



Fourth of July

ING out the joy
With waving flags
and rolling drums
We greet the Nation's
Birth-day,
when
In glorious majesty
it comes—
Ah! day of days!
alone it stands;
While, like a halo round it east,
The radiant word of patriot hands,
Shines the bright record of the past.

Among the nations of the earth
What land has story like our own?
No thought of conquest marked her birth;
No greed of power was ever shown.
By those who crossed the ocean wild
That they might plant upon her sod
A home for peace and virtue mild,
And altars rear to Freedom's God.

How grand the thought that bade them roam,
Those pilgrim bands by faith inspired—
That bade them leave their cherished home
And, with the mariner's spirit fired,
Guide their frail vessels o'er the main
Upon the glorious mission bound
On alien soil a grave to gain,
Or else a free-born nation found.



What land has heroes like to ours?
Their names are as the lightning's gleams
When on the military cloud that lowers
In blinding majesty it streams.
Great Washington, the man of faith,
Who conquered doubt with patient might;
Warren and Putnam true till death,
The "Swamp Fox" eager for the fight.

See Major Molly's woman hand
Drive home the murderous cannon-ball;
How bravely Lydia Darsch planned,
For home and country rickling all.
A glorious list and without end—
Forgotten were both sex and age;
Their names in radiant luster bled;
And shine like stars on history's page.

Like stars to light the firmament
And show the world what men may do
Who as God's messengers are sent
And to their mission still are true.
No end had they to seek or gain,
Their work was there before their sight;
There lay their duty stern and plain,
To dare and suffer for the right.

The right that conquered, and whose power
Is shown in our broad land to-day;
Shown in this bright and prosperous hour
When peace and plenty gild our way;
Shown in the glorious song that swells
The hearts of men from south to north,
And in its rapturous accents tells
The story of our glorious Fourth.

—Mary E. Vandyne, in Christian Union.



Melancthon's Fourth

GIN UNEXPECTED SURRENDER

(Original.)

WOULDN'T mind help in the feller out, but I don't like fightin' women," remarked the postmaster of the little prairie settlement to the group gathered in the semi-darkness of the store.

"But the government survey shows it's his'n," drawled a nasal voice that seemed to be in discord with the summer evening.

"An' Lank is deservin' of bein' helped," piped up the horse-trader, Amsbaugh.

"Still it goes agin the grain," and the postmaster shook his head as he pulled tighter the strap of the single mail pouch that came to New Basel. "Of course, this here Englishwoman hain't no right to the strip of land nor th' hay on it, but Lank is askin' a good deal when he wants us ter turn in an' help him jerk th' crop into his barn in th' night—"

"And on the Fourth of July, too," added Amsbaugh. "Still you know he promised to treat us white when th' job was done. Hark!" as a step was heard outside.

In a moment a comely woman's form appeared outlined against the darkness of the night. The men looked at one another sheepishly, but she did not notice them and walked straight to the rude counter.

"A quarter of a pound of rat poison," she almost whispered, so gentle was her voice.

Silently the storekeeper put it up for her and then she was gone. There was a rattle of pony's hoofs outside before anyone spoke. It was Amsbaugh. "What d'ye think now?" he asked triumphantly.

"Goin' ter pizen him," arawled the nasal voice.

"Guess we'd better go," admitted the storekeeper. "I don't like th' looks of things an' I believe Lank is in the right."

There was a little council of war and then the door was shut and a half dozen forms cantered away across the dusky plain toward farm-house lights twinkling in the distance. The widow's in-

opportune errand had decided her fate at their hands and they had agreed to help out their comrade.

Melancthon did not belie his nickname. Lank. He was long, bony and ungainly. He had been the only bachelor in the little colony when it came out from Ohio to the western country, and had never married. He had taken up a claim like the rest and lived on it alone.

A few weeks previous the English-woman had purchased the adjoining quarter section and claimed the handsome wedge-shaped piece of bottom land which the government survey by an error had left unaccounted for. Melancthon had always used this strip and was bound to keep possession. The Widow Morley had hired the grass cut and stacked while her opponent was called to the county seat, sixteen miles away, by jury duty; and now he purposed a flank movement, assisted by his friends. The following evening the hay should stealthily be transferred to his own barn.

