

# LUCIFER

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 4, No. 23.

VALLEY FALLS, KANSAS, SEPTEMBER 3, E. M. 230.

WHOLE No. 105

### LUCIFER PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

**TERMS:**  
One copy, one year, \$1.25  
One copy, six months, .65  
SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

All letters should be addressed to LUCIFER, Valley Falls, Kansas.

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Valley Falls, Kan.

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### PROTECTING THE COLT.\* Republished by request.

In early time, poor farmer Grimes, And neighbor, farmer Grable, Their land would plow, but scarce knew how, For each within his stable

Had but one horse, and what was worse Grimes' horse was lank and lony, Grable's of good, pure Norman blood, —A colt—in size, a pony.

Said Grimes to Grable, "If your colt was able We'd put the two together; And one could plow while tother'd sow Improving this fine weather."

"I swan to man, I have a plan," —Said Grable,— "and 'tis clever, Protect my Jim, by giving him The longest end o' the lever."

This brilliant scheme, came like a gleam Of sunshine to these grangers; They saw in it a lucky hit, To 'scapo starvation's dangers.

And so they made this novel trade, The horse being twice as heavy As was the foal, they gave the colt Just twice the length o' lever.

Grable was hard and bound his "pard" —In there must be no defect— In wher's tight, that come what might, His colt must have protection.

They plowed and sowed, they reaped and mowed, Not one, but many seasons; The colt grew big and fat's a pig, The horse grew stiff and weakened.

No matter how Grimes made a row, Or how much he objected, Though grown to twice the horse's size, The colt must be protected.

**MORAL.**  
And thus, like Grimes, ourselves we bin d, To shield against disasters Our "infant industries," and find They grow to be our masters.  
—A Stedwell, in the Million.

### FOR LUCIFER. THE CHICAGO TRIAL—WHO THREW THE BOMB?

When two dogs are seen fighting, the under one down, and the rabble bringing others to keep it down, it naturally excites a sign of protest from the bystander for fair play, irrespective of the names of the dogs or who are their owners.

The trial of the Chicago Anarchists presents such a spectacle. The names of the dogs have been on trial, and not the dogs themselves. Anarchy, not Anarchists, has met with condemnation. As evidence of which I adduce the following proof drawn mostly from the upper dogs themselves.

Says Mr. Foster, "I am not surprised that this verdict was rendered. It was simply a culmination of the popular excitement. It commenced with the throwing of the bomb and had been fanned and kept alive by the police department and the public press of Chicago."

Again, Inspector Bonfield testifies to the same state of feeling when he says: "If any violence is done by the friends of these men, the lamp posts of Chicago will bear fruit. In my opinion, the police will be powerless to quell the popular rage and public vengeance that will be wreaked upon all the friends and pronounced sympathizers of Anarchy."

That is, the public would constitute a mob so much greater than the Anarchists that the police, the officers of the law, could not or would not quell; and this mob was all directed towards the sympathizers with Anarchy. Anarchy is on trial. Anarchy is synonymous with murder. To be an Anarchist is, *prima facie*, to be a murderer.

See what the press says to confirm this position. The first extract below is from the Journal of Chicago:

"The verdict says the reputation of this city from the results of Anarchal teachings. That is, their teachings were on trial."

\*This poem may be had for missionary work at 5 cts per dozen by addressing Lucifers, Valley Falls, Kan.

This is one from the Chicago Times: "The execution of the death sentence of the Socialist propaganda in this country."

That is, Socialism was on trial.

Here is one from the Chicago News: "The verdict sounds the note of warning to every foreign Socialist, Revolutionist, Nihilist, Communist and Anarchist seeking these shores. Every citizen in Chicago has reason to be proud of the jury which has stood between the community and Anarchy."

But here follows something so explicit that it hits the nail on the head; it is from the Inter-Ocean:

"Anarchism has been on trial since May 4th, and it has now got its verdict. This Socialist heresy was spreading like a blood poison in the ranks of the lower classes."

The New York Staats-Zeitung gives the thing on trial a little closer shading when it speaks of

"The intellectual author of crime."

The New York World goes further and gives the finishing touches when it says:

"It was necessary that the status of this peculiar crime should be distinctly established by the courts"

The New York Herald gives the same constructive shuffling of the defense when it says:

"The end of their diabolical teachings was general murder, as their name implies. Anarchy! It will be a timely warning to Anarchists wherever found, that the reign of Anarchy may not be openly run up in this country."

This is sufficient from the capitalistic press of the country to show what they thought was on trial. It is put in the names of some leading business men, prominent politicians and officials as to what they thought was on trial. Mr. Hargraves, a lawyer from Boston, said:

"If the jury had failed to convict these men, Socialism would have overrun the principal cities of the country. The verdict is satisfactory to every intelligent citizen of the United States." It has established a precedent as an authority on similar cases.

I might give you the spawned venom of the monopolists of Chicago as a "general expression" of "respectable" opinion. It is enough to know that in the interests of the "business" men "Anarchal agitation must cease."

Having Anarchy on trial instead of Anarchists, what standard of authority have we to resort to to find out what Anarchy is? Do we go to the declaration of principles of a sect or party to find out what they believe, or to the jeers of their enemies? For the use of the word Anarchy as a party name, we are indebted to scholars; no less than the greatest lexicographer in the world, Littré. He says anarchy is from the Greek *anarchos*, to rule, and the alpha privative, without rule. And the disciples of Bakounine and Proudhon mount by it complete self-government. The Quakers emphasized it as a law unto themselves and as being opposed to all outward authority. It is nothing new, but the fulfillment of an old truth. Samuel Adams was an Anarchist to George III. Thomas Jefferson was Anarchistic to the Federalists. The motto of Anarchists is "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." Is this a very murderous design? Then we have been frightened like a child in the dark at our own bug-a-boo! If Anarchists use force it is in the interest of peace and a free press and free speech.

