

# LUCIFER

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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WHOLE NO. 148.

### LUCIFER

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King of the giant form and iron hands!  
Who on the brow of this rude earth hath placed

A starry crown, and who hath richly graced  
Her bosom rude with jewels rare and grand!  
With all the splendors of thy magic wand—  
Still, like some poor, paltry slave thou'rt beat—

Starved, naked, trembling to thy tyrants' feet—

Most wretched, abject thing in all the land!

Rise in thy manhood! lift thy great, broad brow!

This Moloch, whose insatiate, ravening maw

That never yet hath known another law

But vile aggrandizement of self! Ay, now  
Rise! Thou'rt earth's king! And dash him from on high,

And rule o'er all, as thou shouldst, 'neath the sky!

EDMUND MONTAGUE  
In Lucifer Jan. 29.

#### THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND WOMEN.

BY MRS. E. CADY STANTON.

[Republished from the Index, Boston.  
Continued from Apr. 9th.]

Having decided that she was the author of sin and the medium through whom the devil would effect the downfall of the Church, godly men logically inferred that the greater the distance between themselves and all womankind, the nearer they were to God and heaven. With this idea, they fought against all woman's influence, both good and evil. At one period, they crucified all natural affections for mother, sister, wife and daughter, and continued a series of persecutions that blackened the centuries with the most horrible crimes.

This more than any other one influence was the cause of that general halt in civilization, that retrogressive movement of the Dark Ages, for which no historian has satisfactorily accounted. At no period of the world was the equilibrium of the masculine and feminine elements of humanity so disturbed. The result was moral chaos, —just what would occur in the material world, if it were possible to destroy the equilibrium of the positive and negative electricity or of the centripetal and centrifugal force.

For the supposed crimes of heresy and witchcraft, hundreds of women endured such persecutions and tortures that the most stolid historians are said to have wept in recording them; and no one can read them to day but with a bleeding heart. And, as the Christian Church grew stronger, woman's fate grew more helpless. Even the Reformation and Protestantism brought no relief, the clergy being all along their most bitter persecutors, the inventors of the most infernal tortures. Hundreds and hundreds of fair young girls, innocent as the angels in heaven, hundreds and hundreds of old women, weary and trembling with the burdens of life, were hunted down by emissaries of the church, dragged into the courts with the ablest judges and lawyers of England, Scotland and America on the bench, and tried for crimes that never existed but in the wild, fanatical imaginations of religious devotees. Women were accused of consorting with devils and perpetuating their diabolical propensities. Hundreds of these children of hypothetical origin were drowned, burned, and tortured in the presence of their mothers, to add to their death agonies. These things were not done by savages or pagans; they were done by the Christian Church. Neither were they confined to the Dark Ages, but

permitted by law in England far into the eighteenth century. The clergy everywhere sustained witchcraft as Bible doctrine, until the spirit of rationalism laughed the whole thing to scorn, and science gave mankind a more cheerful view of life.

So large a place has the nature and position of woman occupied in the councils of the Church that the Rev. Charles Kingsley facetiously remarked that the Christian Church was swamped by hysteria from the third to the sixteenth century. Speaking of witchcraft, Lecky says the Reformation was the signal for a fresh outburst of superstition in England; and there as elsewhere, its decline was represented by the clergy as the direct consequence and the exact measure of the progress of religious scepticism. In Scotland, where the reformed ministers exercised greater influence than in any other country, and where the witch trials fell almost entirely into their hands, the persecution was proportionately atrocious. Probably the ablest defender of the belief was Glanyll, a clergyman of the English Establishment; and one of the most influential was Baxter, the greatest of the puritans. It spread with Puritanism into the New World, and the executions in Massachusetts form one of the darkest pages in American history. The greatest religious leader of the last century, John Wesley, was among the latest of its supporters. He said giving up witchcraft was giving up the Bible. Scepticism on the subject of witches first rose among those who were least governed by the Church, advanced with the decline of the influence of the clergy, and was commonly branded by them as a phase of infidelity.

One remarkable fact stands out in the history of witchcraft; and that is, its victims were chiefly women. Scarce one wizard to a hundred witches was ever burned or tortured. Although the ignorance and crimes of the race have ever fallen mostly on woman, yet in the general process of civilization she has had some share. As man became more enlightened, she of necessity enjoyed the results; but to no form of popular religion has woman ever been indebted for one pulsation of liberty. Obedience and subjection have been the lessons taught her by all alike.

(Continued.)

#### STATE SOCIALISM AND ANARCHISM.

The following article was set up for last issue but was crowded out of the forms:

EDWARD LUCIFER: I have long believed that state socialism and genuine anarchism are reconcilable. In the last Lucifer you have a clause which blends the two, or else needs explanation:

"When D. M. Bennett sent a proscribed book through the mails he was an anarchist—he disobeyed the law of a robber government, while he himself invaded the rights of no one."

If we regard the mail system as a public institution, available to all alike, we must recognize the necessity for a state to administer its affairs so as to reach every point with its benefits.

If we leave the mail service to be performed by autonomous combinations; or if we regard the existing mail system as a combination organized and supported by a large number of people, we cannot complain that such combination refuses to carry any objectionable package. D. M. Bennett might have carried his book to its destination. But if he submits it to others he must abide by their regulations. If he does not he is the invader.

A mail system is not a gift of nature. Only

by looking upon it as a public function to serve all alike, can we regard Mr. Bennett as being oppressed.

Government did wrong to imprison Mr. Bennett, but that was a result of prohibiting his book, by a law that can be abolished without destroying the state or null system.

LUCIFER refers to Paine as being a true anarchist. State Socialists, wish no better authority than Paine, who repeatedly mentions the society wants which the individual cannot supply.

The mills, railroads, telegraphs, streets, gas and water, are materials which competition has proved a damage to the people. They are distinctly public matters. I never saw a state socialist who would force into public hands any industry not recognized by nearly all people as a public affair.

State Socialism will be introduced in a way that anarchists will endorse. Local municipalities will gradually take up street cars, gas and steam heating; contracts on public works will be abolished. Capitalists will be deposed one by one, and may fight if they wish.

ZENO.

#### REMARKS.

We certainly have no objection to seeing "State Socialism" reconciled to "genuine Anarchy," provided the pliyal principle of Integral Individualism be preserved. When friend Zeno accomplishes this reconciliation we think he will find but little left that can rightly be named State Socialism. It will be socialism—or rather co-operation—with the authoritative state left out. The state will then be eliminated, or will have become a "rudimentary organ," because no longer useful.

In the case of Bennett, we would say that he was justified in ignoring the "regulations" of the State socialistic mail service because these regulations deprived him of his equal right to such service. The theory of the government is that all shall have equal rights to the service that all are compelled to pay for. The P. O. Department discriminated against Bennett in favor of the Y. M. C. A., and when it did so, it ceased to be the equal servant of the whole people. If the Y. M. C. A., on getting control of the P. O. Department, had offered to pay Mr. Bennett for his interest in this State Socialistic concern, and had agreed to release him (Bennett, and all who like him, protested against such discrimination) from all obligation to help support the old P. O. Department, then said department would have ceased to be State Socialistic, and Bennett would have been morally and legally bound to "abide by the regulations" of the Y. M. C. A., else get his mail carried by some other Company. And if none of the existing companies would carry "Cupid's Yokes" then he would have been reduced to the necessity of "carrying his book to its destination" himself or send it by private messenger. It is quite safe to assume, however, that free competition, with the governmental factor left out, would soon have solved the difficulty.