Melancthon rose early on the morning. He took down a tattered flag which had done service in the old training days and hung it against the wall. He decked himself in a red sash and a blue army coat with brass buttons and after dinner started out for a stroll.

It was intensely sultry with banks of white clouds floating aimlessly here and there across the electric blue sky. He rambled toward the disputed land, thinking, and chucking as he thought, how neatly he would outwit his enemy.

His heavy boots swished through the uncut grass before reaching the mowed section. "Cold day when anybody gets ahead of me," he mused, "an' to-day ain't chilly. Mighty good time to declare my independen—well, what's that?"

A curly head rose from the bending grasses and windflowers before him, almost at his very feet. It turned and a round, babyish face looked up into his bronzed and harsh one.

"Well, little one, where did you drop down from?"

"From mamma's house," replied a sweet, girlish voice. "It's lonesome over there an' I runned away."

"Who is your mother?"

"Just mamma. Are you a soldier?"

The child took in with eager glances the semi-military appearance of Melancthon's attire.

"No, I'm celebratin' to-day."

"Why are you doing that?"

"Don't you know? It's Fourth of July when we licked the Britishers—didn't you ever celebrate?"

"No," replied the little one, "let's do it."

The settler was puzzled yet attracted by this odd little creature before him. He could not imagine where she had come from, as he knew of no such children in the neighborhood. He offered to take her back to his cabin, but she refused to go and insisted that he bring the materials for a celebration to her and hold the proceedings there in the midst of the prairie.

Finally, away he trudged back to the cabin, leaving her watching his course with wondering eyes. He took the flag from the wall and resurrected from among some old keppakes a few fire-crackers and torpedoes. There was an old fire there and he took that also and putting together a lunch he started to find his audience.

A comical figure did Melancthon make plodding through the palpitating air. It had grown sulkier and the clouds were moving faster, but he did not notice it. A full-throated Bob White balanced himself on a broken sunflower stalk and called to the eager traveler, but he heard not. There was mingling with the image of the little one waiting yonder thoughts of a sunny-faced sister who back in the old boyhood days had played with him by the waters of Lake Erie. He had scarcely thought of her for years, and now the old pang that nearly broke his boyish heart when she was taken from him and laid to rest came back again.

A pearly drop twinkled on his beard as he leaned over the child.

"Are you crying?" she asked, noticing it.

"No—no—it's mighty hot an' I sweat easy," was his gruff response as he rattled the fire and threw the flag on the sod.

"Now, we'll eat first and then celebrate."

So he spread the bread and butter and poured out the creamy milk, and soon they were meeting on the common level of appetite. It seemed more and more to the grizzled settler as if thirty-five years had dropped from his shoulders, and he ate with the gusto of a boy.

"Now for the celebration," he exclaimed when the lunch was finished.

"It won't be a big one such as they have over ter th' city, but it'll be just as lively fer its size."

A dry sunflower stalk, a remainder of the previous year's weed-growth, served as a flagpole, and upon it the tattered banner was hoisted. The wind was variable and the flag veered from side to side, uncertain which way to extend its folds.

Melancthon showed his charge how to fire the crackers, and shook with laughter at her gay cries of half-startled merriment. Then he allowed her to break the torpedoes against his great rough boots and enjoyed her wonder that he did not flinch from the ordeal. Then, when there were no more explosions possible, she sat down beside her entertainer and he played on a fife the old marching tunes: "Yankee Doodle," "America," and other patriotic airs.

"I learned 'em when I was young," he explained, spreading the big blue army coat to make her more comfortable, "an' I ain't played in a good while."

Then, while her curly head rested against his arm he told her of those times when he was young, which to-day seemed very near to him, of the little sister dear, of the celebrations, of the war and of the fearful battles.

The curly head nodded, and nodded, and nodded, and when the story-teller looked for the big blue eyes they were hidden. The child was asleep.

At the same moment he noticed that

great cloud-masses were rising in the southwest and north.

"Fourth of July always ends in a rain," muttered Melancthon. "They say it's on account of th' gunpowder. Guess that's what's the matter now," and he showed his teeth grimly. "Well, there's no time to waste. If a cyclone's comin' th' haystack's as good a place as any."

Carefully wrapping the child in the huge coat on which she lay, and depositing the flag by her side, he gathered the little burden in his strong arms and set out for the stack on the disputed land, only a score of rods away.

