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LUCIFER

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STATECRAFT.
To usher war with havoc at its side,
To drown in blood and tears a people's peace;
To bind religion as oppression's bride
Where slaves in terror cringe as freemen cease;
To stake industrial gains on hazard's dice,
That Dives' dogs may lick a beggar's sores
To offer virtue as a sacrifice
To lust to increase trade and profit's scores
To barter honor, love and faith for pelf
And yet a hypocritical zeal profess;
In cheating others end in cheating self
That private wrongs public happiness—
This is enduring fame in statecraft's cause,
Ambition's goal, and end of crowd-made laws.
--LUM.

Notes.
SALT LAKE, Utah, Feb. 15.—The wife of George Q. Cannon, Martha Sully, was before the grand jury this afternoon. She refused to answer the question whether she was with child by George Q. Cannon, whereupon, in view of her delicate condition, she was given until tomorrow afternoon to consider. Her bonds were made \$2,500 additional, or \$5,000 in all.—Press Dispatch.

Christian civilization" is below the level of savagery when it is guilty of such crimes as this. The man who, reading the above, yet boasts that he is an American citizen, is lost to all sense of shame. There is no turpitude of which he is not capable, let his prejudices or his interests prompt him thereto.

Think of the loathsome scandalousness of which the U. S. court in Utah was the scene. That she may swear away the liberty of the man she loves, a woman, carrying beneath her heart the incarnated pledge of their mutual love, is forced upon the witness stand by the brutal minions of the national banditti, and required to give the testimony legally necessary to tear her husband from her side and immure him within the walls of a dungeon. Could Christian State fleasiness go further?

And she refused to answer the damnable question! Hurrah for Martha Sully! Give her praise and the laurel wreath of Fame, true men and women. Honor her well, the Mormon wife of loyal faith. And in view of her "delicate condition" they gave her a day to decide whether or not she would send George Q. Cannon to prison! And they also gave her a gentle hint how to decide, by adding \$2,500 to her bail bond! There are 10 words in the English language by which such atrocities as these can be fitly characterized.

Did these Christians, the Mormons of Utah, possess one-tenth the grit of the Infidel Nihilist of Russia, these legal persecutions would very soon be stayed, and Edmunds and his pals cease from their troubling.

They have a "Minister's Alliance" in Kansas City, and it has regular Monday meetings. At one of these meetings, recently, Rev. Stephen Hull read a paper on "The Use of Prayer in the Divine Economy." As we draw upon the cable which binds us to God it may not draw God toward us, but it draws us toward God. So thought the essayist.

"Mr. Lowry would put it more strongly, and say that prayer changed God, in some real sense. This does not mean that God's principles change, but his heart is moved freshly by the fervent prayer."

What a hotch-potch? "God's principles" and God's heart" are, it seems, at variance, and while his principles impel him to damn the whole crowd of us, here and hereafter, his heart is occasionally moved to a momentary compassion by the piteous appeals of some poor but trusting victim. By the by, did Rev. Lowry ever stop to think a moment concerning the absurdity of

this talk about the "heart" of the Infinite?

"Dr. Cowles would take stronger ground than the essayist. He believed prayer was a definite force in the world, and only limited by the faithfulness of man. God is moved by the faith of man exercised through prayer."

The reader will bear in mind that those utterances are from the lips, not of backwoods clowns like Jones and Barnes, but of the leading clergymen of Kansas City, as they are reported in the Times. The meetings of the Minister's Alliance must be quite entertaining and amusing to the reporters, who, pre, probably, the only profane persons who attend.

When a man frankly admits that he can not understand Anarchism, and yet denounces it, what are we to think? But when he says that he "wants nothing" of books that explain it, we are forced to conclude that he does not wish to understand it, that he prefers to be in ignorance of its principles. Such a man may be a fairly good Bible hater, but is rather poor material for a Free thinker. He cannot generalize, he is unable to see over or through his own picket fence quibbles.

Those who lie upon the beds of the sick until the recumbent position becomes seemingly natural, are hardly the ones to determine what are the needs and healthful conditions of those who are in the vigor of manhood and womanhood.

How is this about a more stringent Sunday law in Kansas?

Goody-goody people make a great fuss about the "barbarity" of pugilism, but the pugilist always runs some risk of getting himself bruised and disfigured, while the "sportsman," he who "enjoys" his avocation in the maiming and murdering of helpless wild animals and fowls, is quite safe in his pursuit of "fun," and is simply cruel and contemptibly mean. The man who finds "sport" in the sinless butchery of the so-called "lower forms" of life is but a very few degrees removed from the carnivora, aesthetically and morally, whatever his intellectual attainments may happen to be. W.

Against Liberal Superstition.

The disposition of LUCIFER's editors and contributors generally, is so fair and their sympathy so wide and generous, that it makes me sad to see you all involved in confusion, using words which have lost their meaning when we reject the moral government of the universe, and placing your hopes on a disinterested choice to act for the good of others. Nature's strong current is self-satisfaction and self-advancement. Right and duty are now visionary; sentimental abstractions, of feeble effort for good, of deterrent effect as to the use of means for securing release from oppression. Actuality is contrasted with that which we can think, but the conceivable (called the possible) is in fact impossible if not actual. If you will quit your point of view, and each one say, "I owe no duty or allegiance to any idea or to any person or thing; I have no claim upon the world or natural society but for what I can take and hold," I think you will sooner rid yourselves of much oppression. When I rejected belief in God, I rejected that slandering humbug, moral obligation, which to-day unnerves the hands of ten thousand subject people where it brings one earnest pleader to their side, to plead in vain to their oppressors for concessions. "Justice, Humanity, Liberty" are a deputy trinity. Fooling with such phantoms you remain the laughing-stock of human sharks. "Ought to be" is as vain as "might have been."

"With your 'devotion' to a cause, you only continue in a sublimated form the religious idea, like Christianity, the domination of one ideal or another over the individual. Oppressors will really tremble when numerous people begin simply to accept all actions as equally natural, but take whatever measures are practicable to remove what is obnoxious. They are amused while we argue about 'justice,' and 'injustice,' calculating that we shall hesitate lest we be 'unjust.' Natural society is like any other growth for me—an object to be exploited. I just laugh at the idea that I owe it my 'duty.' I will make use of it. But come and make a compact by which we can aid each other and we shall then have no interest in each other. Then we can give meanings to words. An obligation means something when there is a person or number of persons in mutual contract (where power exists on both sides.) The Christian has a distinct meaning for 'duty' and 'right,' because he believes in a god who gives the command. The state has a distinct meaning for duty and right because it has law and penalties. The Liberal has a sort of duty and right in the air as it were—a mere phantom. By voluntary association we can establish relations which will enable us to use the world without talking nonsense. Power is the condition, without which 'duty' is the most barren of idealisms. Men will and must behave themselves when they meet real individuals. If you tell the poor slaves that if they love their slavery and fear to strike for freedom they are just where pitiless nature puts them and 'serves them right,' they will sooner shake off the shackles than if you boo-hoo about the matter. You yourselves are idea-ridden. A phantom deity or substitute god in humanity rides you. If over you shake it off the world will be yours as individuals to the extent that you can take it, and you will pay no more attention to alleged moral laws or duties in nature but will make such associations on such terms as you please and can. You will not worship or reverence, but use them for your individual purposes and make self-satisfaction, or your will, your purpose in action.

