediators between the two extremes, are diminishing; and if things go on at the same ratio as they are now going it will not be very long before there will be no middle class in this country, but all will be very rich or very poor, princes or paupers, and the country will be given up to palaces and hovels.

The antagonistic forces are closing in upon each other. The Pennsylvania miners' strikes, the telegraph operators' strikes, the railroad employes' strikes, the movements of the boycotters and the dynamites are only skirmishes before a general engagement, or, if you prefer it, escapes through the safety-valves of an imprisoned force which promises the explosion of society. You may pooh-pooh it; you may say that this trouble, like an angry child, will cry itself to sleep; you may belittle it by calling it Fourierism, or socialism, or St. Simonism, or nihilism, or communism; but that will not hinder the fact that it is the mightiest, the darkest, the most terrific threat of this century. All attempts at pacifications have been dead failures, and monopoly is more arrogant, and the trades unions more bitter. "Give us more wages," cry the employes. "You shall have less," say the capitalists. "Compel us to do fewer hours of toil in a day." "You shall toil more hours," say the others. "Then, under certain conditions, we will not work at all," say these. "Then you shall starve," say those, and the workmen gradually using up that which they accumulated in better times, unless there be some radical change, we shall have soon in this country 4,000,000 hungry men and women. Now, 4,000,000 hungry people cannot be kept quiet. All the enactments of legislatures and all the constabularies of the cities, and all the army and navy of the United States cannot keep 4,000,000 hungry people quiet. What then? Will this war between capital and labor be settled by human wisdom? Never. The brow of the one becomes more rigid, the fist of the other more clinched.

But that which human wisdom cannot achieve will be accomplished by Christianity if it be given full sway. You have heard of medicines so powerful that one drop will stop a disease and restore a patient; and I have to tell you that one drop of my text, properly administered, will stop all these woe of society and give convalescence and complete health to all classes. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

I shall first show you how this quarrel between monopoly and hard work cannot be stopped, and then I will show you how this controversy will be settled.

Futile remedies. In the first place, there will come no pacification to this trouble through an outcry against rich men merely because they are rich. There is no member of a trades union on earth that would not be rich if he could be. Sometimes through a fortunate invention, or through some accident of prosperity, a man who had nothing comes to a large estate, and we see him arrogant and supercilious, and taking people by the throat just as other people took him by the throat.

There is something very mean about human nature when it comes to the top. But it is no more a sin to be rich than it is a sin to be poor. There are those who have gathered a great estate through fraud, and then there are millionaires who have gathered their fortunes through foresight in regard to changes in the markets, and through brilliant business faculty, and every dollar of their estate is as honest as the dollar which the plumber gets for mending a pipe, or the mason gets for building a wall. There are those who keep in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they gave themselves to strong drink, or they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is filled to the chin with whiskey and beer!

Copperfield said to David Copperfield: "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, 20 shillings and sixpence expenses; result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses 19 shillings and sixpence; result, happiness." And there are vast multitudes of people who are kept poor because they are the victims of their own improvidence. It is no sin to be rich, and it is no sin to be poor. I protest against this outcry which I hear against those who, through economy and self-denial and assiduity, have come to large fortune. This bombardment of commercial success will never stop this quarrel between capital and labor.

Neither will the contest be settled by cynical and unsympathetic treatment of the laboring classes. There are those who speak of them as though they were only cattle or draught horses. Their nerves are nothing, their domes-

tic comfort is nothing, their happiness is nothing. They have no more sympathy for them than a hound has for a hare, or a hawk for a hen, or a tiger for a calf. When Jean Valjean, the greatest hero of Victor Hugo's writings, after a life of suffering and brave endurance, goes into incarceration and death, they clap the book shut and say: "Good for him!" They stamp their feet with indignation and say just the opposite of "Save the working classes." They have all their sympathies with Shylock, and not with Antonio and Portia. They are plutocrats, and their feelings are infernal. They are filled with irritation and intractability on this subject. To stop this awful imbroglio between capital and labor they will lift not so much as the tip end of the little finger.