While it is true that Mr. Paine repeatedly "mentions the society wants which the individual cannot supply" we do not understand that he considered a government of force necessary to supply these wants. But if it were true that we should be compelled to do without some of the conveniences that authoritative government brings we should still say, Better to endure a little privation and self-denial in this regard rather than submit to the despoticisms inherent in and inseparable from the State-Governmental machine.

II.

They Dare Not Reason.

EDITORS OF THE LIGHT-BEARER: Friends of progress, my whole heart is in the work of human re-

demption from the false systems, society corruptions, unjust settlements and limitations. Fear and superstition brood over the human race, they dare not reason or question these man-made laws. The greatest perversion of nature, licensed crime, evils of every

form, exist and multiply under the cloak of religion and legality. To strike at the root of human misery is to war with the church and its holy institutions.

But war is already declared. The growing intelligence of the age demand a change and it must and will come. Woe be to him who stands in the way of the toiling millions. Their's is the cause of God and Justice. Woman will yet stand side by side with brother man, his equal before the law. She will abolish herself, then the false system of marriage will be known no more. In this, and in an enlightened understanding of the laws of reproduction, lies the hope of the world, and elevation of the human race. I extend the hand of fellowship to all workers in the field of progress. Best wishes for your success in the work. Your friend, E. M. G.

GENEVA, OHIO, MARCH 1, 1880.

#### Worth Studying.

MR. LIGHT-BEARER: I was very glad to see in your columns a short time since, a notice of "Dr. Foote's Health Monthly," which is worthy of all, and much more than all that you have said or can say in its favor.

And now I would like to see in your columns a notice of his "Plain Home Talk," embracing "Medical Common Sense," a book of 930 pages, and worth more than its weight in gold to all young as well as older people who can read, appreciate and practice its teachings, for it would lead them in the path of health to a happy longevity, worth more than gold. These two publications should be in every family and school. If they were, and their teachings practiced for a hundred years, there would be a race of people beside which the present race would look like dwarfs, spindling, sickly pygmies.

If these publications could have taken the place of the bibles 500 years ago, and clergymen understanding the laws of generation, life and health, had always been as zealous in teaching their truths as they have been in teaching the bibles we should not hear physicians say that half the children born die before their tenth year, and men and women over a hundred years old, would be more numerous than those of sixty are now. There is nothing in either of these publications but what every child should know by the time he or she is 11 years old. I knew of no reading that I could more heartily recommend as a household or school book, and would rejoice to see them take the place of the bibles everywhere. Amen! Beliah J. HACKER.

P. S. The monthly is only 50 cents a year, and the book \$1.50, and may be had of Dr. Foote, N. Y. City.

THE MORMON TROUBLE.

One way of disposing of the Mormon trouble is to permit the people of Utah to organize their territory into a State, and then regulate their social relations to suit themselves. For our part, we do not believe that God made the first woman, Eve, out of a rib of the first man, Adam, and gave her to him as a wife. We do not believe that the Almighty has ever established on this little one-horse planet any particular marriage law. Hence, we think that in a free republic like ours, all men and women of legal age should have the right to form whatever sexual relations they may think is best calculated to promote their mutual happiness.—Socialist.

# LUCIFER

VALLEY FALLS, KAN., May 7, 1883.

MOSES HARMAN & E. C. WALKER  
EDITORS.

M. HARMAN AND GEO. S. HARMAN  
PUBLISHERS.

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Liberty and Responsibility the only Basis  
of Morality.

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## Local Briefs.

"A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass  
and a rod for the fool's back."—Ancient Proverb.

We are all fools, more or less pronounced,  
and the rod of "dear experience" is often  
necessary to beat a little sense into our nod-  
dles. For practical illustration of the truth  
of this, *ridicule* current events in and about  
Valley Falls.

Whilo strikers, boycotts and lockouts  
prevail to an alarming extent over the land  
we are glad to note that nothing of the kind  
has yet afflicted Valley Falls. Labor of all  
kinds seems to be in brisk demand, and, all  
things considered, is receiving fair compen-  
sation.

The Junior returned on Wednesday of this  
week, from a three weeks' trip extending as  
far west as Coolidge, on the main Santa Fe  
line, and as far south as Arkansas City on  
the southern branch. Some account of this  
tour is given in his Journeys published  
in this and last issue.

## DEFERRED.

Among deferred articles is one from Wm. Holmes severely criticizing the attitude of  
Lucifer toward the "Internationals"—the  
Socialists, of New York and Chicago. We  
shall probably find room for it next week.  
We have also accepted articles from Moses,  
Lloyd, Hutchinson, Zeno, Markland, Cook,  
Fowler and several others that will appear as  
soon as practicable.

The continuation of the discussion on-  
titled "Christianity vs. Liberalism,"  
though partly in type, has been crowded  
out of this issue.

## Good Words from Virginia.

MESSES HARMAN & WALKER: Please find \$1  
to go on Lucifer as far as it will. The angel  
Gabriel has visited me a number of times  
this and the year past, and told me to send  
\$1.00 for the Non-conformist a year, but  
these dollars have been so hard to get, I  
have put Gabriel off for a more convenient  
time.

Now I find that the Presbyterian devil has  
been out there in Kansas and put you up to  
send me a copy of Lucifer, which has tempt-  
ed me to start out fishing, with the hope of  
finding a fish with a dollar in its mouth for  
you, but I am awfully afraid I shall get neither  
fish nor dollar. These are degenerate  
times I can assure you. In 1863 I came into  
Virginia. I found a truly Christian people—  
all, every one, horse traders, profane swear-  
ers, dishonest rascals that never paid a debt  
in their lives, ready to fight at once all who  
disbelieved in the divine inspiration of the  
Bible, and the positive truth and infallibility  
of "our religion," when I would differ from  
them on any point get angry, call me horri-  
ble infidel and threaten fight. Many Truth  
Seekers and other papers and books have  
they got me, some by lying and fraud, and  
burned them for Christ's sake. For ten years  
all manner of abuse was heaped upon me,  
but, thank God, it has all "dried up" and I am  
treated civilly and fairly, and am sure to be  
called upon in crowds to explain some relig-  
ious problem, give my views, &c., and am  
listened to candidly and treated with respect;  
and when I give out Truth Seekers, John  
Swinton, Spiritual Offering, Freethinkers'  
Magazine, they want more of them; I think  
before the year is out I shall be able to get a  
number of subscribers for T. S., John Swinton,  
or perhaps a devil or two will subscribe  
for Lucifer.

All here, even the leaders in religion and  
God-in-the-constitution temperance party  
that has just carried the election, admit that  
these are degenerate times, a falling from  
grace, and nothing but civil law can save  
them. If you should like to hear from this portion  
of Virginia from time to time, I shall be  
glad to send you what may be of general inter-  
est, &c. Yours respectfully,  
J. M. Barnes.

## THE CHICAGO RIOTS.

Again has the cause of Labor—the cause of Freedom and of  
justice—been betrayed and crucified in the house of its professed  
friends. The so-called Socialists—the self-styled Anarchists of  
Chicago, have precipitated a "reign of terror" in that city. While calling  
themselves Anarchists their acts prove them to be the exact  
opposite. Instead of Anarchists they have shown themselves to be  
Archists of the most rabid and dangerous kind. If we must submit to Archism—to despotism—we much prefer that such despotism  
should take the form of an organized government, even though that government be administered in the interest of a band of robbers—rather than that we should fall into the hands of an unorganized despotism a mob—such as wrecked buildings and destroyed life in Chicago a few days ago.