Now we know what anarchy is; is it to be tried on its own definition, or is it a scare-crow Anarchy manufactured by bigots, and prejudice, and monopoly, to be substituted instead? If so, then what new party or sect could stand the ordeal? Jesus Christ could not stand it; they said, "away with him!" Paul could not stand it, for he appealed unto Caesar. The Baptist denomination could not stand it, for Roger Williams was rescued by the Indians. The Quakers could not stand it, for Mary Dyer was hung. Jefferson Davis was not tried because twelve men could not be found in the United States who had not expressed an opinion. The government acknowledges it can not convict Mor-

monism with Mormons on the jury, and so it thinks to arrive at justice by putting gentiles there. Could a Jew fairly try a Samaritan? or a slaveholder an Abolitionist? or the Spanish Inquisitor a heretic? So there was not a man in Chicago that was neutral on the subject of Anarchy. Had a labor reformer got on that jury it would have probably hung. Had a law-and-order man got on it he would have echoed the verdict rendered. The prosecution knew that as juries are usually made up they had ten chances to the defense's one. They availed themselves of their opportunity. They knew that *Anarchy was on trial and not Anarchists!* The police, the press, and capital went to work to manufacture evidence. But why, if Anarchy was on trial and an Anarchist was, *prima facie*, a murderer, why go through the form of a trial? Could not Anarchists be identified? Only got an Anarchist and you have got the murderer.

If they had done this they would have been consistent. *This they will yet do*, only prove a man an Anarchist and they will have the perpetrator of any crime. But this summary procedure would not do for the first instance. They wanted a precedent through the form of law. And they got the precedent by Construction. The crimes of blasphemy, obscenity, and incendiarism all come under construction. With the juror's idea of Anarchy as defined by the headlines of the Chicago dailies, they honestly thought that they would have thrown the bomb had they been in their place, therefore they *did* throw the bomb.

Under the circumstances they (the Anarchists) might, could, would or should throw a bomb, therefore they threw this one! It was a Constructive, accommodation theory well suited to the occasion, and to the public sentiment of Chicago. The New York Zeitung states it thus:

"Directly convicted of the deed of which they are accused is none of these found guilty. Nobody knows who threw the fatal bomb, and who the person was who lent a helping hand. A verdict of guilty would hardly have been brought in had not the representative citizens of Chicago been anxious for an opportunity to declare in a way and manner that could not be misunderstood that they, as a whole, adhered to Anarchism, its doctrines and its evidence of existence. Whatever direct connection there might have been between the accused and the thrown bomb, they concluded it was evident the accused approved of the use of such infernal machines. Somebody connected with them was surely guilty, as to who it was they were unable exactly to say, but according to an old saying, 'All together make hangmen,' they were caught together and hanged together."

And this was done just in opposition to the instructions to the jury. Judge Cury reiterates that there must be some *direct and specific* connection between the bomb thrown and the defendants. They must not "guess," nor suspect, nor imagine but know beyond all reasonable doubt, that the defendants did advise and counsel the throwing of *this very bomb*. "It would not do to say that because the defendants *may* have advised it, therefore when the violence came it was the result of such advice. It was not enough to warrant the conviction of Ling; that he might have manufactured the fatal bomb. Neither was it enough to convict that the defendants advised *generally* the commission in certain contingencies of acts amounting to crimes." There must be a direct, positive agreement between the defendants and the thrower of the bomb.

Now, nobody knows who threw the bomb. It *may* have been an emissary of capital; it *may* have been some vicious person caring nothing about labor or capital, it *may* have been an infuriated Mc-Cormick striker; it may have been an Anarchist and yet not be within the defendants' knowledge. Certainly the inauguration of a revolution with one bomb at the close of one of their meetings, is the most foolish of all imaginary

hypotheses! Nothing could have been more suicidal or foolish for them to do. After these men are hung then the real bomb thrower will arise and say that there was no connection, counsel or advice between him and the defendants, but that it was a *spontaneous* bomb indigenous with the situation on May 4th.

But this is not the end of this Construction business. It is undefinable, there is no telling where it can stop. This article may constructively be the means of the throwing of another bomb then I am a conspirator. Nobody is safe. The Greenbacker, the Anti-Monopolist, the Knight of Labor, every friend of labor is indicted in this verdict, and this is what it means, that nobody shall hereafter agitate the question between capital and labor. The fact that these defendants were selected as connected with that bomb, was because they were the leaders in a propaganda. Any other seven of the three thousand might have been as easily identified with that bomb throwing. Now they have got a precedent they are going to arrest for indirect conspiracy. The jury has given the cue, and the army of constructionists, policemen, informers, detectives, spies, take up their line of march. Three hundred men and women are now on the list. Parsons has been hung by a construction, a far thing, thing than a suspicion. A constructive conspirator! Now for the indirect conspirators, the sympathizing conspirators, those who dare whisper the name of anarchy!

But constructive criminality has yet a deeper meaning. Society first produces what it afterward vainly tries to punish. If Anarchy is responsible for every aberration then capital is responsible for Anarchy and Anarchists. This corroborates the belief of some Anarchists. If 20,000 die in New York city because of the difference in mortality between the land tenure of the Five Points and Fifth Avenue, then Astor is responsible for the murder of those 20,000 people. If the usury system which Jay Gould is running, steals seven-tenths of every workingman's wages, then Jay Gould is the greatest constructive criminal of the nineteenth century. According to the constructive verdict of the jury, that position of the Anarchists is right! If the class legislation, the chartered privileges, the land robbers, the money monopolized government is what the Anarchists claim, then it ought to be blown up. *Pro hoc propter hoc*, these very hot-brained Anarchists are the products! The commercial system of Chicago and its abettors are the equal original accomplices and conspirators who kill people daily by hundreds and make most all petty criminals necessary! Walk up and take your own medicine!