Neither will there be any pacification of the angry controversy through violence. God never blessed murder. The poorest you can put a man to is to kill him. Blow up to-morrow all the country seats on the banks of the Hudson, and all the fine houses on Madison Square, and Brooklyn Heights, and Bunker Hill, and Rittenhouse Square, and Beacon street, and all the bricks and timber and stone will just fall back on the bare head of American labor. The worst enemies of the working classes in the United States and Ireland are their demented coadjutors. Assassination—the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix park, Dublin, Ireland, in the attempt to avenge the wrongs of Ireland, only turned away from that afflicted people millions of sympathizers. The attempt to blow up the house of commons, in London, had only this effect: to throw out of employment tens of thousands of innocent Irish people in England.

In this country the torch put to the factories that have discharged hands for good or bad reasons; obstructions on the rail track in front of midnight express trains because the offenders do not like the president of the company; strikes on shipboard the hour they were going to sail, or in printing offices the hour the paper was to go to press, or in mines the day the coal was to be delivered, or on house scaffolds so the builder falls in keeping his contract—all these are only a hard blow on the head of American labor, and cripple its arms, and lame its feet, and pierce its heart. Traps sprung suddenly upon employers, and violence, never took one knot out of the knuckle of toil, or put one farthing of wages into a callous palm. Barbarism will never cure the wrongs of civilization. Mark that!

Well, if this controversy between capital and labor cannot be settled by human wisdom, if to-day capital and labor stand with their thumbs on each other's throat—as they do—it is time for us to look somewhere else for relief, and it points from my text roseate and jubilant, and puts one hand on the broadcloth shoulder of capital, and puts the other on the homespun-covered shoulder of toil and says, with a voice that will grandly and gloriously settle this, and settle everything: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them." That is, the lady of the household will say: "I must treat the maid in the kitchen just as I would like to be treated if I were downstairs, and it were my work to wash, and cook, and sweep, and it were the duty of the maid in the kitchen to preside in the parlor." The maid in the kitchen must say: "If my employer seems to be more prosperous than I, that is no fault of hers; I shall not treat her as an enemy. I will have the same industry and fidelity down stairs as I would expect from my subordinates, if I happened to be the wife of a silk importer."

The owner of an iron mill, having taken a dose of my text before leaving home in the morning, will go to his foundry, and, passing into what is known as the padding room, he will see a man there stripped to the waist, and beheaded and exhausted with the labor, and the toil, and he will say to him: "Why, it seems to be very hot in here. You look very much exhausted. I hear your child is sick with scarlet fever. If you want your wages a little earlier this week, so as to pay the nurse and get the medicines, just come into my office any time."

After awhile crash goes the money market, and there is no more demand for the articles manufactured in that iron mill and the owner does not know what to do. He says: "Shall I stop the mill, or shall I run on half time, or shall I cut down the men's wages?" He walks the floor of his counting room all day, hardly knowing what to do. Towards evening he calls all the laborers together. They stand all around, some with arms akimbo, some with folded arms, wondering what the boss is going to do now. The manufacturer says: "Men, the times are very hard; I don't make \$20 where I used to make \$100. Somehow there is no demand now for what we manufacture, or but very little demand. You see I am at vast expense, and I have called you together this afternoon to see what you would advise. I don't want to shut up the mill, because that would force you out of work, and you have always been very faithful, and I like you, and you seem to like me, and the boys must be looked after, and your wife will after awhile want a new dress. I don't know what to do."

There is a dead halt for a minute or two, and then one of the workmen steps out from the ranks of his fellows, and says: "Boss, you have been very good to us, and when you prospered we prospered, and now you are in a tight place and I am sorry, and we have got to sympathize with you. I don't know how the others feel, but I propose that we take off 20 per cent. from our wages, and that when the times get good you will remember us and raise them again." The workman looks around at his comrades, and says: "Boys, what do you say to this? All in favor of my proposition will say ay." "Ay! ay! ay!" shout 800 voices.