The time for the rightful use of the dynamite bomb in America has not yet arrived, and it is sincerely to be hoped will never arrive. With Wendell Phillips we can say, "If we now lived in Russia we should be a Nihilist. But so long as free speech and free press is allowed we have no use for dynamite as a revolutionary weapon. But the Socialists of Chicago are not true Nihilists," they are not true Socialists—least of all are they true Anarchists. The Nihilists of Russia were careful not to hurt innocent persons, and they made no war upon buildings or other property. Webster defines Socialism thus:

"A theory of society which advocates a more precise, orderly and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed."

Is this what the Chicago strikers are seeking to accomplish? If so then all must agree that their methods thus far have not been well adapted to secure the desired end.

The pivotal principle of Anarchism, as often explained in these columns, is Negation or Denial of the right of Governments to invade the personal and property rights of the individual citizen. But this is just what the archistic mob of Chicago undertook to do. The right to "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" guarantees or includes the right of the laborer to work for whom and at what wages he chooses, under the law of free contract. But the archistic mob denied this right to "non-union men"—the "scabs" as they were called. The buildings wrecked by these archistic strikers are seeking to accomplish by the labor of their fellow workmen—then why should laborers join hands to destroy the fruits of labor? Would it not be better to organize peaceful agencies to reclaim those buildings from the control of capitalists who now use them as instruments of oppression to those whose labor built them?

The saddest feature or outcome of this week's bloody work in Chicago will be that it will help to postpone to an indefinite period the emancipation of labor from the despotism of aggregated capital. Public sentiment had for some time been setting in the right direction. Vanderbiltism, Gouldism and McCormickism were fast becoming odious, and there was a fair prospect that through peaceful combinations their power for evil could be broken. Now, all this, for a time at least, will be changed. Labor has clearly put itself in the wrong and will have to bear the consequences.

The readers of Lucifer will bear us witness that we have constantly warned the labor organizations that such would be the result of precipitating a bloody conflict between strikers and police, or between union and non-union men. And judging from past experience, the capitalistic press will not do us the justice to give us credit for these warnings. On the contrary, they and their readers will insist that the Chicago riots are the legitimate outgrowth of teachings such as we have promulgated through these columns, ignoring the patent fact that we stand as did Paine in revolutionary Paris, the uncompromising opponent of the privileged despots of the old regime, on the one hand, and of the vengeful, leveling archists of the new, on the other.

## NOTES.

As a recent illustration of the de-  
moralizing effect of the Christian  
scheme of atonement, I take the  
case of Wilson, a negro, hanged in  
Missouri two or three weeks ago for  
the peculiarly deliberate and atrocious  
murder of his companion, of whom  
he was jealous. On the scaffold, among  
other things, he said: "I am the sorriest man to day living on  
the globe; but not because I  
must die—not at all—but for the  
one who is gone, for whom I pay  
the death penalty. I am sorry for  
her because she had no chance, as  
I have, for eternity."

No emphasis could add aught to the terrible import of these words. Read them, Christian divines, and blush for your creed. It was your creed that led this ignorant creature to believe that, because he had given his victim "no chance" when he shot her down, therefore, his god should give her "no chance" in the hereafter. It was your creed that had filled his brain with the poisonous thought that it was better to be a murderer than to be murdered; that taught him to measure the transient pains of the "death penalty" against the infinite agonies of an unending hell; it was your creed that taught him to say that he hoped god would bless the young men present "as he has blessed me."

How had god blessed this murderer? Why, by making him a murderer, and thus giving him a "chance" to repent and be saved, while his victim, not having any "chance" to repent, as she had murdered no one, plunges straight to hell. Did you make a remark to the effect that no one's life would be safe were it not for the "Christian civilization?" I am aiming this interrogatory at you, Rev. C. B. Taylor of the Congregational Church of Valley Falls.

Some tender-hearted Liberals are much hurt by the *Truth Seeker* pictures. No doubt Mr. Heston's cartoon in the May 1 issue will shock the good people. In the lower part of the picture we see a jail, a scaffold, and upon the latter stands the condemned criminal, his legs and arms pinioned, and the rope around his neck. Back of him stands the sheriff, black cap in hand. In front of him is the robed priest, the crucifix in his right hand, the outstretched index finger of his left pointing upward. This is Scene 1st, the Departure.

Scene 2nd, the Arrival (15 minutes later) occupies the upper part of the page. Angels are greeting the "late lamented" of earth. Their wings are full size, while those of the new member of the choir celestial are just sprouting from his shoulders. One white-garmented and aureole-crowned being holds him a harp and another puts upon his head a halo, while Guiteau comes with a wreath in his hand. Rugg, the negro wife-murderer, is playing upon his harp and the recording angel is registering the name of the new arrival, who, but for the whiteness of his face, might reasonably be supposed to be the late Mr. Willson of Missouri.

Now, I respectfully say to Mr. Luse, Mrs. Lenox and all others who object to cartooning the absurdities and barbarities of the old faith, that so long as Christianity shall give birth to such monstrous immorality as those mouthed by Wilson and hundreds of other criminals, and which have abundant sanction in the Bible and in the creeds of most of the churches, every weapon of satire, sarcasm, ridicule and caricature is legitimate, and perfectly proper to be used, and therefore I heartily exclaim, Clearness to the eye, fertility to the artistic imagination and skill to the hand of Watson Heston, and may his tribe increase!

And here is another opportunity for Heston or some other fearless foe of cant and claptrap. "The Badge-Pin Man" reports that in the 310th meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club, Prof. Van Buren Denslow said:

"The moment civilization begins,

specimens of fossil logic ever dug out of the oldest stratas of college learning. The whole being composed of the parts, the only way to increase the magnitude of the whole is to decrease the size of the parts! Wheh! You might as well say that curtailing the happiness of individuals is the proper way to augment the happiness of the aggregate of men and women; that the nearer starved the units are the better fed society will be; that the shorter the lives of individuals are the longer the average of human life will be, and so on to the end of the chapter of absurdities, not one of which is more absurd than the last part of Prof. Denslow's statement. The Prof. missed his place in the world; he should have been a Jesuit, in name and calling, as he is in fact.

Contrawise, the only way to preserve the liberties of the whole is to jealously guard the liberties of the individuals. Give us free men and women, and society will take care of itself.

In the May number of the Forum is found a discussion of the Labor Question, between W. A. Croft and L. F. Post, in which the latter champions the side of labor. I have space here to notice but one statement of Mr. Post's. Mr. Croft had said that while laborers had a right to stop working, they had no right to prevent others from working, and must not interfere with general liberty in any other way. To this Mr. Post unmercifully rejoins:

"Such an objection to strikes can be mooted only for the sake of debate. There are no facts to make it a practical question. Neither intimidation nor violence is a feature of modern strikes."

Next to abolition of Marriage the best remedy would be polygamy. What wonder that women become converts to Mormonism when they see the prospects of dividing their torture with four or five others, thus lightening it! Hail Mormonism the emancipator! if we must have marriage!

Believers never reflect what must precede belief in God, viz: Faith in the writer of the account of God. A prophet says: "I speak the word of God." How do we know? Any one may utter the words. But the Christian reasons in a circle; God exists because the bible says so. God wrote the bible because he says so in the bible.