A Bar of Soap.

"There!" said a raving Socialist, perched on the top of a beer cask about to fall in, "here," said he, as he held aloft a bar of soap, is the epitome of all the wisdom in the Economists, and the struggles of all ages!"

"How so?" called out the crowd. "Because," said he, as he unrolled the wrapper, "herein is evolved all there is in the nature of man as a social being." "Let us hear," shouted the rabble. "Well, if you admit that the motive which actuates men is gain, the power that is to satisfy this is in getting into position. Wherein is the gain in this bar of soap? It costs only ten cents, you say, yet seven of these do not go to the creators; three are for interest, two are for rent, and the remaining two are for profit and loss."

"In this little slip of book-keeping, my sons of Mars, lies all there is in the Economists and the Statesmen! How will you checkmate them? By not buying their soap. How then to get soap?—by lurching yourselves together, counting the bars that will be needed, and you have a new economic fulcrum of power that will destroy both the Statesmen and the Economists! 'How so?' Let us see, first, you have the soap engaged, sold substantially before it is bought, there is the benefit and loss."

"Now you are seeking employment, and you want your pay; go, then, and make the soap. Upon your labor, your product, your good intentions, issue, like your 'bosses,' your little tickets to expedite exchanges in so sure and safe an undertaking."

"You have, then, all the profit without loss, all the interest, and—'All the rent?'—yes, for where your soap factory is there will be the 'rise' in real estate."

Do you notice, then, that you have got the other seven cents? Where before you worked ten hours to get three cents, you now work three hours to get seven cents.* Does it require any very profound philosopher to see this, or a very exalted saint to lay hold of it?"

"Now multiply this bar of soap by a pound of soda, a loaf of bread, a boot and shoe, a yard of cloth, and you have got the nifty out of all these things and brought the exploiters of labor to their knees begging for bread, and their old organizations asking for a receiver!"

O. T. FOWLER.
*Seven-tenths of the proceeds of labor go to capital.—Labor Statistics.

He Don't Get Lucifer.
FRIENDS HARMAN & WALKER: From some cause, my LUCIFER (which cost me \$1.50 in cash, and three times that amount in labor,) has ceased to materialize at our domicile; can you explain the cause? My brothers, who subscribed at the same time, and receive their mail at the same office, get theirs regularly. There must be a "scow loose" somewhere or I would get mine also. January 22, is the date of the last copy received, and I am on the "anxious seat," for, notwithstanding from my earliest recollection I have heard the Devil, alias Satan, alias Lucifer, vilified and traduced, I find that mankind are really indebted to him for all the light and knowledge they possess. When the parents of the human race were wrapped in the grossest ignorance, so gross and dense, in fact, that they did not know anything, it is recorded that by and through the device of Lucifer they became like Gods, knowing good from evil.

Now, inasmuch as Lucifer of the heavenly fall(s), was of such incalculable benefit to humanity, I am anxious that the light of LUCIFER of Valley Falls, may shed its benign enlightening rays upon our household, lest we fall behind in the intellectual procession.

But don't change the name; give us a genuine Lucifer, that will oppose all god-made or man-made laws prohibiting us from "eating apples, sour grapes," or even partaking of "clams and things," so long as we respect the inalienable rights of others. Hopefully and radically thine,
U. DERRON.
Grand Mound, Feb. 17.

See New Light.

EDITORS LUCIFER: The fault with many young and earnest lightseekers (including myself) is that they are swallowing ideas and theories too fast and without criticism. I see now that this is wrong. We, as individuals, should investigate carefully and take views from different sides. We should draw our conclusions according to Reason, and not through the influence of passion. Reason should be cultivated, and be the final proof of all determinations. I have been an enthusiastic acceptor of "Anarchistic Communism." I never imagined that it was State Socialism, under another name only, which Anarchist most conclusively shows it to be, at least, my views on that subject.

"Well, I thought I long ago had dropped State Socialism; now I shall drop it entirely; and investigate the science of pure individualistic Anarchism."

As to the Social Revolution, it is evident that there must be a revolution of ideas before there can be any general or universal social revolution. The masses must come individually to do their own thinking and reasoning. But from thought to action there is no very great step, and daily experience shows us, laborers at least, that the tyrants, usurers and monopolizers of the world will not give up their stronghold except through the argument of force.

The wage-workers and farmers must become actually free thinkers; until they become such, they will remain slaves and victims of all evils.
A. A. SOBERGREN.

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LUCIFER

VALLEY FALLS, KAN., February 26, 1886.

MOSES HARMAN & E. C. WALKER
EDITORS.

M. HARMAN AND GEO. S. HARMAN
PUBLISHERS.

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The following persons have sent in their subscriptions to the press fund:
Previously acknowledged \$539.70
H. F. Nolker, Valley Falls 2.50

We want to ask the readers of LUCIFER who do not now get Dr. Foote's Health Monthly, to send for that journal at once. The best capital that can be possessed by man or woman, is health; and we unhesitatingly recommend the Health Monthly as the best Journal of the kind with which we are acquainted. Only 50 cents per year. Address, Murray Hill Pub. Co., 120 E. 28th St. New York.

MISSING NUMBERS.

Within the past few weeks not a few of LUCIFER's friends and patrons have notified us that their copy of the paper has failed to materialize with due regularity. Where the fault lies is a mystery to us. We do our best to see that none are slighted in the weekly make-up of the mailing list, and when the papers, properly addressed, are delivered up to the postmaster at Valley Falls, our agency in the matter ceases. We cannot follow the papers to their destination and see that they are properly delivered.

We can do this, however. We can generally furnish missing numbers if notified within a month of the date of issue. We can now supply most, if not all the back numbers to January 1st. of this year.

Zeno and Smith.

It is evident they don't understand each other. Only the immortal J. N. can explain. Zeno is a good performer at least, and has a happy way of shifting his position; in fact, ignorance is of itself never painful.

In the great unknown we must content ourselves with inferences; yet it is almost impossible for most mortals to know the unknown. How does Zeno know that God is slandered, except that he knows the true character of God? If Zeno could free the honest laborers from the tyranny of land monopolists he would use any material that has the quality of certainty about it. Sampson was raised up to set Israel free. His business was to kill. It often happens that weak and wicked men do good without a full understanding of final results. He worshiped as his fathers did, and he was overcome and ruined like many other men under the same circumstances. How does the story slander God?

These men who "don't know" have a way of telling how things ought to be done or how God ought to have managed—if there is a God—which habit could only grow after a long acquaintance with the individual. Zeno wants to destroy a belief in the Jewish God and establish his ideal of a God; he wants to destroy the Bible so that he can scold Satan in his own language, for no person is more enthusiastic for justice against the powers of darkness.

I hope Zeno will be kind enough to explain how the Bible is opposed to the Ten Commandments. JOHN SMITH, Swanton, Ohio. Philosopher.

BRIEF COMMENT.

"A Bar of Soap" furnishes the text for a short but very pointed sermon on the science of economics, found on first page. If, instead of loafing, hour after hour, in bar-rooms, corner groceries or on the sunny sidewalks, waiting for some one to treat them to a cigar or glass of beer, the unemployed working-men would organize their scattered forces and carry out the simple plans suggested by the "raving Socialist," we would hear less of the wrongs inflicted by capital upon labor. The great cause of all the trouble is that these men cannot or will not think for themselves. They are to a man the willing victims of the capitalistic or wage-slave system, most if not all of them hoping that by a lucky turn of fortune's wheel they will some day take their places among the riders and drivers.