The clouds above them were nearly together now and, though the wind came from the north, the storm from the south was whirling madly to meet its adversary. It was growing dark, and it was evident that the typical prairie "twister" was to be born in a moment.

As Melancthon ran with his light bundle of humanity toward the stack he was suddenly conscious of another person approaching the same possible shelter. It was a woman, and it did



not take a second glance to show him that it was his rival for the possession of the land on which they both stood.

The first pattering drops of rain came from the blackness overhead just as both reached the goal.

"My little Jane!" gasped the woman. "She is lost—have you seen her?"

"No'm; that is—" started Lank, in a bewildered manner.

"Oh! what shall I do? She will be killed in the storm. She left the house two hours ago when I did not see her and I have looked everywhere for the child."

A sudden inspiration came to the abashed man. He turned back the lapel of the big blue coat and exposed the peaceful, pretty face of the sleeping child.

The delighted mother impetuously leaped down and kissed the red cheeks and then said in that low, sweet voice: "Thank you so much."

"That's all right. That's all right," jerked out the man, and putting the child down he began to dig out of the leeward side of the stack great handfuls of hay, making a spacious recess to shelter them.

The drenching shower was upon them. The air was full of flying debris—hay and weeds. But the center of the destructive path was a quarter of a mile distant, and they could see the swirling mass go careering toward the northwest. Then the rain came down steadily and they could talk.

"She's mighty party," began he, looking at little Jane.

"Yes, and she's good, too."

"She must be a great comfort to yer?"

"I couldn't live without her."

Melancthon thought how neatly formed was the mother's hand as it rested on the child's head and somehow wished he had courage to touch it.

"She might come over to see me sometimes."

"Yes, she might—if you would let her."

This was too much, and when he had finished telling how greatly he should enjoy the child's visit and had included her mother in the invitation and had explained about the land and they had exchanged mutual confidences about the loneliness of prairie life, he was almost sorry to see that the sky had cleared and the setting July sun was flooding the glistening plain.

The widow looked toward her home.

"Why, where is my cabin?" she asked, in astonishment.

"Oh, well, you can visit me now," said Melancthon. "I'll go down to the store and stay with th' boys to-night."

So they trudged through the wet grass to his cabin and the widow got supper for the three. It was such a meal as Melancthon had not eaten in years. It so melted his heart that in the little after-supper talk across the table while Jane explored the odd corners of the room he blurted out: "Sposin' we don't try to divide th' hay an' land over there—but jest own it together—an' live here."

Just at dusk a little party of settlers approached the place.

"Look at there!" said the store-keeper, "if that crank ain't got th' United States flag flyin' over his house."

"Gettin' ready ter celebrate after th' hay's got in, I reckon," suggested Amsbaugh.

Just then the door opened and a view of a man and woman showed a moment. Melancthon came striding down the path and was upon them before he saw the party.

"Well, Lank, we've come ter help

yer with th' hay," spoke up the store-keeper.

Melancthon stopped a little and then, without a word more than "come on," led the way back to the house. He ushered them into the room and took his place by the side of the English-woman.

"Fact is, fellers," he began, "Independence day didn't prove exactly a success with me in one respect. I've surrendered ter th' enemy."

"A pretty day ter give up to th' British," ejaculated Amsbaugh, in mock scorn.

"Well the British also surrendered," put in the woman.

"And th' treaty will be signed to-morrow if th' preacher can be found," added Melancthon. "You're all invited ter th' woddin' an' if you feel like haulin' th' hay ter th' barn you can do it."

"I s'pose we'll have ter go," remarked the postmaster, when, accompanied by Melancthon, they had returned to the store. "I only hope she won't put any of that medicine she got into our coffee."



Lank laughed. "She told me about that—it was ter kill wolves, they scared her so around the cabin."

"It may have been a mighty interestin' Fourth fer Lank," drawled he of the nasal tones, as, with his comrades, he started homeward across the prairie, "but th' next time there's a war I want ter see some fightin' before there's a surrender."

CHARLES MOREAU HADGER.

satisfaction.