I dislisp both the writer and his alleged principal, and will give quotations to support my contempt:

"For Pekah slew in Judah a hundred and twenty thousand in one day, all valiant men, because they had forsaken the Lord God of their fathers."—II. Chron. xxvii: 6. That is, in Pekah's opinion they had gone astray. All liberal people will abhor Pekah.

But what a whopper! Ten hours per day at killing would be hard work even if the victims were docile to the Lord's butcher. Twelve thousand per hour; two hundred per minute! It could not be done.

God's chosen people, "a holy people unto the Lord," were so weak that they could not resist the religion of adjacent nations, (probably better religions) as they stood still weekly while God took their lives. I'll wager that their heathen neighbors had no such record.

That Moses' laws were frauds and vile rubbish I prove by quoting a few of them: "Ye shall not eat of anything that dieth of itself: thou shalt give it unto the stranger that is within thy gates that he may eat it; or thou mayest sell it unto an alien; for thou art a holy people unto the Lord thy God."—Deut. xiv: 21. "Love ye the stranger."—x: 10, and proye your love by feeding him decayed meat.

I have tidings for the wicked small boy. Sunday school papers have maligned him long enough with tales of robbing bird's nests, which the other good small boy who died, would not do. God authorizes robbing bird's nests. If you see a bird sitting upon her eggs or young birds, "thou" shall let the dam go, and take the young to thee; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days."—Deut. xxxi: 7.

No wonder the good boy died young, the result of letting birds nests alone. Why not take the dam? Because thought Moses, she can fly away in spite of God. Christians please read your bible and be disgusted.

ZENO.

IN RATA.

In the first line of the last paragraph of first column, 2d page of last issue, for "3d Apr" read 3d Ave, 2d line of same, substitute point for "joint."

Dr. Kingets Medical Good Sense For sale at this office. Price \$1.50.

It was the same god who created some enemies to Samson, so that when he lost wiser he could kill them, take their garments, and pay their losses. It is to be hoped that the supply of enemies held out so long as Samson was disposed to make bets.

"Holbow letters used for numbers were easily mistaken for one another." This gives away the whole idea of inspiration. For if God cannot stand by his work and see it safely through a translation, he cannot expect me to respect it. He created me a Yankee, yet I perish because his only reliable word is in Hebrew.

"Moses and Samson were sheriffs to carry out God's designs." If I believed in a God I would not thus insult him.

"The bible does not anywhere state that a man can have two fathers, as asserted by Zeno."

If the words: "Jesus Christ, the son of David;" and "conceived by the Holy Ghost," do not imply as much, then language is gibberish. "Son of God, asserts still another father; but Holy Ghost and Father are one, yet are two; son makes three, yet all are one; but David and the trinity are at least two. In approving Samson's act of killing men guilty of no crime, John Smith answers his last question himself. I am an enemy of the God of John and R. Smith, or would be if he existed. Belief in him caused "H. M. L." who wrote to Mrs. Wilkins, to be oppressed. He gave us the holy rite of marriage. "H. M. L." suffers under it, and God gives her husband the right to make her suffer. Just reflect, the sufferings of "H. M. L." are according to custom. Not a transient, painful emergency, but a permanent horrible institution ordained by God.

Next to abolition of Marriage the best remedy would be polygamy. What

wonder that women become converts to Mormonism when they see the prospects of dividing their torture with four or five others, thus lightening it! Hail Mormonism the emancipator!

Believers never reflect what must precede belief in God, viz: Faith in the writer of the account of God. A prophet says: "I speak the word of God." How do we know? Any one may utter the words. But the Christian reasons in a circle; God exists because the bible says so. God wrote the bible because he says so in the bible.

I dislisp both the writer and his alleged principal, and will give quotations to support my contempt:

"For Pekah slew in Judah a hundred and twenty thousand in one day, all valiant men, because they had forsaken the Lord God of their fathers."—II. Chron. xxvii: 6. That is, in Pekah's opinion they had gone astray. All liberal people will abhor Pekah.

But what a whopper! Ten hours per day at killing would be hard work even if the victims were docile to the Lord's butcher. Twelve thousand per hour; two hundred per minute! It could not be done.

God's chosen people, "a holy people unto the Lord," were so weak that they could not resist the religion of adjacent nations, (probably better religions) as they stood still weekly while God took their lives. I'll wager that their heathen neighbors had no such record.

That Moses' laws were frauds and vile rubbish I prove by quoting a few of them: "Ye shall not eat of anything that dieth of itself: thou shalt give it unto the stranger that is within thy gates that he may eat it; or thou mayest sell it unto an alien; for thou art a holy people unto the Lord thy God."—Deut. xiv: 21. "Love ye the stranger."—x: 10, and proye your love by feeding him decayed meat.

I have tidings for the wicked small boy. Sunday school papers have maligned him long enough with tales of robbing bird's nests, which the other good small boy who died, would not do. God authorizes robbing bird's nests. If you see a bird sitting upon her eggs or young birds, "thou" shall let the dam go, and take the young to thee; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days."—Deut. xxxi: 7.

No wonder the good boy died young, the result of letting birds nests alone. Why not take the dam? Because thought Moses, she can fly away in spite of God. Christians please read your bible and be disgusted.

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### The Population Question.

**Editor LUCIFER:** In your last issue W. makes some statements about Malthusianism, which I cannot permit to pass unchallenged.

Malthusianism is that economic theory which teaches that population tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence, and that were it not for wars, pestilence, crime and other checks, the world would become so densely populated, that perpetual famine would be inevitable, and that the present misery of the masses of the people is due to their too great numbers, causing them to press too closely upon the means of support. Now I do not propose to discuss whether over-population is or is not a possible phenomenon as regards the future of the human race (all the arguments in its favor are drawn from analogies between mankind and the lower animals), that we may safely leave to our successors to decide—but will come directly to the questions as to whether we are suffering from over population now, and whether we of the working classes have anything to gain by a decrease in numbers.

First we have to notice that the cry of over-population is nearly always accompanied by that of over-production. We have too many people, and too much food and clothing. The markets are so overcrowded that the mills have to remain idle, and the stock can not be gotten rid of, because the idle people cannot buy. From time to time, too, we here in the cities of the east, hear that the farmers of the west are using their corn for fuel, because they cannot obtain a remunerative price for it, we hear of the miners in Pennsylvania being locked out, because the operators have more coal on hand than is sufficient to meet the demands, and we are locked out of the factories without either corn or coal. Now here are three classes of industrious men, each willing and able to produce what the others desire, and yet all three languish in misery. Is it not evident that the trouble is not over-population, but the want of freedom to produce and to exchange their products? No one who examines the question carefully, can fail to find that the civilized world is producing at the present time far more than enough food to maintain all its members in comfort.

Thorold Rogers has shown by an exhaustive comparison of the wages paid to labor and the prices of provisions that the English workman was far better off at the close of the feudal period than at any time before or since. Yet it is since then that all our machinery has been developed, and it is not too much to say that the capacity of production per worker has been increased a hundred fold. How then is the present misery to be explained? How will the advocates of over-production account for it? It is not sufficient to say that the population is many times greater, because the productive capacity of that population has increased in a still greater ratio. Possibly a false economic system, and not over-population is to blame; possibly the workers at the close of the feudal period were happy, not because they were few in number, but because the feudal system having broken down and the new commercial one not having arisen, they received a greater share of the products of their labor than at any previous or succeeding time.