Joseph Anthony criticizes our methods in a friendly way. Yes, Bro. A., we would join the practical with the theoretical as fast as possible. But thought must go before action. We cannot induce men to act, at least not to act intelligently and effectually, until we show them, first, that action is necessary to their welfare, and secondly, that to accomplish anything good they must do their own thinking and not be mere automatons. If we could now, by any act of our own, precipitate a complete revolution in our governmental, social and industrial systems we should certainly not do so. The ground must be broken, the seed sown, and the crop cultivated before the harvest can be reaped. Not until we as a nation cease to bow the knee to the fetich called Government, can any radical amendment take place in our social and industrial systems. To destroy this reverence for government requires much time, labor and patience, just as it requires time and patience to destroy the reverence for that other mental fetich (image) called God.

While we cannot agree with "Tritogen" that "right and duty are now visionary, sentimental abstractions," nor that "moral obligation is a slanderous humbug," nor that "Justice, Humanity and Liberty" are "phantoms," etc., we freely admit that there is much in the article "Against Liberal Superstition" that deserves the attention of the Liberal thinker and worker. Speaking for one I can say with Tritogen that "I owe no allegiance to any idea or to any person or thing," but when I of my own volition become a husband or father it seems to me that thenceforth I owe certain duties to my wife and child. If I understand Tritogen correctly he would ignore that element in the human, commonly called "conscience"—traces of which we find in the so-called lower animals—which I regard quite as legitimately the product of natural evolution as I do the intellect or the habit of walking erect, that distinguishes the human. While I look upon society at large as a strictly and simply natural growth, as a tree or a coal bank, I cannot, with Tritogen, look upon that society as an "object to be exploited," with the same freedom that I would exploit the tree or the coal bank.

On first reading it would appear that our friend Tritogen would have Liberals imitate nature on the purely physical plane. "Nature's strong current is self-satisfaction and self-advancement"—that is, self-aggrandizement, regardless of the rights and feelings of everybody or everything else. He who abjures conscience must also abjure human sympathy—but a closer analysis of the article shows that our critical friend does not follow his premises to their logical landings. He says it "makes me sad to see you all involved in confusion," etc. Why should a philosopher without a conscience or sense of "moral obligation" towards his fellow men—why or how should or could he feel sad at the contemplation of any phenomenon. All phenomena are alike to him whether on the physical, animal or human plane. We take it then that Tritogen is largely human, after all. In the broadest sense we, like him, follow nature in its "strong current" seeking "self-satisfaction." We seek this satisfaction by trying to cultivate in ourselves and in others a keen sense of right and wrong, a deep regard for "Justice, Humanity, Liberty"—that is to say, we seek to develop and rightly train that most important factor or element in hu-

man character, Conscience. It is a slow and very difficult work we well know, but we have no hope of any real progress—no confidence in any plan for human advancement, that ignores the power of conscience. II.

SPECULATION IN LAND.

Business property in Kansas City is worth something nowadays. One hundred feet, centrally located, has just been sold for \$170,000.—K. C. Journal.

This brief item of news speaks volumes. It tells of the wild rush of the human tide toward the commercial centers. It tells of the eager haste to get rich, not by productive labor, not by honest effort, but by speculation—by gambling and extortion, direct or indirect, in and through the products of other men's labor. Nothing but gambling and extortion could ever pay profits sufficient to justify the investment of \$170,000 in one hundred feet of ground on which to "do business." It tells not only of speculation in the products of other men's labor, but, more and sadder still, it tells a fearful tale of speculation—of gambling and extortion, in that prime necessity to human existence on this planet—the use of the soil! Columns and columns of the great dailies, the Journal and Times, are taken up by advertisements of the "real estate" men. Take this as a sample:

For Sale—Blue Avenue Park—only 400 feet outside city limits, and on Fifteenth street boulevard; the new cable on Fifteenth street only one block from the park; \$500 down, balance monthly. 50 foot lots \$250. 60 foot lots \$250. 70 foot lots \$300. 80 foot lots \$350. 90 foot lots \$400. 100 foot lots \$450. 110 foot lots \$500. 120 foot lots \$550. 130 foot lots \$600. 140 foot lots \$650. 150 foot lots \$700. 160 foot lots \$750. 170 foot lots \$800. 180 foot lots \$850. 190 foot lots \$900. 200 foot lots \$1000.

My carriages ready to drive you out to the park; a large advance on the above prices next spring.

The average wages per day of the real producers of wealth, is said to be less than one dollar, while here is a class of land sharks (and their name is legion) who "toil not, neither do they spin," and yet they can each afford to live in ease and extravagance, and grow enormously rich upon the scanty earnings of those who must have land upon which to build a home for their families. Even in the suburbs of Kansas City it costs more to buy a lot on which to place a house, than it costs to build a comfortable cottage for the laborer's family.

On the "monthly payment" plan, thousands of poor families toil, pinch and spare for years to get a lot on which to build a home, then, by some misfortune, as sickness or loss of employment, find themselves unable to pay the remainder, and so lose all they have already paid.

Can anything in savagery be more utterly infamous than the land laws under our so-called civilization? II.

SINALOA.

Most of our readers are aware that a scheme is on foot to plant a colony on the west coast of Mexico by people from the United States. This enterprise takes the name of "Credit Foncier Sinaloa," and is professedly gotten up on the co-operative plan. The chief projectors are Albert K. Owen and Marie Howland, of Hammoniton, N. J., who publish a little journal, at that place in the interest of the movement. Some time since, one of LUCIFER's subscribers sent an article to the Hammoniton journal for publication, but for some reason it was declined by the editor. This article now comes to us with request to publish. It is as follows:

DEAR MR. HOWLAND: My soul responds in joyful greetings to the earnest call of all your band of noble workers in the most commendable cause in which you are so devotedly engaged.

I have just finished reading the pamphlet of Ercustus A. Phipson; and while the principal thoughts contained therein are most notably worthy of your work there is one point which I am sure your most kind and indulgent editorship will allow me to criticize. Who knows but that the timely warning hereby mentioned may save Sinaloa enterprise much trouble, and greatly enhance its blessings? He assured that it is with this hope and in this sisterly spirit that I pen these humble lines.

Mr. Phipson says that in your colony woman is to be man's equal, socially and politically; and yet in the next paragraph declares that, no woman in Sinaloa shall attempt to engage in any occupation but that of house-keeping—waiting on her lord and master and nursing her lords and masters' babies.

Merciful heaven! this is what women have been doing in all the ages past from the beginning of human creation! Can women be men's equals while men thus circumscribe their spheres? My dear sister, it becomes our most serious duty to inform the dear

brother that the age is past when it is any man's business to tell any woman what avocation she shall choose. That there may be certain employments better suited to men than women we admit; and vice versa; but all individuals in order to unfold to their noblest capabilities must be free to choose for themselves; and experience will teach them to what they are best adapted. Men have this privilege; can women be their equals if they are debarred from the same?

We agree with Mr. P. that woman's highest office is to fulfill the duties of motherhood, but to develop her noblest capacities as mother of the race, woman must stand up in the dignity of her selfhood—in the divine right of her individuality—become a responsible being and the arbiter of her own destiny!