I like the din of Independence day,
The pop of crackers and the rockets blaze,
I like the tumult that is in the air;
The cracking of torpedoes and the way
The small boy shouts and howls in manner gay;
I like the clamor that is everywhere,
And, though it drives some people to despair,
I welcome all the sound and bid it stay.
I like the pistol's crack, the cannon's roar,
The bursting of a shell especially;
The children with their din-producing toys;
The more the clatter and the stir, the more
The joy and satisfaction are to me,
Because I'm deaf and do not hear the noise.

—Nathan M. Levy, in Judge.

Glorious Fourth of July.

Oh, gracious, what fun!
Every one should come out.
Get your cannon and gun,
Swish, bang! there, look out!

See the sparks and flashes,
Get away—give us room!
Wow, the terrible crashes!
Swish! crack! bang!
Bang! boom!

A Girl's Opinion.

"Fizz—sputter—bang!"
Oh, what a horrid noise!
What can there be about it
That pleases all the boys!

"Two—net—sweet—fr-r-rill!"
There is the sound for me!
But boys' and girls' opinions
Never will agree.

—Youth's Companion.

Customer—"Those crackers you sold me the other day were the best I ever saw." Clerk—"They worked all right, didn't they? Customer—"You bet they did. My boy fired off ten pacels this morning at four o'clock and not one of them made a sound."

—A Kind Boy.—Fangle—"Freddy, I heard that you tied a pack of crackers to a dog's tail and touched it off." Freddy—"Yes, sir. No one was paying any attention to the poor dog, and I wanted him to enjoy the Fourth, too."

—Judge.

"I suppose," said the doctor, as he carefully bound up the stump of Sammy's amputated arm, "that you will not shoot off toy cannons on the next Fourth?" "Why not?" replied Sammy. "I have one arm left yet."—Brooklyn Life.

OFFICIALLY NOTIFIED.

President Harrison Formally Notified of His Renomination—Gov. McKinley, Chairman of the Notification Committee, Addresses the President and the Latter Responds.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—The committee appointed to notify President Harrison of his nomination having arrived in the city, yesterday proceeded to the executive mansion. There were about 200 guests assembled in the simply yet beautifully decorated east room of the White House when the notification committee entered by the west door and ranged themselves in a semi-circle, Gov. McKinley being the keynote of the arch. A few moments later the president, leaning on the arm of Secretary Foster and followed by the other members of his cabinet, entered and without any preliminaries Gov. McKinley made his speech officially notifying the president of his renomination. He spoke as follows:

President Harrison—This committee, representing every state and territory in the union, are here to perform the trust committed to them by the national republican convention, which convened at Minneapolis, on June 7, 1892, of bringing you official notification of your nomination for the second term as president of the United States.

We need hardly assure you of the pleasure it gives us to convey the message from the republicans of the country to their chosen leader. Your nomination was but the registering by the convention of the will of a majority of the republicans of the United States, and has been received in every quarter with profound satisfaction. In 1888 you were nominated, after a somewhat prolonged struggle, upon a platform which declared with clearness the purposes and policies of the party, if entrusted with power, and upon that platform you were elected to the presidency. You have had the good fortune to witness the execution of most of these purposes and policies during the administration of which you have been the head and in which you have been a most conspicuous part. If there has been failure to embody into law any one of these purposes or policies it has been no fault of yours. Your administration has more than justified your nomination four years ago and the confidence of the people impelled your reelection. After one of the most careful, successful and brilliant administrations in our history you received a renomination furnishing an approval of your work which must bring to you the greatest gratification.

To be nominated for a second term upon the merits of his administration is the highest distinction to an American president. The difficulties and embarrassing questions, which confronted your administration have been met with an ability, with a fidelity to duty and with a lofty patriotism, which fill the American hearts with glowing pride. Your domestic policy has been wise, broad and statesman like, your foreign policy just and truly American. These have won the commendation of the thoughtful and conservative and the confidence of your countrymen, irrespective of party and will, we believe, insure your triumphant election in November.

We beg to hand to you the platform of principles unanimously adopted by the convention and to express our grateful appreciation of the highest interests of American labor and American development; reciprocity which, while seeking the world's markets for our surplus products, shall not destroy American products which can be made at home; honest money which shall rightly measure the labor and exchanges of the people and cheat nobody; honest elections, which are the true foundation of all public authority. These principles constitute, for the most part, the platform principles to which you have already by word and deed given your earnest approval and of which you stand to-day the exponent and representative. Other matters treated of in the platform will have your careful consideration. I am bidden by my associates, who come from every section of the nation, to assure you of the cordial and hearty support of an harmonious and united republican party. In conclusion we desire to extend to you our personal congratulations and to express our grateful appreciation of the rare honor paid you by a nomination, with a firm faith that the destinies of this great people will be confided to your care and keeping for another four years.