What now is the most serious application of this constructive criminality? It destroys free speech and a free press, and when these go there is no alternative but bomb! A policeman edits the Arbeiter Zeitung with a blue lead pencil. A detective enters a meeting and tells them what resolutions not to pass. Grinnell says if the Arbeiter Zeitung says that the jury were bribed, it shall not be sued for libel, but suppressed! He says: "We intend to leave the Anarchists alone for a time to see if they have now learned what the right of free speech means in this country, whether they still hold it to mean that they can licitly to riot, murder and plunder."

Well, not long ago in an interview Gen'l Butler said the time would come when the Vanderbilts of New York would hang to the lamp posts. That was "incendiary." Not because he uttered it or because it was uttered at all but because of its extreme probability (by announcing it in advance Butler relieved himself of all responsibility. The rest of the res- [Continued on third page]

OUR PLATFORM.

Perfect Freedom of Thought and Action for every individual within the limits of his own personality.
Self-Government the only true Government
Liberty and Responsibility the only Basis of Morality.

LIST OF OUR AUTHORIZED AGENTS.

- Garthage, Mo.,—E. S. Galloway.
Weir City, Kans.,—Dr. J. B. Cooper.
Seamonsville, Kan.,—J. McLaughlin.
Onalua, Neb.,—James Griffith, 1712 Dodge St.
Leavenworth, Kan.,—H. H. Hutchinson.
Joplin, Mo.,—J. Henrichs & Bro.
Joplin, Mo., (East),—Geo. H. Hutchinson.
Humboldt, Kan.,—Wm. Roth.
Burlington, "—Chris. Brown.
Garrett, "—C. W. Frazer.
Olathe, "—W. W. Frazer.
Centar Junction, Kan.,—J. G. Collins.
Burlington, Iowa.,—Verner Backlin.
West Burlington, Iowa.,—James Toff.
Success, Kan.,—Chas. Diniany.
Salina Kan.,—J. M. Iton.
Scranton, Kan.,—John P. Young.
Carbondale, Kan.,—James B. McDaniel.
Proton, Iowa, John Duran.
M. O. Hicks, Silvan Springs, Ark.
H. L. Joslin, Mankato, Minn.
T. E. Palmer, Manning, Iowa.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 15 N. 2d St., where advertising contracts may be made for IN NEW YORK.

E. C. Walker's lecture field during the fall and winter, will be the northwest, preference being given to Nebraska, and after that State, Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota. Applications for lectures should be made early to enable him to map out his campaign in time and to the best advantage for all. Address him at Valley Falls.

THE LECTURES.

Well, we have had Putnam—not he of the wolf-story fame, but a more justly renowned man—Samuel P. Putnam, poet, novelist, philosopher and orator. In the latter capacity he has just made his mark in Valley Falls, a mark that we trust will not soon be effaced or erased.

We have not time nor space to give even a brief synopsis of the four discourses delivered by Mr. P. in the Opera House and City Park, but will just say that we were especially pleased with the very pronounced Autonomistic drift of the entire course. Particularly in his lecture entitled, American Democracy, in which he took for his text the Nine Demands of Liberalism, he most clearly and emphatically put himself on record as opposed to "all paternalistic government," opposed to "all government by authority," and again he planted himself on the firm Individualistic ground that "all just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed," and that the only source of power and authority in government is the individual citizen. This, as our readers well know, is precisely the ground taken by the editors of LUCIFER during the past five or six years. Follow these premises to their logical landings and we maintain there will not be much left of our present state and national governments. Three-fourths if not nine-tenths of our present state and national laws give the lie direct to the principle enunciated in the statement that the individual citizen is the only source of law and government in these United States of America.

While expressing our gratification at this emphatic endorsement by the lecturer of the autonomistic platform, we are somewhat set aback by one of the workers in LUCIFER's office, who says: "Yes, yes, Putnam's talk was all right till he gave away the whole thing by acknowledging allegiance to the majority god. He would work with the majority till he could induce that majority to inaugurate the needed reforms."

It Mr. P. said anything like this then he certainly lacks the virtue of consistency. Whenever we acknowledge the right of majorities to decide for or against Individualism we bind ourselves to acquiesce in the invasion of our rights if the verdict should be against us. We bind ourselves thereby to submit to an artificial standard of right and of wrong, of crime and its opposite. Instances: It is not a crime in the nature of things to make, sell or drink alcoholic liquors, but the majority in Kansas declares it a crime to do these things without leave from the state, and Mr. P. by his appeal to the ballot, binds himself to acquiesce in this artificial cataloging of crimes. It is not a crime in the nature of things to have more than one wife, but the majority makes polygamy a crime and pun-

ishes it as such. Now suppose the majority should pronounce monogamy a crime and punish it as such, Mr. P., if he appeals to the ballot, must bow his head in meek submission and proceed to take unto himself a plurality of wives, else not marry at all. On the same principle, if the majority should decide that every man should hear mass and confess to the priest Mr. P. would have no appeal from this decision and would have to "walk up and take his medicine like a little man."

But if we mistake not, Mr. Putnam acknowledged in our hearing that polygamy, if wrong at all, is a vice, not a crime, and therefore not a fit subject for legislation. He also admitted that the state possesses no rightful authority to drive men to war by conscription, nor to confiscate private property for public uses. If we understood him correctly in these admissions we cannot see how it is possible for him to acknowledge allegiance to majorityism.