France began to practice Malthusianism before Malthus gave his wonderful discovery to the world. France, then, ought to be happy, but in defiance of Malthus she refuses to be. Fifty-one thousand houses in the country districts with no other openings than the door, (see Liebknecht's *Grund und Bodenfrage*) does not seem to the French people,—restless wretches that they are,—sufficient reward for the practice of the two children system for a century, and so their leaders to quiet them, have periodically to resort to blood letting, and the world is informed that socialism is once more drowned in the blood of its defenders. Ireland, too, though its people have not followed Malthus' maxims, ought to share the benefits of his system, for the population is no larger than a century ago; but strange to say it does not,—perhaps this is due to Celtic perversity?

Buckle undertook to show, and I think he succeeded, that fertile countries are the seats of the greatest misery. Fertile countries being the most densely populated, he took this to be a demonstration of the truth of Malthus' views; but there is nothing in the law (?) of population to explain why a fertile country should become more miserable than a barren one. The fact that it is so shows there is another cause at work. Had Buckle been as familiar with the law of wages, as with the so-called law of population, he

could not have failed to recognize that cause.

Of course it is true that, other things being equal, a man with but a small family dependent on him, will live in greater comfort than one with a large family. But this is simply because while his expenses are lighter, his wages are as high as the average, and the average wages are determined by the cost of living for any great length of time, without exterminating the people, nor can they be governed by competition in the presence of monopoly of the land and means of production, rise much above it. If then the people at large follow the example of the "virtuous and economical," the latter will cease to derive any benefit from their "virtue and economy" because the average cost of living being lowered, whilst competition between the laborers, monopoly of the means of production and exchange remain, wages must inevitably fall. "But," the Malthusian may say, "the number of laborers being lessened, the competition will be less bitter, and therefore the wages will not fall." Not so, just in proportion as the population is reduced so will the market be reduced and the competition will therefore be just as great, and even were this not so, as in the case of that other quack remedy, the eight hour scheme, we would simply hasten the introduction of improved labor-saving machinery and so create a new overpopulation.

I do not wish to be construed as speaking in favor of large families and against small ones. I believe that once the industrial revolution is accomplished small families will ensue as a natural consequence, if for no other reason than that revolution has as a necessary corollary the emancipation of woman. But at present society is so monstrously constituted that any partial reform only makes matters worse. Society, industry, economy, the introduction of labor-saving machinery, all things which in a normal state ought to be blessings to humanity, tend now in the presence of monopoly to its enslavement, by lessening the cost of living and so leaving a larger surplus to the ruling classes. The interests of the individual and of society should be in harmony with each other; but under existing conditions they are more often antagonistic. It is impossible for the toilers as a class to elevate themselves without destroying the present industrial system, and when the individual workingman rises he does so at the expense of his fellows.

W. says the Malthusians are generally labor-reformers. I can call to mind but two, himself and Annie Besant, and both are on a transition stage. If Malthus be right, then allow misery comes from overpopulation, and it is illogical to seek for any other remedy, so that Malthusians who become labor-reformers tacitly confess that he is in error. If socialism be right, then the existing evils, overpopulation included are due to the mal-organization of society, and will disappear with the introduction of proper conditions. The choice is between Malthus and the Social Revolution! They are irreconcileable!

John F. Kelly.

Hoboken, N. J. April 4-'86

### REMARKS.

All my critics, seemingly, lose sight of the fact that I was not maintaining that the limitation of offspring to two or less would, *in itself*, destroy the social evils of our time, but that, when men shall have attained to the degree of intelligence necessary to enable them to realize the duty of such limitation, they will have developed the sense needed to destroy these evils and to establish a society based upon freedom and justice. The point is right here, and I shall not, because I cannot permit either Mr. Kelley or Miss Kelley, to ignore it.

As Anarchists, we believe and teach that all reform comes through the individual, that the ascendant of character and intellect is supreme in all evolutionary development. Individual initiative is primary, and nothing is accomplished by or for the Society which has not begun by the Person. What effect a universal reduction of the size of families would have upon wages is not the first consideration, properly. We must deal with the facts as we find them, and the laboring man must first attend to his own personal duties. He finds himself so circumstanced that he can comfortably feed, clothe, shelter and educate so many children. Now it is only criminal folly for him to become the father of double that number, simply because wages will be reduced in a like ratio if

every other laborer begets no more children than he can care for as he ought. We are individualists, demanding individual rights and teaching individual duties. We are

in and of the present, we have to adjust ourselves in a degree to our environments if we are to create better ones for our children; the question is, how many little ones can we keep from hunger and cold, not how many could we shelter and train in an age in which labor received all of its own. We are living in the Now, not in the To Be, and the To Be can never come if we burden ourselves so that we have neither the time to read nor the strength to think. I wish to repeat with all possible emphasis that the man whose earnings, whether as wage worker or farmer, are sufficient for the nurture of three children only *under present conditions*, is either an imbecile or a criminal, a cruel invader of the rights of helpless innocence, if he becomes the father of six. This talk about "the iron law of wages" is not germane to the question at all. He is the victim of an iniquitous system? Unreservedly granted, but never lose sight of the fact that the system exists because the mass of mankind has been and is composed of just such reckless, hap-hazard, let's-have-the-fun-and-to-hell-with-the-results sort of people. The laboring man is compelled to run the race with the capitalist on a circular track, and he has always to take the outside, and shall he voluntarily handicap himself with an extra weight of one hundred pounds? No, not if he has one grain of sense. On the contrary, he will strip himself for the race, seeking to make use of every possible advantage. In this time of mighty conflict between monopoly and justice the laboring man who has a larger family than he can train into intelligent, useful servants of the Right; the laboring man who gets drunk; the laboring man who is recklessly extravagant, is a traitor to the sacred cause of human brotherhood, for he cripples or utterly destroys his powers of usefulness. I am not moralizing from the standpoint of the middle-class spoilers, I am simply speaking the words of warning and of prudence to my fellow-workers.

Mr. Kelley must not forget that in the country districts of France, where there are so many houses with no other opening than the door, a fact made so much of by himself, and by Miss Kelley in her criticism of me in *Liberty*, the Church possesses very much of her old-time power, and she has exerted all of her authority against the practice by her children of the principles of Malthus. The result is that the birth-rate is relatively much higher in the country districts than in the cities, and into the cities presses the surplus population of the Church-cursed, Anti-Malthusian districts. Besides this, the French people, in spite of their unfortunate thirst for military glory, have, by keeping the number of non-producers relatively small, and improving the stock by adding to the population a few children only and these born of parents of ripened intellects and mature physical forces, have had time for mental improvement, and hence they, more quickly and effectively than any other modern people, resent invasions of their rights and have a higher ideal of social and industrial life. It will not avail to say that this restlessness under oppression is due to race only, for we have but to cast our vision backward to the time just preceding the Revolution of '89, and we shall find a generation of the same race which was trampled and submissive under the tyranny of State, Church and nobility.

Mr. Kelley's citation of Ireland as an example of practical Malthusianism, is faulty, logically considered, for that people has not practiced it, and hence have not received the benefits flowing from such self-denial and prudence. The population of Ireland has been kept down, it is true, but only through the operation of the "positive check" of English tyranny, not by the "prudential check" of family limitation. Here, again Mr. Kelley shows us that he entirely misses the point of my argument, which is that the man who has the practical wisdom to limit the number of his family to correspond with the means which he has for supporting that family, is far more likely to possess the intelligence necessary

to enable him to help better the condition of all men, than is the man who does not possess such practical wisdom.