But the mill owner, getting in some new machinery, exposes himself very much, and takes cold, and it settles into pneumonia, and he dies. In the procession to the tomb are all the work-

men, tears rolling down their cheeks, and off upon the ground, but an hour before the procession gets to the cemetery the wives and the children of those workmen are at the grave waiting for the arrival of the funeral paragon. The minister of religion may have delivered an eloquent eulogium before they started from the house, but the most impressive things are said that day by the working classes standing around the tomb.

That night in all the cabins of the working people where they have family prayers the widowhood and the orphanage in the mansion are remembered. No glaring populations look over the iron fence of the cemetery, but, hovering over the scene, the benediction of God and man is coming for the fulfillment of the Christ-like injunction, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

"Oh," says some man here, "that is all Utopian, that is apocryphal, that is impossible." No. I cut out of a paper this: "One of the pleasantest incidents recorded in a long time is reported from Sheffield, England. The wages of the men in the iron works at Sheffield are regulated by a board of arbitration, by whose decision both masters and men are bound. For some time past the iron and steel trade has been extremely unprofitable, and the employers cannot, without much loss, pay the wages fixed by the board, which neither employers nor employed have the power to change. To avoid this difficulty, the workmen in one of the largest steel works in Sheffield hit upon a device as rare as it was generous. They offered to work for their employers one week without any pay whatever."

But you go with me and I will show you—not so far off as Sheffield, England—factories, banking houses, store-houses, and costly enterprises where this Christ-like injunction of my text is fully kept, and you could no more get the employer to practice an injustice upon his men, or the men to conspire against the employer, than you could get your right hand and your left hand, your right eye and your left eye, your right ear and your left ear, into physiological antagonism. Now, where is this to begin? In our homes, in our stores, on our farms—not waiting for other people to do their duty. Is there a divergence now between the parlor and the kitchen? Then there is something wrong, either in the parlor or the kitchen, perhaps in both. Are the clerks in your store irate against the firm? Then there is something wrong, either behind the counter, or in the private office, or perhaps in both.

The great want of the world to-day is the fulfillment of this Christ-like injunction, that which He promulgated in His sermon Olivet. All the political economists under the archivault of the heavens in convention for a thousand years cannot settle this controversy between monopoly and hard work, between capital and labor. During the Revolutionary war there was a heavy piece of timber to be lifted, perhaps for some fortress; a corporal was overseeing the work, and he was giving commands to some soldiers as they lifted: "Heave away, there! ye heave!" Well, the timber was too heavy; they could not get it up. There was a gentleman riding by on a horse, and he stopped and said to this corporal: "Why don't you help them lift? That timber is too heavy for them to lift." "No," he said, "I won't; I am a corporal." The gentleman got off his horse and came up to the place. "Now," he said to the soldiers, "all together—ye heave!" and the timber went to its place. "Now," said the gentleman to the corporal, "when you have a piece of timber too heavy for the men to lift, and you want help, you send to your commander-in-chief." It was Washington. Now, that is about all the gospel I know—the gospel of giving somebody a lift, a lift out of darkness, a lift out of earth into Heaven. That is all the gospel I know—the gospel of helping somebody else to lift.

The great patriot of France, Victor Hugo, died. The ten thousand dollars in his will given to the poor of the city were only a hint of the work for all nations and for all times. I wonder not that they allowed eleven days to pass between his death and his burial, his body meantime kept under triumphal arch, for the world could hardly afford to let go this man who for more than eight decades had by his unparalleled genius blessed it. His name shall be a terror to all despots, and an encouragement to the struggling. He made the world's burden lighter, and its darkness less dense, and its chain less galling, and its thrones of iniquity less secure.