If we have misrepresented the gentleman in anything our columns are open to him for explanation and correction.

The Wage System.

EDITORS LUCIFER: Brother Harman says, "We, too, work for the final abolishment of the wage system, believing that true freedom and manly independence are impossible under that system." "But in so far as the International would accomplish this end by the establishment of State Socialism, he feels bound to oppose that organism."

Will Bro. Harman tell us plainly what system he proposes as a substitute for the Wage System? Near where I write these lines is an extensive lumbering establishment that employs several hundred men in cutting, skidding, and hauling the logs to the river. They are floated several miles to the mill, where they are worked into boards, shingles and lath. Now as Bro. H. will have no wage system and no Communism, will he tell us how this lumber business is to be conducted? And how is LUCIFER to be sent around to us without wages or a community of interest? And while he is at it he will please tell us whether there will be any office for money to perform when the wage system is abolished? A. H. PETERS. Cuba, N. Y., Aug. 5.

Most willingly we comply with the above request, though of necessity our answers must be brief:

1st. For the wage system we would substitute VOLUNTARY CO-OPERATION, wherein the capital necessary to do the business is owned by the workers themselves. This has often been adopted, with perfect success, in enterprises like the lumbering business mentioned by Bro. Phelps.

2nd. LUCIFER can be carried to its readers by co-operative enterprise, just as a mill or a store can be run co-operatively.

3d. Money will always be needed to make exchanges. We are waging no war against money as such. It is privileged money—it is law-created, legal tender money that is now doing so much mischief. This is one of the government protected monopolies by means of which the laborers of the country are robbed—legally robbed, of the greater part of their earnings.

FOR LUCIFER.

Prayer of the Governmentalist.
Our Government which is in Washington—hallowed be thy name!

May thy Kingdom come, and thy will be done, in America even as the Czar's is in Russia!

Give us this day a chance at some big fat office, and remit to us our taxes according to the amount we have loaned thee on thy bond, with interest, and grant to us favors in consideration of our efficiency at election times!

Lend us not into Liberty, and deliver us from Anarchy; for behold, we are altogether too stupid and greedy to comprehend or endure them!

For thine is the Kingdom, the power, and the glory; and ours is the serfdom, the poverty, and the infamy, forever (or as long as we are fools enough to stand it.) Amen! J. Wm. LYON.

Married to Van Winkle.

"If I can't lick you, I can wake mouths at yer sister."—School Boy.

If I can't answer your questions, I can beamon you.—Lucifer's Scold.

As a man thinks so is he. Holy Scripture.
A man that is ashamed of a hat should not wear one.—Infidel Scripture.

If Mr. Van Winkle will tell the mother "what to do" he will confer a great favor, for the situation is becoming desperate. Sherwood, Tenn. G. W. MARLAND.

"I'll try." How often we hear these monesyllabic words spoken when we know that by the person who utters them they are forgotten in a few hours. "I'll try" is merely "I can't" stated conventionally. You ask a man to attend a meeting. He says, "I'll try," but he means "Anything to get rid of you." When you mean "yes" say so, if not "no." I do not mean the "I'll try" that is spoken with the win to do. This is merely uttered by the lips.

BRIEF COMMENT.

We hope no reader of LUCIFER will fail to read the long article begun on first page, entitled "The Chicago Trial," etc. No event has transpired in this country since the close of the late civil war, more portentous of evil than is this Chicago trouble.

Chicago is rapidly becoming a miniature Russia. Free speech and free press are now dreams or memories of the past. Seven men have been condemned to death, not for what they did but for what they SAID. The jury manipulated or coached by two men (according to the confession of one of these two) brought in a verdict directly contrary to the instructions of the court. And if the court had instructed for conviction under the evidence, it would not have helped the matter. It may safely be assumed that the verdict is utterly unparalleled in this country. And yet so besotted, or rather we should say, so insanely eager for vengeance is the average American that a very large majority of newspapers that come to our X table not only approve the verdict but applaud and honor the men who so promptly agreed to deliver it. Some of these papers even gloat over the doom of the condemned men, with what would seem a veritable fiendish gleam. The Kansas City Times, for instance, protests against a new trial and urges that the condemned men should "eat their thanksgiving dinner in spirit land" and wants to know if any one has noticed the sprouting of wings" from the shoulders of the prisoners.

We claim no prophetic powers of vision but will simply venture to say that in our humble opinion if the people of Illinois allow the condemned socialists to be hung it will be like the sowing of dragon's teeth in the fable. The planting in the ground of those seven Anarchists so-called, unwise and misguided as they may have been, will bring forth enemies to the state and to Chicago a hundred fold in numbers, power and vindictiveness; and if the result should be that in less than five years Chicago should witness scenes more fearful, carnage more revolting, than was ever witnessed by revolutionary Paris, the men who have authorized and abetted these judicial murders will have themselves to thank for the reign of blood and terror.

We acknowledge the receipt of complimentary tickets of admission to the 26th annual Fair of the St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association, to be held October 4th to 9th inclusive. In September of '58, twenty-eight years ago, the writer of this had the good fortune to attend the third annual fair of this Association. The Exposition then, including grounds, Zoological Garden, etc., was regarded as one of the wonders of the world, far exceeding anything of the kind it has ever been our fortune to witness. During the war no fairs were held, but since that time the Association has spent vast sums of money in enlarging the grounds and adding to the attractions of the place. Sixty-five acres have lately been added to the grounds, and \$500,000 spent in improvements. \$73,000 in cash premiums are offered this year. For full particulars, premium lists, etc., address Festus B. Wade, 708 Chestnut street, St. Louis.