Women of Sinaloa, do you propose to go as brave pioneers to that prospective millennial city and allow the avenues of business to thus be closed against you? If so, I warn you that you and your husbands will breed a race of tyrants and slaves, just as poor, bound humanity has done in the ages before you. Is every one of you women bound to be a wife and mother? Suppose you are by your own free will, all right; but why should every woman follow the housekeeping business any more than every man follow farming? Are you not going to have your housework as well as all labor performed co-operatively? Housework in the isolated home is little more or less than enslaving drudgery; and is so considered by almost every woman who has brains enough to become the mother of children worthy of this progressive age.

Mr. Phipson says that women will not need to learn how to earn their living, but only perform their proper duties as wives and mothers. Gracious Goodness! When a woman fulfills what is included in those "proper duties," don't she earn her living? Her living, merely, is what she generally gets; and in a majority of cases what a *h—ades* of a living it is! but she earns many times more; and ought to have the money for all she earns.

Sisters and brothers of Sinaloa; may you be able to wisely practice a plan of association life, in which all your work will be performed co-operatively—where each individual man and woman may choose for himself and herself what department he or she shall fill, whether indoors or out—each one receiving due compensation for service rendered, all departments of housework included, then your girls and women will not marry merely for maintenance and "masters"; then your men will not marry merely for housekeepers and slaves; but true and pure love will guide in this most sacred of all relations, and you will become the happy fathers and mothers of healthy and well developed children.

Sincerely your sister in the cause of co-operation.
SARA BAILEY FOWLER.
1123 Arch St. Philadelphia.

THE LOGIC OF FREETHOUGHT.

When the Freethinker is told that he owes allegiance to a being called God—when he is required to do this and to refrain from doing that because God has so commanded, the Freethinker naturally asks to see the Authority. He wants to see the commission or written authority of those who claim to act in the name of this God.

For a like reason when told that he owes allegiance to the State, or to a National Government—when told that he must pay taxes to its support, and that if necessary to the safety of that government he must give up all his property and even his life—the Freethinker naturally asks for the authority for making such demands. Careful investigation convinces most Freethinkers that the Authority claimed by the churchmen has no other origin or foundation than the human brain; that the books called the Word of God are nothing more nor less than man-made books, and hence that any power claimed or exercised over their fellow men by these pretended agents of Deity is a usurpation that should be spurned and resisted by all honest and true men.

In like manner when the Freethinker asks to see the foundation, the origin of the right of the state to exact allegiance or service from its subjects, he finds no authority for such claim outside of theology. If nature has made all men "free and equal" as to rights, then no man has a natural right to govern other men; and if one man has no such right, then a million men have no such right, for natural rights are inherent, and do not increase or diminish as numbers increase or diminish.

From these simply-stated premises we legitimately draw conclusions as follows:

I. Statecraft and priestcraft have a common origin—belief in and fear of the Supernatural.

II. Sovereignty of the State over the body of the Individual is as much a myth, a fraud, a usurpation of authority, as is the assumed sovereignty of the church over the conscience and soul of the individual.

III. If it be the mission of Freethought to destroy the despotism of the church over the souls or consciences of men and women, it is equally its mission to destroy the despotism of the state over the bodies—that is, over the material interests of the citizen.

We reproduce here a few paragraphs from "An Open Letter to a Freethinker," found in the London Anarchist for Jan. 22, and only regret that we have not space to spare for the entire letter. The writer says:

So you think there must be something in Anarchy? Well there is, and as you are a Freethinker I hope to prove it, because Anarchy is only a logical carrying out of the principles of Freethought—in fact Anarchy is freedom. What you do with respect to the Church we Anarchists do with respect to the State; we recognize that the State is but the "other half" of the Church; that they both have the same origin; that their functions are the same—to hinder freedom, one in the domain of thought, the other on the line of action. We know that the reason for one is the reason for the other, and the logical conclusion from the reason for having the one would lead us to the fact they ought to be combined—if the reason is a good one, or both of them destroyed if the reason for one or the other is a bad one. We all agree with this, implicitly if not directly. The Catholic Church is perfectly right (granting their premises) in saying that they ought to be one, and the Freethinker is right in saying that they ought to be "separated," but the only successful separation would be the annihilation of them both. * * * * *

You as a Freethinker cannot frame an argument against the Church that will not equally tell against the State. I mean by State all that you mean by law, government, etc., and in all that sense I am an Anarchist; and so are you if you do not reason theologically by giving some definition to the "law" which you would not permit a parson to do. You would be eloquent with proof that the "laws" of mechanics are not the same as god's "law," because god's laws are commands (like the laws of his divinely-appointed representative the Czar or the Pope) which can be improved, amended, evaded, while natural laws are unchangeable. It is an amusing fact that no one reasons so much like a parson as an infidel trying to prove that Anarchism is nonsense. He can make a fine attack on a divine right of kings, but when he defends a king or State (with a capital S) he does not see that he is using the argument of the parson who is trying to prove that there is no inconsistency in the 39 Articles. There are three that bear record on earth—Church, State, and Industrial Slavery, and these three be one—so if you destroy the father they are all three logically dead. The defense that you would make for the state is the defense that a christian makes for the church i. e., it is a defense of something that never has been. An ordinary christian will read through ecclesiastical history and smilingly tell you he has seen nothing that tells against the true church; it was not the Real thing, he says, it was a corruption, a whore of Babylon that called itself the church. Ask him when there was a church and where, and he will admit that it has not come to pass, that the time has not yet come, but he hopes to bring it about soon and then there will be peace and good will on earth. It is just as amusing to hear an infidel after reading political history (and he will find the truth that the church and state have been one by trying to "separate" political and ecclesiastical history; and he will also observe that where one has been struck the other twin felt the blow) declare that that doesn't prove anything against "government in itself"—that we Anarchists are kicking against corrupt forms and not real government, neither be nor the theologian can see that the "thing in itself" is corrupt and wicked and that the only real reform is to abolish it altogether, and that the best way to separate church and state is to abolish both.

C. S. Wood to R. A. Van Winkle.

You say "Under the law Anarchist and his crowd of free lovers cannot cohabit with one, two or more women, as the case may be, until too many children get on hand to suit his taste, occurs, and then walk off to pastures new, and fields that are green, and leave his dupes or dupes to raise and educate the children." Now, my friend, would you do in that way if there was no law to prevent? Do you judge Anarchist and his crowd by yourself? Do not men who are not Anarchists desert their families? Now I don't believe a man who has got brains enough and is naturally honest enough to be an Anarchist, will do any such thing as you insinuate, at least I never know of one doing so, but have known good Christians who were firm believers in the law, to do so. Any man who has not got honesty, justice and love enough about him to care for, love and protect his children, and the woman who bore them, without any law to compel him, is not a man. He is unworthy of the name, but there are many such who are husbands, and whose wives support both them and the children by the hardest of labor, besides the abuse they receive, and there is no relief for them but the grave. Do you suppose the law will make a man out of a beast?

C. S. Wood.

Medical Good Sense, by Dr. T. R. Kinget price, \$1.50—For sale at this office.

NEOPHYTE.

Last night a zealous Irishman in town, Neeling a Jew, squared off and knocked him down.

And when the Jew inquired of such behavior, Michael replied, "Bedad, ye kill me Savior."

The Jew replied: "My friend, that is not so; It happened eighteen centuries ago."

Mike simply said, "Bedad, you may be right, But then—only heard of it last night!"