But Victor Hugo was not the over-towering friend of mankind. The greatest friend of capitalists and toiler, and the one who will yet bring them together in complete accord, was born one Christmas night while the curtains of Heaven swung, stirred by the wings angelic. Owner of all things—all the continents, all worlds, and all the islands of light. Capitalist of immensity, crossing over to our condition. Coming into our world, not by gate of palace, but by door of barn. Spending His first night amid the shepherds. Gathering afterward around Him the fishermen to be his chief attendants. With adze, and saw, and chisel, and ax, and in a carpenter-shop showing himself brother with the tradesman. Owner of all things, and yet on a hillcock of Jerusalem one day resigning everything for others, keeping not so much as a shekel to pay for his obsequies; by charity buried in the suburbs of a city that had cast him out. Before the cross of such a capitalist, and such a carpenter, all men can afford to shake hands and worship. Here is the every man's Christ. None so high, but He was higher. None so poor, but He was poorer. At his feet the hostile extremes will yet renounce their animosities, and contentances which have glovered with the prejudices and revenge of centuries shall brighten with the smiles of Heaven as He commands: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

THE CABINET MEETING.

No Decision Announced in the Union Pacific Foreclosure.

AID FOR STARVING KLONDIKERS.

Government Authorities May Take Action That Will Assist in Preventing the Horror That Threatens to Follow the Mad Rush For Gold.

Washington, Sept. 15.—Great interest was attached to the cabinet meeting yesterday on account of the various important questions which are pending and the fact that it was the first meeting in some weeks. Every member of the cabinet except Secretary Long, who is out of the city, was present, and each had with him an unusually large number of papers and documents relating to matters pending in his department. The session was devoted largely to the consideration of the Union Pacific question, presumably the advisability of taking an appeal from the decree of the United States court at Omaha for the sale of the property under the foreclosure proceedings. The members of the cabinet were very reticent, an injunction having been placed on them not to talk of the matter at this time, but it was stated that an announcement relative to the course the government would pursue might be expected in the course of ten days. The cabinet also discussed and Attorney General McKenna rendered an opinion to the effect that Secretary Alger should proceed under the law to carry out the project of building a breakwater and making other improvements at San Pedro. Neither the decision on discriminating section 22 of the tariff act, nor the Cuban or Hawaiian questions, were mentioned at the meeting.

With reference to the Klondike rush, Secretary Alger laid before the cabinet several telegrams urging relief for stricken prospectors, including one from the citizens' committee of Tacoma, representing that distress existed already at Dawson City, stating that starvation had begun and praying that a revenue cutter be sent with supplies to those in need of them. The discussion made it evident that the cabinet was not quite clear that the government authorities had warrant of law for furnishing supplies, but Secretary Alger telegraphed to Senator Perkins of California, who is interested in a line to Alaska, asking him if he would undertake to deliver a shipment of supplies at St. Michael. If it be found that the law will not permit the government to send supplies then relief will be furnished by private persons, in order that a horror may not grow out of the rush for gold. Some consideration also was given to the practicability of getting supplies in by way of a projected winter trail via Dyea.

The government will now go ahead with the construction of a breakwater at San Pedro and will push work on the project, though some matters yet remain open for adjustment.

TWO DISASTROUS WRECKS. One, in Which Thirty Were Killed, Caused by Neglected Duty. New Castle, Colo., Sept. 11.—The worst wreck in the history of the state of Colorado occurred early yesterday morning on the tracks of the Denver and Rio Grande and the Colorado Midland railways, one and a half miles west of here. After 12 hours' incessant work by the wrecking crews in clearing away the debris and recovering the dead bodies of those who perished it is impossible to more than estimate the loss of life, and not even those known to be dead have been identified. The names of many of the unfortunates will never be known, and it is possible that the number killed will always be in doubt. From the best information obtainable now fully 30 persons are believed to have perished, while 155 were injured. The wreck was caused by a head-on collision between a Denver and Rio Grande passenger train and a Colorado Midland stock train. After the wreck several cars took fire, and a number were burned to death. Conductor Burbank of the stock train, who is under arrest, tried to "steal a station."