The governor was warmly applauded at its close. The president, in accepting the nomination, said:

Gov. McKinley and gentlemen of the committee. When, four years ago, on the anniversary of the declaration of our national independence, a committee designated by the republican convention held in Chicago came to my home in Indianapolis to notify me of my nomination for the presidency, my sense of gratification, as well as that of the people, was so great that it was forced in the far background by the overwhelming sense of the responsibility of leadership in a civil contest that involved so much to my country and to my fellow-citizens. I could not hope that much would be found worthy the record of a lifetime. It has been brought under the strong light of public criticism to enthrone my party followers or upon which an assurance of adequacy for the highest civil affairs might be rested, inasmuch as it realized that the strength of the campaign must be found in republican principles, and that hope was that nothing in life or word of mine might weaken the appeal of our American politics to the American heart. That appeal did not fail, a republican president and vice president and a republican congress were chosen. The record has been made and we are now to submit it to the judgment of a patriotic people.

Of my own relation to the great transactions in legislation and to the administration which will be the basis of this government, it does not become me to speak. I gratefully accept, sir, the assurance given by republican state conventions and by the national convention, through you, that no charge of inadequacy or delinquency to principle has been lodged against the administration. The faithful and highly successful work done by the able heads of executive departments and by representatives abroad, I desire most cordially to acknowledge and commend. The work of the Fifty-first congress in which you, sir, bore so conspicuous and useful a part will strongly and most beneficially influence the national prosperity for generations to come. The general result of three years of republican control here, I believe, been highly beneficial to all classes of our people. The home markets for farm products have been retained and enlarged by the establishment of great manufacturing industries, while new markets abroad of large and increasing value, long obstinately closed to us, have been opened in favor of removal of unjust discriminating restrictions and by numerous reciprocal trade agreements under section 3 of the McKinley bill for adhering to the declaration of principles adopted by the convention and which you have so admirably summarized.

Will you accept, sir, for yourself and your associates upon the committee and for the whole body of the great convention, whose delegates you are, my profound thanks for this great honor and will you, sir, allow me to express my most sincere appreciation of the gracious and cordial terms in which you have conveyed this message.

The president's speech was also received with enthusiasm, hearty applause following every point.

Landslide, Not Lynched.

NEW YORK, June 20.—A special dispatch from Tacoma to the Eco de Italia says that the four Italians killed at Ledro, Wash., were not lynched, but were killed by a landslide.

Death of Auditor Selbert's Son.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., June 21.—The only son of State Auditor Selbert, Daniel E., or Frank, as he was called by everybody, died at 8:30 o'clock last night. He was about 21 years old.

Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Ia., June 20.—Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln and daughter Jessie will spend the summer with her father, ex-Senator Harlan, in this city.

REID NOTIFIED.

The Committee Officially Notifies Hon. Whitelaw Reid of His Nomination for Vice President by the Republican Convention.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., June 23.—The committee appointed by the republican national convention arrived here yesterday and at once repaired to Mr. Reid's residence to notify him of his nomination for vice president of the United States. Senator Dubois, in behalf of the committee, said:

Mr. Reid—The national republican convention recently held in Minneapolis selected a representative from each state and territory from its delegates to notify you that the republican party of the nation had selected you as its candidate for vice president of the United States. Speaking for them, it is now my pleasing duty to give you that formal notification.

This honor, one of the highest which a free and thoughtful people can bestow, came to you through and with a unanimity rarely witnessed.

Your constant, consistent and effective advocacy of republican measures for many years, and the honor and dignity with which you represented our country abroad, have merited for you this distinction.

The American people appreciate the patient and skillful diplomacy by which you opened the markets of France to the product of the American farmer. The securing of a market is the ultimate object of all national industry, and your success in that great field will command for you the hearty approval of the United States. We believe that the people will sustain republican principles, will endorse the personality of our standard bearers, and the wisdom of our action at Minneapolis will be fully demonstrated by your triumphant election at the polls in November next.