We are also in receipt of complimentary tickets from the Kansas City Inter-State Fair, to be held September 13 to 18, inclusive. K. Coates, President; Ed. H. Webster, Secretary. This fair promises to be one of the best ever held west of the banks of the Mississippi.

The Leavenworth Turnverein held a "Volks-Fest" in the fair grounds near Valley Falls on Sunday last. A large portion of the seven car loads that came over the Kansas Central were women and children. The day was fine, the grounds in excellent condition, and the jolly Teutons spent their holiday in their own way; that is to say, with music, tumbling or athletic exercises, and in quaffing enormous quantities of lager beer. We spent but a short time on the ground and cannot say how much drunkenness and disorder grew out of this, as it seemed to us, excessive drinking, but so far we have not learned of any serious breaches of the peace. One excursionist we hear was locked up in the "cooler" and put to work on the streets next day to work out his fine. We saw one man helplessly drunk—a sad sight to see, but after all, not sadder to the thoughtful humanitarian than many a sight we have seen at religious campmeetings. In either case—the one drunk on lager and the other drunk with religious fanaticism—the drinkers were simply exercising their "inalienable right to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness," and so long as they abstained from invading the equal rights of others they should be allowed to enjoy themselves in their own way.

While we regard our California friend, U. Sovereance, a clear headed thinker on most subjects, we cannot agree with him that "brute force has been the method in all ages by which human freedom and progress have been attained." Brute force is unreasoning force, and unreasoning force has always been a hindrance rather than a promoter of human freedom and progress. If we understand friend Sovereance, he would stop preaching coaxing and voting, be an idle looker-on while our political and social craft drifts into the maelstrom of bloody, and we might as well say, aimless revolution. We quite agree that our present voting machine is a failure, has always been a failure; but this does not discourage us from doing all we can to convince our readers that there is still a "more excellent way."

We agree with friend Edholm of Morgan City, Utah, that it is the "duty of every Freethinker to oppose the establishment of tyrannous theocratic despotism," but we cannot see why the theocratic despotism of the Mormons should not be allowed or accorded all the civil rights and privileges that are granted to Catholic or Protestant theocratic despotisms. Why should one Christian denomination be selected for persecution and the rest be permitted to have their own way? A great many Freethinkers, so-called, are in favor of "Congressional legislation" as a "cure for the evil of Mormonism." If "boycotting" be a crime then all Christians that we are acquainted with are

criminals; and especially would this charge be true as against the Christian clergy.

Among deferred articles we mention: Government a type of Society, by Reuben Boessler; Anarchism, by Lewis Morris; Lucifer vs. Jehovah, by Zeno; The Battle Song of the Radicals, by J. Wm. Lloyd; New Translation of the Marseillaise, by J. Leclere; Home for Mormon Wives, by A Mormon Woman; Reply to Critics, by Zeno; Individualism vs. State Socialism, J. H. Swain; Land, Labor and Capital, by J. K. Ingalls; Reminiscences, by W. Perkins, etc.

When these good friends, and others whose articles have been received within the last few weeks, are told that our copy hooks are loaded and our copy drawers filled to overflowing with matter that takes precedence of theirs in point of time, they will get some idea of the difficulties under which we labor. If we were financially able to set up the whole paper each issue, all four pages, we might accommodate more correspondents; but this we cannot do with receipts on the paper running as they have been doing for the past year or more.

We are glad, very glad to hear from all who send us articles for publication. It shows that the "agitation of thought" is going on in their minds; and this agitation we know to be the source of all progress. But we are compelled to remind some of our contributors in the "copy" line that copy alone will not run the paper. If some of those who have as yet done almost nothing would bestir themselves a little and send us a few new subscribers with the money, it would help to keep the machinery oiled, and perhaps hasten the appearance of their contributed articles. We hope this gentle reminder will be taken in the same fraternal spirit in which it is given.

THE CLERGY.

Considered as a Moral Force or Factor in Society.

It is estimated that about eighty thousand men in these United States, (not counting the few women shepherds or shepherdesses) are engaged in the vocation or avocation of clergyman. The standing army of the United States numbers 25,000 men, if we mistake not. This large force of non-producers is sustained at an annual expense of several millions of dollars, every dollar of which must be paid, sooner or later, by the producers, the muscle-workers of the country. This large tax upon the producers is paid without much protest or murmur, because most men regard a national police force as a necessary evil—an unavoidable burden.

The clergy constitute a standing army of non-producers about three times as large as the national police force just spoken of, and costs the people, in direct and indirect taxes, perhaps three times as much. This burden is also borne by the workers, and, for the most part willingly, because they regard this large standing army of clergymen as a necessary police force to guard the morals of society against vicious influences of all kinds. In addition to this consideration, it is true that many believe the clergy to be useful and necessary as insurance agents against fire in the next world, but since belief in an angry God, a burning hell and an almighty devil is now only found among the ignorant and superstitious, we may safely assume that the clergy are tolerated and paid by the intelligent classes of the community mainly if not wholly because of a prevalent belief that they constitute a most powerful breakwater against the inroads of vice.

In as brief space as possible we propose to examine this claim that the clergy are the guardians and chief promoters of morality. What is morality? Etymologically and by common acceptance it means the duties that men owe to each other. In the broad sense it includes every thing that promotes human happiness and well-being in this world. That which promotes human happiness in the here and now, is moral, and that which produces unhappiness is immoral. By common consent it is agreed that most of the miseries of mankind, most of the unhappiness and therefore most of the immorality, arises from the invasion of each other's rights. Hence he is the most moral man who least invades his neighbor's rights. This principle has long since been crystallized or incarnated in what is known as the Golden Rule: Do not unto others what ye would not that they should do unto you—or, affirmatively, Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.

