

and the second at 4 o'clock this morning. No attempts at violence were made. The specials were ordered to report for duty again at 8 o'clock tonight.

FROM TUESDAY'S DAILY, JULY 10.

Trains on all local roads are running on time today and that without any interference so far as reported. That the railway officials, however, are not entirely satisfied that the strikers intend to keep the peace in all particulars is evidenced by the deputy marshals and special policemen being still kept on duty as heretofore.

All has been peace and quiet throughout the day, but expressions came from both sides very frequently to the effect that it would be a good thing for all concerned when an adjustment of existing difficulties shall have been made. Not a few of the strikers are reported as desirous of going back to work. An important meeting of the A. R. U. is booked for tonight and orders from Debs are looked for.

The local strikers held a meeting last night at which the following telegrams were received:

CHICAGO, July 9.—At a meeting of all labor organizations of Chicago last night it was voted to strike Wednesday. O'Connell, of the Machinists; Mahon, of the Street Car Employes; McBride, of the Coal Miners, and Sovereign of the Knights of Labor were present, and all are with us. Many points in Texas and Ohio struck today. Old points all report loyal. Stand pat. E. V. DEBS.

GRAND JUNCTION, July 9, 9:30 p. m.—Very few trains running at Grand Junction, and they are with scabs. Every body stands pat. CHAIRMAN.

CHICAGO, July 9, 5:30 p. m.—All points on Union Pacific except Omaha reported on strike. Federal authorities are endeavoring to coerce the men into working, with threats of United States troops. The same threat is used on all roads, whether in the hands of receivers or not. Troops cannot move trains. Many places in Texas and Ohio went out last. E. V. DEBS.

A disturbance was created over the circulation throughout the day of hand bills by the Y. M. C. A. announcing its program for today, and over which was the headline, "The Strike is over." The officials of the association explained that it was the work of an agent for which they were in no way responsible. The explanation appeared satisfactory and the following telegram from Debs was read:

John T. Axton, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.—The A. R. U. recognizes the broad Christian sympathy and manly bearing of the Y. M. C. A. the world over, and will not interfere with the operating of Y. M. C. A. excursion trains July 10th, if facts are as stated in your telegram. Our war is with Pullman. Wishing you great success. DEBS.

The local Carpenters and Joiners Union held a meeting last night and passed the following resolution concerning the strike:

Whereas, The American Railway Union has gone on a strike against the Pullman Sleeping Car company, because of a reduction of from 35 to 50 per cent in their wages; and

Whereas, Such a course is contrary to union principles; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of Amer-

ica, Union No. 263 of Salt Lake City, Utah, heartily endorse their action and pledge them our unanimous support.

Written for this Paper

FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO CAPE TOWN

The "All ashore" bell had rung for the last time, and gathered upon the deck of the stately Union liner Trojan was a forlorn, damp and miserable group of some two or three hundred passengers bound for the Ophir of the nineteenth century, and as we stood and waved our handkerchiefs to our dear ones we had left upon the fast receding dock, the very clouds wept in sympathy.

As soon as the old Trojan had parted with her accompanying tugs, she settled down to business and steamed down Southampton water at a lively rate. Darkness coming down and shutting out the sight of the "tight little isle," save for an occasional light on shore, we began to cultivate each other's acquaintance and speculate on the kind of people we were to be penned up with for the next three weeks.

Yes, there was the usual crowd: the interesting young lady and her mamma traveling for their health; the blase globe-trotter; twenty or thirty young scions from college going out to make their fortune, "don't cher know!" several returning miners, a sprinkling of newly-fledged civil (?) engineers very drunk, with a few nondescripts ditto.

Of course we had all been on voyages before. Everyone with a big pipe and a knowing air promenaded the hurricane deck as if for a wager, the air being filled with remarks as to there being "dirty weather on the lee scrupers," "she's doing twenty knots," "let's go aft," etc., etc.