Mr. Reid replied in the following terms:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—Your visit at my home and this formal statement deepen on my mind the impression which the known act of the convention had already produced. The occasion is too great for the expression of merely personal feelings. Even my natural and heartfelt sense of gratitude for the confidence shown and the high trust bestowed, seems in this case too unimportant to those you represent for more than a word. The party which has guided this country for so many years, and which has secured for us a peaceful and unparalleled prosperity, with but four years' interval, since 1860, gives official notice through its duly authorized representatives in forty-four independent states and five territories of its choice for the second office within the gift of sixty-five millions of freemen who cover a continent and are soon also to possess one more the seas.

A profound sense of responsibility and a most earnest desire to discharge the trust you have reposed in the satisfaction of those you now represent, it is my duty, for the interests of the country afterwards are the overmastering emotions of the hour. Not having sought the great honor you confer, as you have just stated, I am the more prompt in saying that as a citizen and as a party member I do not shrink from the duty you impose. There will be a more convenient opportunity for such expression of political convictions as may be thought appropriate to the times and to the actual issues. But having already carefully considered the statement of the platform principles put forth by your convention, I may say at once that I accept and adopt them in full. They are the principles of the party under the sway of which the country has attained its phenomenal growth and prosperity and under which the plain people have ruled.

Labor has been freed, honored and better rewarded than elsewhere. The largest example of equality before the law the world has yet seen has been secured, and education, morality and the general well-being of the people are to be promoted. To reject these principles and this party would be to indelibly blot the glorious history of the nation for almost the past third of a century. You find a natural leader in the eminent public servant, the results of whose wise and faithful administration furnish such inspiration for the canvass I had expected to find associated with him my distinguished friend who now adorns the office of vice president. As the delegation of my state and with it the representation of the party at large have thought it politically wise to adhere to the doctrine of rotation in office, it gives me the right to claim not merely the eminent support of a united party, of which we are sure, but the best counsel and the most watchful personal assistance of all its faithful and experienced leaders without exception, to the end that the great commonwealth may again throw its decisive vote as it did four years ago, and indisputably can do again, on the republican side.

I cannot suppress the emotion in which he would have taken such a cordial interest, one word of affectionate recollection of my friend on so many presidential campaigns—the great statesman whose present cruel bereavement, following his term upon two similar blows, has touched the tender sympathy of all, not only of his political associates, but of both parties of the whole country.

My state, and I think I may venture to add my profession, will appreciate the manner in which the nomination of the party at large has been derived, as it does, from the unanimous vote, from the character of this body of representative men from every section of our country. The political sky is bright with promise. It is the most watchful personal assistance of Almighty God upon a cause which we profoundly believe just, we may courageously face the contest with the confident hope of victory at the end.

FACTORY BLOWN UP.

Out of Those in the Structure There is But One Survivor.

LACHUTE, Quebec, June 23.—At 8 o'clock yesterday afternoon the cart-ridge factory of the Broadburb Powder works, four miles east of here, blew up with tremendous force, the concussion breaking windows, even in Lachute, and giving the impression that there had been an earthquake. In the building at the time were the foreman, John Curran, of Lachute, aged 37, who was married only two weeks ago; James Kearns, of Montreal, aged 17; William Gunn, aged 37, of Montreal, and Richard Burke, aged 17, of Lachute. The latter is the only survivor. He was leaving the factory when the explosion occurred, and so knows nothing of the cause. He was blown 25 feet and badly hurt. Curran, Kearns and Gunn were blown to atoms, only Kearns' head having thus far been found of all the bodies that can be identified.

Retaliation on Canada Proposed.

WASHINGTON, June 23.—Senator Davis to-day, prompted by the recommendation of the president in his message sent to congress on Monday, introduced a resolution which was referred to the finance committee proposing retaliation upon Canada for the discrimination practiced against American vessels passing through Canadian canals.

Thousands May Soon Be Locked Out.

NEW YORK, June 23.—Between 900 and 300 housemiths belonging to the Knights of Labor were notified by their employers last night that unless their organization should discontinue the strike against the Jackson Agricultural Iron works by tomorrow morning they will be discharged. Between 3,000 and 3,000 more received this same notification when they reached their shops this morning. Unless the leaders of the order of Knights of Labor comprehend the gravity of the situation, the strike on other 5,000 men the employers say, will be idle within two weeks.