Van Buren, Ark., Sept. 13.—A most disastrous freight wreck occurred on the Iron Mountain road at Hansom, I. T., a small station 26 miles west of Van Buren, yesterday afternoon, resulting in the death of seven men and the serious injury of six others, one of whom will die. The dead are William Fane, Charles Fane, Douglas Anderson, John Johnson, Bore Henderson, Frank Hamilton and H. A. Walton. The injured are George Cauffman, Jack Jones, James Phillips, Robert Eubanks, Charles Pender and George Parker. The accident was caused by a broken truck. The dead and injured were ride stealers en route to Van Buren to secure work in the cotton fields.

Four Drowned While Bathing. Waterloo, Iowa, Sept. 14.—Rev. Scott Hyatt and wife, Royal McQueen and Miss A. E. Tibbets were drowned in the Cedar river at Waverly Saturday. The party went on an excursion. Yesterday the bodies of Hyatt, McQueen and Miss Tibbets were found in a deep pool, clasped together. Soon afterward Mrs. Hyatt's body was found 300 yards below caught in a barbed wire fence. The theory is that the women went in bathing, got beyond their depth and the men lost their lives in an attempt at rescue.

Andrews' Resignation Withdrawn. Providence, R. I., Sept. 15.—E. Benjamin Andrews has withdrawn his resignation as president of Brown university. Last night 12 students celebrated the event, and the university reopened today with renewed activity and vigor. This move was entirely unexpected. About a week ago Dr. Anderson, secretary of the corporation, received a letter from Dr. Andrews renewing his resignation. This was believed to be a final answer to the request of that body made at its meeting on Sept. 1 requesting Dr. Andrews to withdraw his resignation.

Forty Miners Meet Death. Madras, Sept. 14.—A most serious accident has occurred at the Champion Reefs mine. Forty persons are known to have been killed.

DOCTORS HAD GIVEN HER UP

A Convincing Letter From One of Mrs. Pinkham's Admirers.

No woman can look fresh and fair who is suffering from displacement of the womb. It is ridiculous to suppose that such a difficulty can be cured by an artificial support like a pessary.

Artificial supports make matters worse, for they take away all the chance of the ligaments recovering their vigor and tone. Use strengthens; the ligaments have a work to do.

If they grow flabby and refuse to hold the womb in place, there is but one remedy, and that is to strengthen their fibres and draw the cords back into their normal condition, thus righting the position of the womb.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is designed especially for this purpose, and, taken in connection with her Sanative Wash, applied locally, will tone up the uterine system, strengthening the cords or ligaments which hold up the womb.

Any woman who suspects that she has this trouble—and she will know it by a dragging weight in the lower abdomen, irritability of the bladder and rectum, great fatigue in walking, and leucorrhœa—should promptly commence the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If the case is stubborn, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., stating freely all symptoms. You will receive a prompt letter of advice free of charge.

All letters are read and answered by women only. The following letter relates to an unusually severe case of displacement of the womb, which was cured by the Pinkham remedies. Surely it is convincing:

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier cured me when the doctors had given me up. I had spent hundreds of dollars searching for a cure, but found little or no relief until I began the Pinkham remedies. I had falling and displacement of the womb so badly that for two years I could not walk across the floor. I also had profuse menstruation, kidney, liver and stomach trouble. The doctors said my case was hopeless. I had taken only four bottles of the Vegetable Compound and one of the Blood Purifier when I felt like a new person. I am now cured, much to the surprise of my friends, for they all gave me up to die. Now many of my lady friends are using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound through my recommendation, and are regaining health. It has also cured my little son of kidney trouble. I would advise every suffering woman in the land to write to Mrs. Pinkham for aid."—MRS. EMMA PANGBORN, Alanson, Mich.

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