Ere long a mysteriously sweet calm seemed to pervade the atmosphere and pipes were laid aside. I don't know what became of the rest, I was so taken with my own reflections; somehow or other I felt as though my diet had consisted mainly of pork chops for the last two weeks with a dish of strawberries and ice cream thrown in. Why will steamship boys invariably feed their patrons on pork chops the first day out? Feeling that unless I acted speedily those aforesaid chops would gain the mastery, I sought my state room below. Pandemonium reigned supreme above the steady beat of the machinery; on all sides could be heard as I passed along the gangway electric call bells, supplemented with feeble cries of "steward," whilst those blue-coated gentry scuffled around with most horribly suggestive utensils in their hands.

I reached No. 76 safely. I was in a kind of hurry, so, assisted by a sudden roll of the ship I landed gracefully into my cabin on all fours, the man in the lower berth facetiously remarking "Mind the step!" There are some men who will joke if going to a funeral, and H. was one of them; and as he lay in his berth sandwiching a joke between each groan, I could not help but feel strongly drawn towards him. We were fast chums in no time and half an hour after my novel intrusion we were breaking the rules by lying in our bunks smoking and swapping confidences. H. was going out to serve five years in the Cape "mounted rifles" just for the fun of it, you know, and when not too fatigued after a long day's patrol might

go out before breakfast with a bucket and pick up a few diamonds as a side issue. We lay and talked over our plans until I dropped off to sleep, little dreaming that after knocking around the world I would eventually cast anchor in Utah as a Latter-day Saint.

I woke up next morning with the machinery stopped, and looking out of the port hole saw Plymouth and Mount Edgcombe across the water; and very pretty the town looked in the morning sun. We lay riding at anchor waiting for the mail and passengers for a couple of hours, and then dropping the pilot we said good-bye to old England and headed straight for the Bay of Biscay. The bay was in splendid training, consequently the commissariat was given a rest and the amount of solids partaken of by the entire ship load of passengers would not have kept a decent size chicken ranch for a week. Sunday morning's inspection revealed the crew and stewards to be a fine lot of men as they drew up in a double line on deck in their dress uniforms and bare feet, swaying in perfect unison to the roll of the vessel.

Sunday service on board is quite an impressive scene. Around the sides of the saloon are ranged the crew and stewards. The hearty way they echo the responses is only equalled by the lusty way they swore an hour later in the fo'castle. In the center are grouped the ship's officers and passengers in a more or less faded condition. At the head of the saloon stands the captain at a table covered with the Union Jack, with the necessary Bible and prayer book upon it. He reads the lesson for the day and the congregation help him out on the responses. The hymn was a howling failure. The young lady pianist had a time of her own (when she wasn't engaged balancing herself upon the stool). The crew ran a very heavy opposition, whilst the passengers came in with a feeble scattering volley. Up till that point we had felt very sedate and religious. Just in front of H. and I sat a very dignified old gentleman in a large easy leather chair. H. had no more sense than to displace a bolt. The effect was electrifying; the ship gave a long, sickening roll with a pause to it, and away went the chair and its occupant, careened off the lady pianist, to a table and from thence bore down with evil intentions upon the first engineer. Neptune saved the engineer's life, for with a roll to starboard the old gent shot over the back of the chair under a table, the chair was captured, its former occupant pushed from under the table and peace once more restored.

By the time we reached the mouth of the Tagus the head winds had abated and we were beginning to take a solid diet once more; and oh! how we did make up for lost time. The river scenery was grand and for three hours we steamed up the Tagus with an ever changing panorama of vineyards, castles and monasteries nestling amongst wooded hills spread out on either side of us. When within sight of Lisbon a small boat pulled alongside of us and the quarantine and customs officers stepped on board. Neither of them was five feet high, but how they did swell themselves! I could hardly credit that those two little swarthy fellows with their fierce bustling mustaches were only public officials and not the