Theology and ignorance combined Make bigotry; and that makes all men blind.

And streams of ruin from this common source Have swept the world with devastating force.

—*Rhymes of Ironquill.*

"The Strength of the Nation!"

Some recent legislation reminds me strongly of Dickens' admirable description of the mission to Burghooda Gha, so great is the anxiety for far distant people. President Cleveland and Senator Edmunds in their intense desire to protect downtrodden women, need not strain their ocular organs by peering over the Rocky mountains. Nor need they ever reverse their official telescopes to discover a field for missionary effort in Washington. Right under their disinterested nostrils, so keen of scent at long range, our chivalrous knights, Don Cleveland and Sancho Edmunds, might sniff a state of things not to be described in the words of the late message. I will cite from the message a text upon which to hang a recent incident as illustrative commentary.

TEXT.

"The strength, the perpetuity and the destiny of the nation rests upon our homes, established by the law of God, guarded by parental care, regulated by parental authority and sanctified by parental love. These are not the homes of polygamy."

To show what are not the homes of polygamy. I take a monogamic home in Washington, established by the law of God and maintained by the law of man, for

ILLUSTRATION.

Since our chivalrous bachelor Don was called to the high trust of defending down-trodden women, a husband in Washington had occasion to quarrel with his wife. He held a government position so kept a boarding house. The furniture, the carpets, the very pictures on the walls down to the motto, "God bless our home," had been purchased by her with money she had earned. The bills for them had been made out in her own name. Her husband had generously aided her in her endeavors by becoming a boarder. He paid her forty dollars a month from his salary of one hundred. More, he carefully stipulated the equivalents his money purchased. Twenty-five dollars was for board, the balance, fifty cents a day, was for the enjoyment of marital felicities. Having thus generously made provisions for her support and his own comfort, the sixty remaining he spent elsewhere.

In due time, in this "home guarded by parental care," a child was born, and domestic arrangements were for a time interrupted. Here arose the quarrel. Before the mother had left her bed (although a polygamous father would have waited until the child had been weaned, as is the custom), the monogamic father of the christian home asserted his marital authority to resume the enjoyment of rights "established by the law of God," and which he had so generously lumped at fifty cents per diem! The wife rebelled; rebelled against the law of God and refused him admission to her bed. His munificence had in no way robbed him of his rights, his generosity alone had prompted the recompense. But finding his rights and his generosity alike scorned until she was able to be about, he indignantly gathered up his personal effects and left the house for new quarters. But what pecuniary arrangements he made with his new landlady, I do not know.

In plain words, he deserted her. She recovered health and he desired to return, preferring the old arrangement "established by the law of God," as amended by human generosity, to the "European plan" where "extras" were not always equitably assessed. She still refused. In her rebellion she had grown stiff-necked; she had sniffed the air of freedom and rejoiced therein. The contents of the house had been purchased with her own earnings, and another boarder at twenty-five dollars a month was preferable to her liege lord with his fifty cents a day for extras.

There never was but one convincing way to deal with rebels—the use of force! To know how to apply it, and the extent of his divinely bestowed rights, he naturally consulted a lawyer. Not that lawyers are authority on divine institutions in general, but that in this "peculiar in-

stitution" of Christendom the lawyer is the recognized spigot which taps the divine mind.

He levied on the goods she had earned, for in this christian home "regulated by parental authority and sanctified by parental love," legally the wife was a non-entity, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, unless we except submission and obedience. She found herself forced to the wall, unconditional surrender or destitution. She capitulated, the fort was surrendered and the husband moved in and took possession of person and property.

Such was the recent experience of one of the monogamic mothers of Washington, but she still has the blessed privilege to know that in the enjoyment of his God-made rights, now no longer associated with man-made recompense, he has no legal right to seek elsewhere that which she is compelled to submit to with scorn and loathing. Society wedded to commonplace, looks on in composure; not even an Ebenezer Brick Lane association raises a voice of protest. The Dons and Sancho of official position smile serenely and thank God, when the weekly hour of public prayer arrives, that these monogamic mothers all around them "are not the cheerless, crushed and unwomanly mothers of polygamy!"

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us, To see ourselves as others see us, It would frae monie a blunder free us And frae monie a foolish notion! What airs in dress an' gait wad let's us And e'en devotion!"

Although Burns did not address the above lines to one in power, they are as applicable to "His Excellency" as to the humbler object which inspired them.

DYER D. LUM.

Fight for a Child.

Some time last week Mr. Wm. Rexford and Mrs. Clara L. McClelland, of White Oak, New Mexico, arrived in this city and registered at the City Hotel as man and wife. No suspicion was attached to the couple and all things moved smoothly until last Wednesday, when Mr. Silas McClelland, the husband of the woman and father of the little six-year-old child the couple had in their possession, put in an appearance on the scene and commanded the immediate possession of the child. This being refused by the mother, Mr. McClelland applied the strong arm of the law, and during Wednesday night, Sheriff Davis, by virtue of habeas corpus, took the child and now has it in his possession. Rexford, we are informed, has skipped, and it is supposed has returned to New Mexico. Mr. McClelland seems to be a clever man and has followed the wayward pair over nine hundred miles for the purpose of securing his child.

The above, clipped from the Wichita (Texas) Herald, illustrates the nature of the local press, not only in Texas but everywhere. It is so intent on *appearing* to support the popular morality, that it quite ignores its obligation, especially in a matter involving individual rights and reputation, to publish only facts. The Herald man by walking a single block from his office, could have interviewed the lady whom he so foully slanders; and had he done so he would have found, by testimony, not only of Mrs. McClelland, but by Mr. Pillow, who keeps the City Hotel, and other persons of undoubted veracity, that the main charges in his item were false, and were, undoubtedly, deliberate lies. Mr. Rexford is a sheriff, and came here and went on west in the pursuit of criminals, in the discharge of his official duty. Mrs. M. came with him for protection, having been inhumanly abused and neglected, and finally abandoned by her husband; but they did not register as husband and wife, and there is no proof that there was any familiarity between them. She is not running away from slavery at all. Oh, no. It was her master who ran away, and left her and her child to starve. She will not go back with him, as he is trying to coax her to do. She is too shrewd and too plucky for that. All she wants is a better master, one who will supply all her wants, and humor her whims, and not get drunk and beat her. It is a base calumny that she is striking for freedom.

A. WARREN.

C. S. Wood to R. Smith.

You say "You do not know what rest means." You do not wish to, we'll learn that soon enough in the grave. The only rest I want is to gather strength for renewed action, to work for the good of humanity. My whole object in life is to do good, to benefit man in this life, not in some dreamy future.

(2) You are mistaken. I did not say, there is no god. I simply said I never saw yours. I should judge it to be more devil than otherwise.

3. Yes I admit there is good and evil, (or good and devil if you choose to call them so.)

4. You, in defining god, say, He is a spirit. So is alcohol, but you don't mean that alcohol is god, do you?

You say, your Jesus is alive forevermore. Is your Jesus a quality or a thing?

C. S. Wood.

Among deferred articles is a rejoinder from R. A. VanWinkle and one each from E. H. Heywood and J. H. Hutcheson.

ESSAYS ON DEATH AND FUNERALS.

Part III.—The Respect for the Dead, What It Is, and How It Is Secured in our Days.—Reverence, Deification, Profanations, etc., etc., etc.

By JOSEPH HENRY, SALINA, KANSAS

[Continued.]