There is something by which to explain the fact that there is more misery in fertile than in barren countries, and that something is the law of heredity. Men living where they must economize every small gift of nature, every little product of human labor, naturally learn habits of thrift, and these habits become hereditary in the race. It is often truthfully said that a western farmer wastes as much in a year as would be necessary to support a New Hampshire family. Put an industrious New England farmer on forty acres of rich western land, give him one year in which to learn western ways of work and the chances are ten to one that in five years he will "knock the spots" off of the native Missouri or Kansas farmer who is slashing away on 160 acres, I think that Buckle saw wider and deeper than does our friend Kelley; he perceived that the people dwelling in the rich valleys of the world, lured into imprudent fecundity by the seemingly exhaustless fertility of the soil which they tilled, increased so rapidly in numbers that they soon began to crowd upon each other, and then began the race for life. This was the spoilers opportunity, and usury reaped where it had not sown. The people lost sight of their rights and their liberties, and only revolution could cut their bonds. This has been our experience, this is our condition. Mr. Kelley says: "It is impossible for the toilers as a class to elevate themselves without destroying the present industrial system, and when the individual working man rises he does so at the expense of his fellows." Is it true, then, that Mr. Kelley, an Anarchist, opposes Malthusianism because it helps the individual working-man to rise? And if the improvement of the individual is not desirable, as every fair deduction from Mr. K.'s arguments would seem to indicate as his thought, why is he not an Anarchist at all? Why is he not a State Socialist? I would say that it is impossible for the toilers as a class to elevate themselves until as individuals they have attained to a certain stage of development, and they cannot destroy the evil system until they cease to thrust into the remorseless machine the only hand which that system leaves free.

I am much surprised at Mr. K.'s closing paragraph, and attempted to say of it what Mr. Tucker says of the paragraph of mine which has opened this ball, that "it is the only really foolish thing I ever knew him to say." To my mind, it is absurd to say that "The choice is between Malthus and the Social Revolution; they are irreconcilable." Is it impossible for a given evil to have more than one cause? May, and, in fact, do not several causes contribute to the production of almost every evil existing in the world? Because I admit that there are causes of industrial slavery besides overpopulation, does that logically compel me to say that overpopulation is not a cause at all? Am I stopped from working for the destruction of monopoly because I believe that large families are obstacles in the way of reform? Because I perceive that John Smith's nine children are more than he can care for, does that knowledge logically debar me from interfering in his behalf when I see Tom Brown pounding him over the head with a club in the endeavor to steal from him his last dollar? These questions answer themselves, and they also answer Mr. Kelley.

As to the "Social Revolution," I am not at all surprised to hear State Socialists talk of it as they do, but when stanch Anarchists like J. F. Kelley speak of it as though all this side of its "saints" on one side and its "sinners" on the other, its "repentance" and "miraculous change of heart," its "no mercy sought, he mercy found," "Betwixt the stirrup and the ground."

If the masses of the laboring men haven't more and better ideas of justice after than before the "Revolution,"—well,

The objection most frequently urged and most strenuously insisted upon by Mr. Kelley and others of that school, is that the general limitation of families would not help laboring men any, for the reason that wages would fall to a level with the decreased cost of living. No doubt this is the "law," but I am not proceeding upon the assumption that the wage system is eternal in the nature of things, rather, I believe that co-operation is to gradually supplant it. Believing this, and laboring for it, I wish to impress upon Mr. Kelley the truth that the "Social Revolution" will bring, not co-operation, but universal communism. The wise prudence that limits the size of families and otherwise provides against possible disaster, will also tend to induce men and women to look favorably upon Anarchistic mutualism, upon co-operation, for in a society so based the industrious and temperate will not, by force, be compelled to provide for those who are idle and intemperate. Mr. Kelley will find that the coolest-tempered and clearest-

headed of those who work with him for Anarchy, for co-operation, and thus for the gradual limitation and ultimate extinction of the wage system, are, as a rule, those who know too much to burden themselves with large families, are those who, whatever their theories may be, Malthusians in practice. On the other hand, he will find that those who are, at this very hour, doing their best to precipitate the revolution that they fondly hope will establish the Social State, the compulsory Communistic collectivity, are like him, deniers of Malthusianism, not, like him, because they really understand the "iron law of wages," but because they want to expropriate existing wealth, because they look upon economy and conjugal prudence as menaces, because they accept the motto, "To each according to his needs," and realize that the greater the "needs" of the "citizen," the greater the excuse for the establishment of communism.

By the very nature of his organization and the logic of his argument, the Anarchist, the voluntary co-operator must look favorably upon the principles of Malthus, modified by those of Peltrey, Bradlaugh, Besant, and others of his later disciples, while the State Socialist, the compulsory Communist, must just as naturally denounce and flout those principles.

The recent recession of Henry Suydam, of the London *Anarchist*, to the Communistic position is not at all to be wondered at, as I look at the matter, and in the light of the above named facts.

### OUR JUDICIARY.

#### It Has Become an Irresponsible Tyrant.

In the face of the most palpable facts, every day thrust before our eyes, we as Americans still amuse ourselves with the delusion that we are free people. As an apt illustration of the truth of this assertion we here produce, from an exchange, part of an article entitled, "The Courts vs Human Rights!"

#### Are We Mental Imbeciles or Moral Slaves?

**ED. WATCHMAN:** As a people it would be pertinent to ask ourselves for what purpose do we establish and support a judiciary system? If this answer be, to defend our rights, then it is evident that it has failed, and is failing every day more and more. Worse; instead of being a defender, it is becoming—yea, has become—a tyrant from whose decision there is fast becoming but one appeal—to force.

I am not an anarchist. One example has already occurred in our history of the truth of this proposition. When the Dred Scott decision was rendered, wingers solicited themselves that the major question of slavery was settled, and that all the rest would follow in quietness. Never was a greater mistake made. The Court treated the people in that decision as mental imbeciles and moral slaves. It was as a spark applied to a train of powder, and the effects of the explosion we all have good cause to remember.

To-day we are face to face again with decisions of courts treating the people as mental imbeciles and moral slaves, in railroad and Chinese decisions, and in nearly every case where money interests clash with the interests of the people. Have the people as a body, no rights which money and courts ruled by the money power are bound to respect? Will the people long submit to be treated as fools mentally and cowards morally—as simple machines, to be used by money gatherers as they will? Vanderbilt is said to have damned the people. Wall Street and Courts simply despise them. But, like any heavy mass that moves slowly, it moves irresistibly, and will make itself felt, as it has done before, sooner than its grants think. —G. P. Bassett. In Western Watchman.

#### An Agnostic.

The true Agnostic is one who says, "I do not know and do not believe that I can know God;" but he does not say, "There is no God." That kind of talk is the counterpart of the Orthodox bigotry that says, "I know all about God, and you'll be damned if you don't believe what I tell you!" Both positions are illogical and wrong. The only honest, modest, true, and tenable ground is that of the man who admits, as the evolutionist does, that there is a persistent force, a permanent reality, an ineradicable mystery, an unknown and unknowable power, behind or in phenomena that we cannot comprehend, and there leaves it, and waits and works patiently and in trust for more light and vaster knowledge.—Investigator.

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## TIME CARD.

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE:

Mr. Rawlings should see the child and be satisfied it was not his missing offspring. So Horace rang the bell and desired that the little boy should be brought down.