Tried by this rule how stand the clergy? Do they always advocate Reciprocity—equal rights in all things? Take our Sunday laws. Nature makes no difference in days of the week, and hence those who have no religion but that which nature teaches believe that what is right to do on Monday is also right to do on Sunday. But our laws make a difference in days of the week. Certain acts are declared to be criminal on Sunday that are reckoned to be right and proper on other days. Who are responsible for the Sunday laws? Outside of theology there is no basis for compulsory Sunday observances. Then the teachers of theology—that is, the clergy are responsible for these laws that invade the natural, the equal rights of the citizens.

Again: We have here in Kansas laws that invade the natural right of men to make, buy, sell and drink certain liquors. Men are subjected to fine, imprisonment and loss of property for no crime whatever except a law-made or constructive one. Who is it that is chiefly responsible for the enactment and attempted enforcement of these invasive laws? No citizen of Kansas needs to be told that this prohibition craze is substantially a church movement. It is the clergy, far more than any other class of citizens, that are responsible for legislation in Kansas that would disgrace the worst despotism in Europe today. The position of LUCIFER on the liquor question needs not be repeated here, further than to say that while we labor by all righteous means to lessen the evils of inebriety we feel sure that the cause of true temperance has no greater enemy today than this clerico-politic crusade known as the Prohibition legislation.

[To be continued.]

**The Chicago Trial, etc.**  
(Concluded from first page.)

possibility remains with Vanderbilt. Yet according to Grinnell Butler is now a constructive conspirator awaiting the time when the New York lamp posts shall bear such fruit. Every Abolitionist could have been hung for the same offense.

But how different a thing is the above remark and the statement to go and get Jay Gould and hang him to a lamp post. This would not have been "incendiary," or constructive. It would have been direct evidence between principal and agent in doing an act, in committing a crime. That is the kind of evidence that I hoped to see, but it seems that is what this prosecution lacked, or what they thought unnecessary to have. Grinnell knows just as much about free speech as Cotton Mather did or as the advocates of trial for blasphemy in New Jersey.

Now let me close by putting "law and order" on the stand to be tried, by Anarchy, after its own rules and standards. You will admit that a policeman's business is to preserve the peace, to see that nobody trespasses upon anybody, if they do they shall be immediately arrested. He is paid to do this as our servant. He stands for law and order. He cannot claim that he is ignorant of his duties.

What were the circumstances? An out-door reform meeting is held to discuss recent grievances. The Mayor himself attended the meeting as a construction-conspirator. He stayed till he got tired, or until he thought it was going to rain and then went home and went to bed. The meeting was about through, there was but one speaker left and he nearly finishing when they are alighted upon by a platoon of police. They had come to break up that meeting and to exercise their constructive authority. The ringleader began by saying, not in the name of order, for this meeting was orderly, not in the name of peace for he was not with the protest, "We are peaceable." No, "In the name of the state of Illinois I command you to disperse!" Well, they must have been degenerate Anarchists to have dispersed. It is useless after that to say who extended the first blow, when the authority of a policeman's word is always equivalent to a blow! Under such circumstances how natural that a bomb should be thrown. If it was the duty of the agent to arrest for disorder, what is the duty of his principal when the agent, the guardian of law and order prostitutes his office to that of a bully? When the police used to organize mobs to break up Anti-Slavery meetings Mrs. Chapman exclaimed "If this is the last bulwark of American freedom, we might as well die here as anywhere!" Neither would preparations to meet such an emergency, according to the Judge's instructions, have been conspiracy. The policeman could not get down off of their great state of Illinois and the Anarchists could not get up to it! Between natural law on the one side and usurped authority on the other the Anarchists were clearly in the right. It requires a great deal of character to break bad laws, but the persons in authority who undertake to execute bad laws for good ones destroy all standard of right. Where the masses are dissatisfied with the existing order of things it shows there is something wrong, and in their unpopular struggles to meet and discuss their grievances they should have every protection, since the rich and powerful can protect themselves. The test of free institutions is in doing this, to protect the humblest and meanest with impartial justice. The power that would suppress ideas by force has already gone to judgment, for it has relinquished the field of argument and resorted to force. Such a power will surely be suppressed by those very same ideas.

Therefore let the people of Chicago learn that there is no such thing as the crime of incendiary speech, unless the tone of verbal interests to which it refers is weak and incendiary. Then they will no longer prosecute Anarchy, or persecute Anarchists, but hunt up the man who throw the bomb.

W. S. Bell is going to Texas to fill lecture engagements in October and he writes us that he expects to visit the following places: Denison, Sherman, Trenton, Dallas, Terrell, Ft. Worth, Henrietta, Bowie, Montague, Walnut, Morgan, Corsican, Karnes, Winters, Waco, Norse, Clifton, Granbury, San Antonio, New Braunfels, Houston, Moscow, Henderson, Longview, Cooper, Comanche, Temple, Cleburne, Belton, El Paso.

The following is a list of J. E. Rensburg's appointments for Iowa; Minnesota and Wisconsin:  
For September in Minn.: Silver Creek, 2; Long Lake, 3; River Falls, 4, 5; Augusta, 6, 7, 8; New London, 9; Utica, 17, 19; St. Charles, 18, 19. In Wisconsin: Green Bay, 10; Shawano, 11, 12; Merrill, 13, 14, 15; Tomah, 16. In Iowa: Cresco, 20; Maynard, 21, 22; Deerfield, 23; Fredericksburg, 24, 26; New Hampton, 25, 26; Hampton, 27; Manchester, 28, 29, 30.