[Note 17, continued.]

Woman, by reason of her better nature and gentler ways must become the teacher of the less matured mind. Men are and must always be the muscle of the system, but women must ever be ready advisers. Woman, by reason of her narrower sphere of duty, has, in the past, had less use for the reasoning faculties, but she must now get a new life. She must be brought in contact with all modes of current business to enable her to give attention and expression to new ideas. She must be inducted into new methods that will bring into play the power of self-government and self-discipline, so that she may control and fully develop her physical and latent forces. The investigation and demonstration of scientific plans and problems will expand her nature, and thereby her reasoning powers will be better able to comprehend the laws of cause and effect. By this method of procedure she will attain the highest degree of perfection attainable by the human mind.

The stubborn barriers of bigotry, superstition and intolerance can only be broken down by a thorough system of intellectual training.

We care nothing for the realms beyond the skies; it is the daily affairs of this life that concern us. To make the most of this present life is our end and aim. To make people better and more human, to lessen the burden of daily care for sustenance, support and creature comfort, must be the subject of our unceasing thought. If the life of man extended through unceasing ages, instead of a few short years, he would need to give thought to his future existence; but since we have no evidence of a life beyond the latest breath, it would seem the sheerest nonsense to borrow trouble and worry ourselves about an uncertainty.

George Eliot and Col. Ingersoll have acknowledged future life as a fact, says the preacher, while the Truthseeker lately published that Miss Cleveland don't like George Eliot's poems because they express "no faith in anything beyond," and that Col. Ingersoll commenting on George Eliot said that future life in the "hereafter" was something too far away to brook general utility to those living in the present world. But even if Col. Ingersoll and everybody else were proclaiming future life as a positive fact, would that make it so?

I could easily confound the preacher's assertions about the rapid increase of Christianity, by unfolding before the reader the testimony of countless facts drawn from contemporaneous history; but I prefer to point to the light of the Sun of Truth, and appeal the case to that less partial Judge—Common Sense.

Another proof that man cannot have any other individualized existence or future life, any more than any other organismized being on this planet, is the incontrovertible fact that we are put into the living world and are influenced and governed by nature's agencies just as other animals and plants. We are composed of the same elements, subjected to the same forces and conditions—temperature, food, drink, associations—conceived in the same way, born by the same process, we eat, breathe, digest and eliminate the refuse in the same way; we grow as they grow, we are healthy or sick according to our observance of the laws of hygiene—born, living, growing old and dying as other animals are born, live, grow old and die we necessarily are subjected to the same conditions after death as they.

Full of degrading vices, hampered by ignorance, is it desirable to have an eternal individualized existence? Well, we can only be improved by Evolution, and Evolution is the negation of a perpetual individualized existence.

Again, we know of no individual life without a material base, and the atom and molecule which constitute the individual of to-day were integrally or partially part of our ancestors and will become constituent parts of our great grand children; so the resurrection of one individual would prevent the resurrection of another. What is called one human individual is but the agglomeration of an infinite number of smaller individualities or beings. Resurrection and future life can not happen but by a "miracle," and if a miracle were possible there would be no science, nor any positive law nor anything else upon which we could rely.

From Joseph Anthony.

MR. HARMAN, VALLEY FALLS: Thy circular letter of the 1st inst., with thy photo., is received. I like the earnestness that both indicate. My impressions, however, lead me rather to live righteously than to preach it, or, to preach it by example rather than by voice. Of course, the precepts or principles of a right life have first to be mastered, but, as graduates in the school to wait until the last New England wage-slave, the last African Hottentot, the last Fiji islander, has reached the perfected plane before the fruits due to that life are to be grown and enjoyed? Are whole generations yet to live, struggle and die, with only a mental view of the promised land? The People—who are "the people," any way? They are nobody! It seems the place and province of duty doors to live together irrespective of "the people," and if such duty doors happen to have horns for goring, the major and impelling duty would make it the duty of each to disarm and do as he ought, rather than as he may wish.

If Anarchists cannot take their own medicine, how can they expect the average worldling to swallow the same kind. In one sense the average Anarchist is about the most inconsistent of men, and he perforce must be until he lifts on that quality of it that makes Anarchism practicable with his kind here and now. Save in the manifestation of affection between the sexes and some unwise hindrances in the public dissemination of methods of research and of discovered truths as to a wholly right life in that department of our natures, none need a change in existing "laws" to live among themselves the most Anarchistic life. And it is right here in living this life, as far as said hindrances allow, that there lies the widest and most inviting field on which to live down, attack and overthrow the enemy. A band of workers here can say to the world "We obey your iniquitous rulings but we plainly say to you that you are mistaken in your commands, your laws, are iniquities only, and we propose to use all means in our power for your amendment and their annulment."

What can the enemy do in such a case but submit to the inevitable? Went back them with weapons they consider legitimate because they use such themselves, and the truth being on our side and a false education their only bulwark, said bulwark will crumble when permeated with the later and clearer truths. There may say that this is just what Lucifer is trying to do, which is granted, but what is needed to reinforce it is the proof that its teachings are right, and until some of its adherents furnish that proof, it even only within law-bounded limits, it may preach until dooms-day and then even the last man enemy and the last law restraint will not have disappeared. This leaves the profession of preaching a perpetual one, and a system of preaching without fruits following it, is equally burdensome whether the subject of it be the blood of Christ or otherwise. But let this preaching go on! Let there be preaching of Philosophy but no application of its principles in our buildings, our bridges or our machinery. Let us not only proportion the members of the bridge, the house or the engine. Let the one go down with its load of freight and life, the other fall and crush its inmates and let the other explode with its deadly force—yet Philosophy, glorious Philosophy shall not be embodied and made available for the good of any, because, forsooth, its principles are not universally understood—a crowd of hoodlums, "the people," are yet behind!—See? Apply the same reasoning to chemistry and other sciences, to agriculture and to all the varied arts of our time. How absurd.

No, we do not reason thus. We make use of our varied improvements as fast as discovered and in all directions except the social direction. Here we halt, and what is most discouraging is that the apparently most sincere pleaders for reform are pronounced in their belief that association for reformatory purposes is impracticable. There are good reasons why they could not unite with thy correspondent, H. H. L., in the Anarchistic store. Trading for profit is not an element in Anarchism as I sense it, while trading for profit is indispensable in dealing with those who are not of that faith. If we deal with the latter we must be as mean as the meanest. If I hire men to make machinery or keep a shop or sell goods and am humanely disposed, if I let my employees work fewer hours per day, pay them larger wages or depend on less profit than does a more extortionate man, the latter can undersell me. Consumers, inconsiderate as most are, will

buy where they can get the most for their money and will not leave their orders for goods with me, so I must close my shop. My only remedy is to be as sharp and as extortionate in trade as any. A good disposition will not save me from business ruin. To both retain my customers and keep the shoof off I must do as others do and be as mean as any. An anarchistic store outside an anarchistic community, is largely a myth, and among a band of anarchists it would be simply a store house.

While this appears true thy excuse that thee must "get the people to think for themselves, to convince the people that the present system is wrong," can be echoed in substance by every rich and poor and sleek and idle gospel husher in the land. If half of the anxiety for the people that is manifested on paper and in the pulpit was real, there would be more coats off and sleeves rolled up in practically lightening the load. I hope there will evolve out of the many lecturers and so-called reformers, or from somewhere a few, many, clear-eyed level headed and earnest of purpose men and women, who will have the courage of their convictions and the strength of purpose, after having devised a way of life the best they know, to associate and as far as the devil and the north wind will allow, live the faith they are united in. Such can soonest and most effectually shut out both devil and wind.