Mrs. Miller, the nurse, upon receiving instructions to this effect, imagined that her charge was to be shown to visitors of importance. So she quickly put on his best garments, and made him look very cherubic. He trotted into the drawing-room a cabinet picture of childish health and beauty.

Rawlings looked at him with excitement in every line of his face. His light blue eyes seemed to be starting out of his head. "Maria," he whispered hoarsely to his wife, "look at him. The same hair—the same eyes. Maria, is not this your boy? Answer me and thank Heaven we have at last found him."

The wife looked at the child, but did not answer at once.

"It is—I know it is," said the man. "Tell them so, Maria."

"I hope it is," said his wife.

The Talberts on hearing this looked stupefied. The case was assuming undreamt-of proportions. Dimly they saw that this recognition meant strange things.

"My good man," said Horace, "you are making a complete mistake."

"Oh, no, sir—no mistake. How can a father be mistaken? Oh, my pretty boy—my long lost lamb! Come to me and give me one kiss! Come to your father!"

He sholted his arms out so vehemently that Harry was frightened, and instead of accepting the invitation ran to Herbert, and hitting his face against his leg set up a howl, which brought in Mrs. Miller, who at once whipped him away. She had strict instructions from Beatrice never to let the child become a nuisance. Horace and Herbert with arched eyebrows sat staring at their visitors.

"We may take our little boy back with us at once, sir—may we not?" asked Rawlings.

"Certainly not," said Horace. "You have not given us the slightest proof it is your child."

"But it is, sir. I know, and Maria knows it."

"Tell us how it came here. Until you can do that we cannot admit your claim for an instant. It is absurd—you must be mistaken."

"Absurd!" echoed Herbert.

"Tell me whose child it is, if it isn't mine?" retorted the man. "Do that and I will go away. I don't care how it came here. I know it. I recognize it. It is my poor lost little boy, and I will have it."

The man grew more excited than before. Horace was intensely annoyed. He turned to the woman. "You seem to have some sense," he said; "do you claim this child?"

She glanced at her husband and tears sprang into her eyes. "Yes, sir," she said, "I believe it is my child." The situation grew worse and worse. It was well for the boy that he had made such friends of Horace and Herbert or he must have been sacrificed forthwith, if only to rid the house of his self-styled father and mother.

As it was the Talberts temporized; they promised to consider the matter for a few days, and let Mr. Rawlings know the decision they might come to. Mr. Rawlings wrote on his business card the name of an hotel at which he was staying, and having again and again asserted that he would not be robbed of his found son, at last, to the unspeakable relief of our friends, drove away in his gig.

Never had Horace and Herbert been placed in such a difficulty. They sat stroking their beards for at least half an hour, but could see no way out of it. The arrival of the child on that evening of last year was as nothing compared to the present dilemma. Then, had they chosen to use it, there was at least a short cut out of the difficulty; now there was none. The more they thought, the more improbable it seemed that these people could be the parents of the boy. And yet the man at least asserted that it was so, as if it mattered beyond doubt. The belief that the child was "some one's" child still clung to both Horace and Herbert. It seemed, moreover, an absolute insult that the child of such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings should have been sent to Hazlewood House. Why should they have been chosen out of all the world to have this child foisted upon them? Why did not the unknown sender return it to its rightful home? The whole claim was a mistake; whether willful or accidental, it was a mistake. Fond as they had really grown of the little boy, the Talberts were far too just to think of wishing to keep him from his legitimate owners; but they had no intention of surrendering him to the first claimant.

Besides, what about Beatrice? what would she say? Beatrice, to whom the child seemed as the apple of her eye. Bitterly they blamed themselves for ever having yielded to her request that she might keep the foundling. But what was done was done, and could not now be helped.

Horace wrote to Beatrice by the next post. He told her that some persons had called and claimed her boy. The whole thing, he said, was a great puzzle to him and to Herbert. They had deferred their decision for a few days. If possible they would do nothing until her return.

Bentle was alone when she read that letter. She turned deadly pale and seemed to gasp for breath. Then she rang the bell and ordered her things to be packed. At breakfast she quietly told Lady Clauson that she found she must return to Blacktown by the next train. She gave no reason for this abrupt departure, and her sudden determination annoyed Lady Clauson immensely. Sir Malengay said nothing. His daughter had long ago shown him she was entiro mistress of her own actions.

"Mark my words," said Mr. Rawlings, drawing out a pocket-book, and handing Horace a card, on which was printed, "Rawlings Bros., Purveyors of Pork, 149 Gray Street, London." Horace shivered. He felt very angry.

"Pork," he said, "is a meat we never touch." Then he mentioned to Herbert to ring the bell. But Mr. Rawlings interposed. "I didn't come on that sort of business, sir. The fact is, I have heard that some time last year a child, a little boy, was left at your house, sent from no one knows where. Is this correct, gentlemen?"

"It is quite," answered Horace. "He was sorry he had misjudged the man in thinking him a touting tradesman. "But why do you ask?" he added.

The man grew visibly excited. "Me and my wife," he said, "have strong hopes that the little boy is one we lost, or had stolen from us more than two years ago."

The brothers' faces were perfect studies. Two people like this should lay claim to Beatrice's boy was simply absurd. "Impossible!" they ejaculated in one breath.

"Don't say impossible," said Mr. Rawlings. "We may find our little boy at last; we have been hunting about all over England for foundlings such as this. It may be this one is ours."

"Why should it have been sent here?" "I can't tell, sir. But I won't leave a stone unturned. May we see the boy?"

The situation was growing ridiculous, and if the Talberts disliked one thing more than another it was a ridiculous situation. The best way out of this one seemed to be that

told that her uncles had come in. She went to them at once. They greeted her in astonishment.

"What have you done about those wretched people?" she asked, quickly. "The people who claim my boy, I mean?"

"My dear, we have done nothing as yet."

"You will not dream of giving him up?"

"I hope we shall not be obliged to."

"Listen, Uncle Horace," her cheek flushed as she spoke. "I will give him up to no one—no one at all."

"I am sure, my dear Beatrice, you will be entirely guided by us," said Horace.

"Of course she will," said Herbert, kindly. They must have been sanguine men, as the set of Mrs. Clauson's brow did not promise well for her submitting to guidance of any kind.

"I shall never give up that boy," she said in a firm voice, "until the person who claims it gives every proof that it is his. I would rather run away with him and hide myself."

Horace looked extremely shocked. "My dear Beatrice," he said, "it grieves us both to hear you talk so wildly. The child is a very nice child, but you speak of it as if it were of our own flesh and blood!"

To be Continued.

## A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY THE LATE HUGH CONWAY.

front, not the side door, was much disgusted. He did not know the traditional respectability enjoyed by the driver of a gig. He drew the line at dog-carts. Sylvanus' tricycle was only borne with because it carried a clergyman.

The gig in question was driven by a man who dismounted and helped to the ground a woman with a good-tempered looking, shiny face, and who was dressed in refreshingly bright colors. One of them rang the bell timidly, and after a brief interval the dignified Whittaker descended to open the door. The man asked if the Messrs. Talbert were in. This collective style jarred upon Whittaker, who had been in the family long enough to remember the time when "Messrs. Talbert & Co." was a well-known form of address. He replied that Mr. Talbert and Mr. Herbert were in, but at present engaged.