For October in Iowa: Oelwine, 2, 3; Buffalo Grove, 3; Grinnell, 1; Colfax, 5; Tama City, 6; Muscatine, 7; What Cheer, 8; Montezuma, 9, 10; Sherman, 10; Osceola, 11, 12, 13.

**A Bargain!**  
"Comprehensive Commentary of the Bible." in five large volumes, for sale at this office at a bargain.

**For LUCIFER.**  
**"Birthday Greeting."**  
The seventieth birthday of J. K. Ingalls was commemorated in a quiet way by a few friends and neighbors at his home at Glenora, N. Y., July 21, 1886. It proved a very pleasant and enjoyable affair, although notice had not been given in time to make it convenient for those at a distance to be present. Dr. F. H. S. Willis and Mrs. Fox Holden made remarks, and a birthday greeting was read from Edith Willis, to which Mr. Willis responded in a few words. Letters were read from several absent friends expressing regret at not being able to attend.

Dr. M. L. Holbrook, of New York, expressed a hope that Mr. Ingalls "might live to be one hundred and that his coming days might be as useful as the past." Benj. H. Tucker expressed regret and promised to "try to do better when you reach the four score mile post." Henry Appleton: "I begin to be lonely as I see one after another of the old reformers pass away. \* \* \* When you are gone I shall feel like one who has lost his cherished guide and must grope alone. \* \* \* You have done a grand work, Mr. Ingalls. The inspiration for the work I have been able to do, is largely due to the thought germs I gathered from you. Your book I prize most highly."

Dr. S. O. Gleason, Elmira Water Cure: "So 'threes score years and ten' are yours. The doctors have left you 'in spared monument of mercy.' Well you have 'borne your testimony,' as the Quakers say, toward solving the great questions of the day. \* \* \* Hope in due time some solution will come that will improve the condition of the human family."

E. H. Heywood, Princeton, Mass.: Since I first met Mr. Ingalls in 1870, I have watched the drift and scope of his inspirations, admiring more and more his clear sight and cogent expression of truths which assure Labor's emancipation. \* \* \* His latest, greatest work, 'Social Wealth,' like Warren's 'Equitable Commerce,' Andrew's 'Science of Society,' and Proudhon's 'What is Property,' marks an epoch in economical literature, enables the American mind and honors human nature.

A number of others from family and friends were read. And a pleasant afternoon and evening were spent in social intercourse and friendly congratulations.

**BIRTHDAY GREETING.**  
Seventy years of sun and rain  
And white clouds drifting over;  
Seventy summers life has blushed  
In tufts of blossoming clover;  
Seventy summers the rose has bloomed  
"Neath kiss of bumble-bee rover.  
Seventy springs the leaves have come:  
The suns have waked the flowers,  
Seventy autumns' leaves have dropped  
In yellow and crimson showers;  
Seventy years the snows have lain  
Through the dreary winter hours.

You who have seen them come and go,  
These years with all their treasure,  
Freight of laughter and weight of tears,  
Their hope, their pain, their pleasure,  
Do know how much wealth they have brought you,  
What blessings in untold measure?  
We see the outward but cannot know  
The silent deep contending  
Through all these years of sun and rain,  
And all they have been sending,  
We only know that the bloom was good  
Of the tree that now is bending;  
Bending 'neath the ripened fruit,  
Wealth of the shining and raining,  
Bending under the sweetened fruit,  
Fair fruit well worth the gaining,  
Bending under the wholesome fruit  
Worthy the labor and training.

We, who see but the wrought result,  
Joy, that the years have brought you  
The rains and snows and sultry skies,  
And all that those have taught you;  
The walls of thought they have made to  
And the grace that pain has brought you.  
And we rejoice at the sunny skies,  
The light that lit your going,  
The azure skies and the gentle winds  
And the flowers brightly growing;  
And now on the mountain tops we see  
That the sunset light is glowing.

We would not have it always noon;  
When sunset light is shining  
Is time of rest and peace and trust,  
And the time for truth dividing  
The time when the soul sees clear and far  
And clouds show their golden lining.  
Seventy years! They have blessed the  
world,  
Though they have been so fleeting,  
Seventy years! 'Tis worth the time  
To meet as you are meeting  
Friends of this friend, Come join with me  
Give your hearts and hands in greeting.

C. F. F.

**For LUCIFER.**  
**Oppressions of Government.**  
That the stand your journal takes up on the above named subject is the correct one is well nigh self-evident. The alleged grounds for dissenting therefrom will probably be that it is too radical. This is indeed the popular objection to all reforms. Accepting at least one historic part of the Gospel as true, John the Baptist lost his head because he undertook to reform from back to good works radically. Christ seems to have gone the same way.

If to a class of readers evidence is needed to prove that governments are oppressive, consider:

1. That all European governments, ancient and modern, have oppressed the toiling masses cannot for a moment be questioned by intelligent liberty loving Americans. While the infernal robberies and cruelties—like unto the Anderson prison—of the Russian Czar, is the more emphatic illustration of this terrible truth, it differs from the other monarchies only in degree. All are on the naked, absurd and desperate assumption that might gives right. Born of Kingly blood entails the right of bloody oppression over all the inferior blooded subjects. As the stronger slave was compelled by the barbarous master to apply the burning, murderous lash to his fellow slaves, so does the Czar and other autocrats bribe and compel his stronger subjects to detect, imprison, banish and torture to death such as are suspected of the least insubordination. The standing armies are wholesale examples of the same detestable tyranny.

2. Our better class of statesmen inclining more to conserve the partial liberties achieved by our countrymen, concede the oppressions of our people. Gen. Jackson used to say, "The world is governed too much." The alien and sedition laws evince the disposition, and indeed, the determination of law makers in the youthful days of our government to crush with the iron heel of their power, the dearest personal rights.