JOSEPH ANTHONY.

NEWS NOTES IN GENERAL.

BY THE INFANT.

Come in and see LUCIFER's new press. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Opera House next Thursday evening.

Those who want old papers for any purpose can get them at this office for 25 cents per hundred.

Antonia Hilby will build a fine two story business house on the corner of Walnut and Broadway. Let her boom.

Mr. Frank Strickland is having the building, formerly occupied by Schafer's grocery, fitted up for a dry goods store.

Dr. S. A. McDaniel, armed with the requisite petition, went to Oskaloosa Wednesday and got his permit returned.

Capt. I. B. Schafer, moved his grocery stock last Saturday, to his building on Syonmore street, just north of the post-office.

Mr. M. M. Maxwell, Mr. John Ernst, and Mrs. Susan Reichertor paid this office pleasant calls last week and investigated the new press.

Married: At the residence of the bride's parents in this city, Mr. John Nicewinter and Miss Lina Nouse. We wish the couple long life and prosperity.

The papers of Oskaloosa and this city are trying to work up ill feeling against County Attorney Gilluly. It appears that the papers think if they appeal to Attorney General Bradford they will find redress. We copy a closing paragraph of a communication of Hon. Linus S. Webb, of Topeka, the supposed home of Mr. Bradford, to show how things run there. Mr. Webb has been a resident of Kansas and Topeka for twenty-five years and knows whereof he speaks:

"But, cooling off, as it were, I desire to emphatically corroborate your informant's report, and to say that unadulterated grog, whisky, wine and beer was never more plentiful in Kansas and Topeka than it is to-day. I may be a liar and not a gentleman; but my scurrilous crank who denies your informant's statement and mine, is also a liar—and mark it down."

"The ancient democracy with its decenter and denizens becomes a model of human genius when compared with the dominant republicanism of Kansas to-day. Prohibition in this state is a living lie, a sickly abortion, a contemptible political expedient and moral heresy. And while you are discussing the matter over, don't forget that sickly sentimentality, lugubrious gush and downright lying constitute the political stock in trade of the blind, perverse, intolerant prohibition laws of Kansas."

You may stop the open sale of liquors, but so long as there is a demand there will be a supply, and you might as well try to convert infidels to Christianity by passing a law, as to try to make total abstainers of drunkards by the same process. When intoxicating liquors go out of a man's house of his own free will they will stay out, and not till then.

For Sale.

A perfectly new copy of Hitchcock's New and Complete Analysis of the Bible. 1159 octavo, double column pages. Includes Cruden's Concordance of the Bible, and pronouncing Dictionary of Scripture Proper names; Dictionary of Denominations; Library of the Bible, etc., etc. Newest style of binding—Morocco leather corners, gilt edges. This work is indispensable to every Free-thought lecturer and writer. Publisher's regular price, \$3.75. I will send this new copy, postage or express charges prepaid, for \$2.00. Order early if you want a bargain. Address, E. C. WARREN, Valley Falls, Kans.

TIME CARD.

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE WEST.			
California & Mexico Express & Mail	No. 1.	11:18 a m	
Colorado Express	No. 3.	11:26 p m	
Through Freight	No. 9.	10:03 p m	
Way Freight	No. 13.	9:58 a m	
GOING EAST.			
Atlantic Express	No. 2.	4:23 p m	
New York Express	No. 4.	4:29 a m	
Through Freight	No. 10.	3:15 p m	
Way Freight	No. 14.	9:58 a m	
KANSAS CENTRAL DIVISION U. P. R. R.			
GOING WEST.			
Passenger and Mail		12:51 p m	
Local Freight		8:59 a m	
GOING EAST.			
Passenger and Mail		11:00 a m	
Local Freight		8:15 p m	
Through tickets for sale, and baggage checked through to all points in the East & Missouri River Rates, H. D. Burts, Agent.			

A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY THE LATE HUGH CONWAY.

She shivered. Her mouth worked piteously. For a second a wild, joyful thought ran through the woman's mind—for a second only. "Do I judge you rightly?" he asked.

"I think so—but oh, Mr. Morille, I am so sorry for this."

Her recent left no doubt as to the genuineness of her regret. Had she wronged him to the greatest extent, it could not have been more real.

So like a man he took his answer. He rose. His face was pale, but then, a man's face is, so far as color goes, beyond his control. But his manner and words were his own bond-servants.

"We can still be friends?" he jerked out, in a very good imitation of his usual brisk manner.

"If you wish it," said Beatrice, quietly, almost humbly.

"Of course I wish it. By the way, will you wish me a pleasant holiday? I am going away next week. France, Switzerland, Rhine—all the rest of it."

Beatrice laid her hand on his arm. "Don't, please, speak like that; you make me miserable."

"Miserable?"

"Yes. Do you think a woman does not feel unhappy when she finds she cannot accept the love of a good man like yourself? Do you think she believes he goes from her side and forgets all that has happened? I don't think I am to blame, Mr. Morille, but anyway I feel miserable."

He took her hand. "No, you are not to blame. I was a fool. Never mind. I am a man, also. I really was going away next week, unless, of course, you would not let me come back. If I am not cured of my folly, I can at least promise that even you will not see any symptoms of disease. Good-bye."

He turned and left her. Even in his desolation he had the grain of comfort that he had not borne himself amiss. To Miss Clauson, at least, he must always stand far above his unfortunate name.

Still he was terribly upset. So much so that he walked to the end of the lane without remembering his tricycle, and was compelled to retrace his steps in order to recover his artificial means of propulsion. He felt this to be a peculiarly unfortunate incident, for, as he walked up to the house, he caught a glimpse of Beatrice standing in a pensive, thoughtful attitude, gazing out of one of the windows. Nevertheless he mounted his metal steed bravely and sped away.

By the unworldly emons of art, it seems to me that a rejected suitor is expected, if a horseman, to dash his spurs into his charger's flanks and gallop away, anywhere, anywhere—if a pedestrian, he should rush off in a frenzy, stride off with dignity, or lounge away with studied carelessness. The Reverend Sylvanus's manner of departure was certainly an impertinent invasion of comely lady's realm of tranquility. But in real life the two are always dreadfully mingled. Only in romances do we find them kept quite apart. This is not a romance.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. MILLER TAKES A HOLIDAY.

Mrs. Miller the respectable, middle-aged widow who had, in spite of her lack of properly authenticated service-testimonials, been installed in the place vacated by the nurse-girl whose amorous tendencies sent such a thrill through Hazelwood House, continued to give the greatest satisfaction. She was a living proof that a broom which swept clean when new, may continue to do so after the newness has departed. Moreover, Mrs. Miller was a broom which raised very little dust as it swept.

She was a pale-faced woman, with strongly-marked features. The nose was aquiline, the cheeks thin, almost hollow; the mouth and chin told of a certain force of character, the eyes were dark, and at times shone with peculiar brightness. In spite of the calm, methodical way in which she went about the place in discharge of her duties, one skilled in the study of the face would have said that this woman possessed a highly nervous temperament—that her quiet was but the result of years of self-control, that had she lacked that strong mouth and chin, Mrs. Miller's true nature would have shown itself at every hour of the day.