"We will wait until they can see us," said the man. So Whittaker let them come into the house. They wiped their feet on entering so carefully and thoroughly that all doubts of their being persons of any importance were at once set at rest. Whittaker felt he was quite right in offering them chairs in the hall. They were too respectable to be left standing, but the gig and the feet-rubbing combined showed they were not to be ushered into the drawing-room.

"What name shall I say?" he asked.

"We are strangers," said the man. "You can say we have called on private and confidential business."

"You had better give me your name," said Whittaker.

"Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings," answered the woman.

So Whittaker went up stairs, found his masters, and told them that a Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings wanted to see them on private and confidential business.

"Rawlings," said Herbert with a snarl. "We know no one with such an awful name. Who are they, Whittaker?"

"I have no idea, sir," said Whittaker. As his masters adjudged the name horrible, he felt half offended at it being supposed he knew any one named Rawlings.

"Where are they?" asked Horace.

"In the hall, sir," Whittaker felt thankful he had not been tempted to give them sitting-room honors.

"Whittaker," said Horace, gravely, "we shall be extremely annoyed if you have let persons come inside our house who are book-hawkers, or, worse still, those who try to buy up second-hand clothes, as these people say they come on private and confidential business."

However, they put their eye-glasses up, and went down to the hall and confronted their visitors. They found a woman whose phillistine attire set their teeth on edge, and a pale-faced man with rather prominent light blue eyes, and a weak-looking agitated kind of face. The brothers wondered mightily what these people could want with them.

"You wish to speak to us?" said Horace, suavely. Although they kept persons at a distance as long as possible at arm's length, the Talberts were always polite and kindly spoken.

"If you please, sir," said the man. Horace and Herbert waited.

"We should like to see you in private," said the woman, glancing round the hall. So Herbert opened the drawing-room door, and they all walked inside. "Now, then," said Horace, encouragingly, "what can we do for you, Mr. Rawlings—I believe that is your name?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Rawlings, drawing out a pocket-book, and handing Horace a card, on which was printed, "Rawlings Bros., Purveyors of Pork, 149 Gray Street, London." Horace shivered. He felt very angry.

"Pork," he said, "is a meat we never touch." Then he mentioned to Herbert to ring the bell. But Mr. Rawlings interposed. "I didn't come on that sort of business, sir. The fact is, I have heard that some time last year a child, a little boy, was left at your house, sent from no one knows where. Is this correct, gentlemen?"

"It is quite," answered Horace. "He was sorry he had misjudged the man in thinking him a touting tradesman. "But why do you ask?" he added.

The man grew visibly excited. "Me and my wife," he said, "have strong hopes that the little boy is one we lost, or had stolen from us more than two years ago."

The brothers' faces were perfect studies. Two people like this should lay claim to Beatrice's boy was simply absurd. "Impossible!" they ejaculated in one breath.

"Don't say impossible," said Mr. Rawlings. "We may find our little boy at last; we have been hunting about all over England for foundlings such as this. It may be this one is ours."

"Why should it have been sent here?" "I can't tell, sir. But I won't leave a stone unturned. May we see the boy?"

The situation was growing ridiculous, and if the Talberts disliked one thing more than another it was a ridiculous situation. The best way out of this one seemed to be that

Mr. Rawlings should see the child and be satisfied it was not his missing offspring. So Horace rang the bell and desired that the little boy should be brought down.

Mrs. Miller, the nurse, upon receiving instructions to this effect, imagined that her charge was to be shown to visitors of importance. So she quickly put on his best garments, and made him look very cherubic. He trotted into the drawing-room a cabinet picture of childish health and beauty.

Rawlings looked at him with excitement in every line of his face. His light blue eyes seemed to be starting out of his head. "Maria," he whispered hoarsely to his wife, "look at him. The same hair—the same eyes. Maria, is not this your boy? Answer me and thank Heaven we have at last found him."

The wife looked at the child, but did not answer at once.

"It is—I know it is," said the man. "Tell them so, Maria."

"I hope it is," said his wife.

The Talberts on hearing this looked stupefied. The case was assuming undreamt-of proportions. Dimly they saw that this recognition meant strange things.

"My good man," said Horace, "you are making a complete mistake."

"Oh, no, sir—no mistake. How can a father be mistaken? Oh, my pretty boy—my long lost lamb! Come to me and give me one kiss! Come to your father!"

He sholted his arms out so vehemently that Harry was frightened, and hitting his face against his leg set up a howl, which brought in Mrs. Miller, who at once whipped him away. She had strict instructions from Beatrice never to let the child become a nuisance. Horace and Herbert with arched eyebrows sat staring at their visitors.

"We may take our little boy back with us at once, sir—may we not?" asked Rawlings.

"Certainly not," said Horace. "You have not given us the slightest proof it is your child."

"But it is, sir. I know, and Maria knows it."

"Tell us how it came here. Until you can do that we cannot admit your claim for an instant. It is absurd—you must be mistaken."

"Absurd!" echoed Herbert.

"Tell me whose child it is, if it isn't mine?" retorted the man. "Do that and I will go away. I don't care how it came here. I know it. I recognize it. It is my poor lost little boy, and I will have it."

The man grew more excited than before. Horace was intensely annoyed. He turned to the woman. "You seem to have some sense," he said; "do you claim this child?"

She glanced at her husband and tears sprang into her eyes. "Yes, sir," she said, "I believe it is my child." The situation grew worse and worse. It was well for the boy that he had made such friends of Horace and Herbert or he must have been sacrificed forthwith, if only to rid the house of his self-styled father and mother.

As it was the Talberts temporized; they promised to consider the matter for a few days, and let Mr. Rawlings know the decision they might come to. Mr. Rawlings wrote on his business card the name of an hotel at which he was staying, and having again and again asserted that he would not be robbed of his found son, at last, to the unspeakable relief of our friends, drove away in his gig.

Never had Horace and Herbert been placed in such a difficulty. They sat stroking their beards for at least half an hour, but could see no way out of it. The arrival of the child on that evening of last year was as nothing compared to the present dilemma. Then, had they chosen to use it, there was at least a short cut out of the difficulty; now there was none. The more they thought, the more improbable it seemed that these people could be the parents of the boy. And yet the man at least asserted that it was so, as if it mattered beyond doubt. The belief that the child was "some one's" child still clung to both Horace and Herbert. It seemed, moreover, an absolute insult that the child of such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings should have been sent to Hazlewood House. Why should they have been chosen out of all the world to have this child foisted upon them? Why did not the unknown sender return it to its rightful home? The whole claim was a mistake; whether willful or accidental, it was a mistake. Fond as they had really grown of the little boy, the Talberts were far too just to think of wishing to keep him from his legitimate owners; but they had no intention of surrendering him to the first claimant.

Besides, what about Beatrice? what would she say? Beatrice, to whom the child seemed as the apple of her eye. Bitterly they blamed themselves for ever having yielded to her request that she might keep the foundling. But what was done was done, and could not now be helped.

Horace wrote to Beatrice by the next post. He told her that some persons had called and claimed her boy. The whole thing, he said, was a great puzzle to him and to Herbert. They had deferred their decision for a few days. If possible they would do nothing until her return.

Bentle was alone when she read that letter. She turned deadly pale and seemed to gasp for breath. Then she rang the bell and ordered her things to be packed. At breakfast she quietly told Lady Clauson that she found she must return to Blacktown by the next train. She gave no reason for this abrupt departure, and her sudden determination annoyed Lady Clauson immensely. Sir Malengay said nothing. His daughter had long ago shown him she was entiro mistress of her own actions.

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