She was thin, and in the dark gowns which she invariably wore, looked almost ascetic. To men she presented few attractions. The under-gardener who had been reprimanded, and not dismissed, found the change of nurse a sorry one for him. Had he wished to do so I doubt if he put forward his servant as could have dared to put his arm round Mrs. Miller's master waist.

But her members liked her, Miss Clauson liked her, the boy liked her, and, above all, Whitaker liked her. This last was an important matter, as in the servants' hall Whitaker, by virtue of long service and irreproachable character, reigned supreme.

The new nurse was in many ways a servant after his own heart. She treated him with the respect which was his due, and neither by word nor action ridiculed his masters—their word common to nearly all the retainers of Hazelwood House. The only fault which Whitaker could find with Mrs.

Miller was on account of her religious sentiments.

For Whitaker was an intelligent man, who in his hours of leisure improved his mind. For theology he read good old-fashioned, one-sided works which proved beyond doubt that through the parish church lay the only road to heaven. Every one knows that it is delightful to give a new corner the benefit of one's own religious tenets—to point out where one is right and the other wrong. It was but natural that in a kindly paternal way Whitaker should take an early opportunity of ascertaining Mrs. Miller's orthodoxy.

He did this in the butler's pantry, whether she had one come on some errand. It was on a Monday, and Whitaker began by commenting on Mr. Morille's sermon of the preceding night. He little guessed what a storm his words would raise—how by sheer accident he had stumbled on a way of turning this calm-looking woman into a wild enthusiast. But he had, in fact, struck the fire from the flint.

She forgot all about her errand, and entered into religious discussion in a way that took the man's disputant's breath from him. She talked about selection and predestination—the utter inefficiency of works or faith to save—she pounded him with terrible texts which cut off the hope of mercy from all save the elect, until poor old Whitaker fairly gasped. His one-sided studies furnished no weapons with which to meet her vehement attack.

All he could do was to shake his head pitifully and sigh for the state of her mind. In this he was little different from many reputed teachers of men.

Suddenly, as if remembering where she was, Mrs. Miller grew calm; but evidently by a great effort of self-control. She even apologized for her excitement, which she hoped Mr. Whitaker would forget. Then she left him.

In his responsible position his first thought was that his masters ought to be informed of the heterodox views held by the nurse. But this seemed scarcely fair to the woman, who, in spite of all, went to church as regularly as the other servants. So he did not mention the matter to the Talbets, but overtook Mr. Morille as the latter was one day walking into the town, he, with all respect, told him what strange ideas Mrs. Miller held on religious subjects. This may seem presumption on Whitaker's part, but the truth is, that the dream of his life was, that had not fate made him a butler he might have been a clergyman. And a very imposing one he would doubtless have made.

"Ah!" said Morille. "Calvinism—dreary religion—most dismal and dreary of all."

The curate was rather short with Whitaker. He thought the old servant rather a nuisance and somewhat of a prig.

"Will you see her and talk to her, sir?" asked Whitaker, respectfully.

"No—Calvinists are incurable. But to please you, Whitaker, I'll preach to her some Sunday."

It may be presumed that Mrs. Miller did not fulfil her Calvinism upon Beatrice, as the latter seemed to find the new nurse perfectly suited to her duties. It was clear that Mrs. Miller had become strangely attached to her young mistress. Nothing seemed to give her such pleasure as performing any small personal service which Miss Clauson required. When Beatrice passed her, the woman's dark eyes followed her with an expression of almost dog-like affection. On her part, Beatrice treated the nurse with a consideration not always shown by the most amiable toward their servants. It was vaguely said among the household that Mrs. Miller, quiet as she was, had managed to get the length of Miss Clauson's foot.

Whether Mrs. Miller was unduly favored or not, things at Hazelwood House ran smoothly. Perhaps it was the perfect order in which the gear worked that induced the nurse to take a day's holiday.

It was the day after Mr. Morille had made and lost his venture. Horace and Herbert pottering about the gardens, saw the bright-haired boy going out in charge of the parlor-maid. This was an infraction of rules which could not be overlooked. They demanded the cause, and were told that Mrs. Miller had gone for a day's holiday.

Of course the brothers said no more, but upon seeing Beatrice they mentioned the matter to her. "Yes," she said, "I told her she might go for the day."

The Talbets were too polite to blame Beatrice in words, but a slight elevation of four eyebrows showed their owners' discontent. Beatrice, in giving a servant a holiday, had taken a liberty.

"Where has she gone?" asked Herbert, who liked to know that his servants were spending their time properly.

"To London, I suppose," said Beatrice, carelessly.

Now the way in which Mrs. Miller spent her holiday was as follows:—

She rose at an early hour and walked from Hazelwood House to the cross roads. Here she waited until the lumbering old-fashioned bus came in sight. She took a seat in it, and was in due time deposited at the Black-ton station. At Black-ton she took the train to Weymouth, which fashionable watering-place she reached about eleven o'clock.

It was, however, clear that she had not come here to enjoy a day at the seaside. Instead of going at once to the gay esplanade, she sought the shades of the general bathing-room—here she remained an hour.

She then embarked in another train; one that ran on a single line of railway—ran nearly the whole of its way with the sea on one side, and a mighty hill of smooth, rounded pebbles, known as the Chesil Beach, on the other, whilst in front of it loomed tall, serrated, precipitous cliffs, at the foot of which was its destination.

Mrs. Miller paid no attention to the natural scenery of the place. She stepped from the train and walked out of the little station in a methodical, business-like way. It was evident that the woman had not come so far on a mere pleasure jaunt.

It was a burning day. The sun shot down its rays fiercely on the treeless, sunbleached, barren island, or so-called island. Mrs. Miller's black garments seemed scarcely suitable to each weather—her frame certainly not strong enough to toil up those cliffs of oolite limestone which frowned down upon her. No wonder she turned to the cabstand. The

two of them whom which it drove were rickety old machines, but the horses which were between the shafts were strong ones. Horses need be strong to earn a living in this land.

She drove a bargain after the manner of her kind, then took her seat in one of the dusty vehicles. She was driven through the little gray town which lies at the foot of, and stretches a long way up the hill. The horse trotted up the steep street; on and on until the occupant of the cab looked down on the tops of the houses which she had just passed. Then a turn, and a bit of level ground, another turn and a steep hill; so on and on in a zigzag course until the table-land which lay at the top of Portland Island was somehow reached, an event which must have been grateful alike to the horse and the occupant of the cab, supposing the latter only possessed of nerves of ordinary strength and therefore apt to rebel against being drawn up hills as steep as the side of a house.

Some time before the cab reached the top of the cliffs it had at intervals passed gangs of men working by the roadside. At a distance these men looked little different from ordinary navvies, but a closer inspection showed that the garments of most of them consisted of a dark yellow jersey covered by a sleeveless jacket of light flannel or some such material. This jacket, moreover, was stamped in various places with the government broad arrow. Every man wore gaiters and a curious-shaped cap, under which no hair was visible. Occasionally one might be seen who moved with a certain stiffness in his gait, as if something which he would willingly have dispensed with restrained the natural elasticity of his lower limbs. Here and there the monotony of the attire was broken by the appearance of some who were dressed in blue instead of yellow; but taken altogether the dress, if comfortable and enduring, was scarcely one which a man being a free agent would choose for himself.

To be continued.

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