3. The salary grab, the continual frauds to the extent of millions of the people's money on and from their treasury in Washington, form but a standing demonstration of the oppressions they must suffer from their heartless rulers.

**W. FRANCIS.**

**For LUCIFER.**  
**Not Convinced Yet.**

EDITOR LUCIFER: In "Notes" contained in LUCIFER of July, 23rd last, you mention an article written by Dyer D. Lund and printed in Liberty. From that article you seem to draw the conclusion that Mr. Samuel P. Putnam must be convicted "of a total want of understanding of the subject he was treating," viz.: Mormon Co-operation.

Having now lived in Utah for a period of 25 years, I think that I pretty thoroughly know and understand their ways and means. That Mr. Putnam is fully capable to defend the position he has taken with regard to the Mormon question I only know too well. Still I wish to say, and in truth, that among the many hundreds who talk and write about the Mormons and Mormonism, Mr. Putnam is one of the fairest, most correct, least radical or prejudiced of all. I have had the pleasure of listening to four of Putnam's lectures.

The humanitarian spirit exhibited by P. has won for him many warm friends in Utah, not only among the "anti-religious," but also among the religious. Mr. P. has performed the best missionary work yet done in Utah. He is antagonizing incorrect principles, not persons. Co-operation among Mormons was as far back as 1848, instituted as a boycotting system. It was for the openly preached and avowed purpose of "freezing out the cursed outsiders." At that time, and for years after, it was dangerous for church-members to trade outside of the institution. Spotters were placed at the doors of "Gentile Stores" to report any Mormon who traded there, and it was at least disfellowship for one who did. It will not be denied that the Mormon co-operation has been and is to-day very profitable to PROPRIETORS, Apostles, and a few other monied men, who from the beginning made it the monopoly that it is now. Out of the 200,000 inhabitants of Utah, very few have any share, but all are continually and strongly urged to "trade at the Co-op."

To me it is, and has long been, a little mysterious that some of the Free thought writers and exponents are so extremely tender-hearted when the doings of the Mormons are publicly discussed and in any way disapproved. If such friends could fully comprehend that Mormonism is Bible doctrine "out and out," then they would find that there is not so much cause for their praise as those friends surmise it to be. Not one good Free thinker will consider Congressional legislation for the suppression of Polygamy as being a cure for the evil. The political

and assiduous labors of the Mormons ever since their organization to build up a kingdom, "the Kingdom of God," a genuine bible theocracy is the great evil, and one that our liberal friends in no other part of this country, is so much afflicted with. I hold that it is the duty of every Free thinking individual to strenuously oppose the establishment of tyrannous theocratic despotisms in any part of the world. Politically the Mormons hold all power in Utah, elect officials from their own ranks and hold the leadership of power in several of the surrounding Territories. Their industry, frugality and other good qualities, are probably at par with other Christians. Here are good and bad people; but when I hear of a very good, faithful Mormon I am admonished to be on my watch. A good Christian can never be a synonym for a good citizen.

**Morgan, City, Utah. L. P. BURTON.**

**What Ought to Be and What Will Be.**

EDITOR LUCIFER: Being in full accord with the principles advocated and defended by yourself, and standing squarely on the platform of individual liberty and the right to rule self without interference from established authority, I cannot and do not combat your teachings relative to the methods by which the desired end or object should be attained. But what ought to be and what will be, are two phases of the social revolution destined to occur, that should be viewed in the light of existing conditions and by the record of past history. That the exercise of reason instead of a resort to brute force, guided by blind passion, is the proper way to deal with perplexing problems of a social nature, no sane man will deny; but history will inform all who scan its pages, that brute force has been the method in all ages by which human freedom and progress have been attained. The masses are not moved to better their condition by philosophical dissertations on an ideal government; by words of wisdom dispensed by illumined minds; but by the sermons of oppression, the logic of hunger, want and woe. This is a fact that denies contradiction, and as history repeats itself, who that reads and reflects will fail to see that our future is ominous with strife and contention of a physical nature as well as mental. No matter how much we may deplore the fact, no matter how much is said and written by our ablest advocates of a new and better system of government—the world has not yet attained that growth which will enable it to dispense with every kind—it will never be ushered in by peaceful means or the exercise of calm, judicious reason. Force rules the world, and force must be overcome by similar means, for our boasted civilization is but modified animalism in any part of the globe. The belly is the seat of reason in animals, and likewise in those who constitute the great majority of the human race, whose ignorance and slavery have acted and reacted on each other, keeping them in a stationary, or nearly so, condition, from time immemorial. While not an advocate of force or dynamite from principle, being by nature a man of peace and a thorough believer in autonomy, the conclusion is irresistibly forced upon me that dynamite and muscular, instead of mental action, will be the means by which a destined change will occur in the affairs of men and nations. The time is not yet come for the reign of love and justice, and the impending revolution will come as have all preceding ones, through the shedding of blood and extinction of life. With Wm. Holmes in LUCIFER No. 160, I fully agree that, "you may talk and preach and coax and vote until doomsday" but the gun has not ceased to be the factor in regulating and shaping human events. Yours prophetically,  
**C. SEVERANCE.**  
Port Costa, Cal., Aug. 7.

**To the Readers of "Lucifer."**  
I herewith send to LUCIFER copies of a new edition of my paper, *The World's Reformer*, a paper I think ought to be read by millions, and want you to send to the editors of LUCIFER for several, at 10 cents each, for your friends, all of which shall go to sustain LUCIFER, whose circulation ought to be doubled in three months.

Without boasting I say, I think you can't afford not to read *The World's Reformer*.

I have a big job on hand to "reform the world," and I want you to help me by circulating the papers, and at the same time help LUCIFER.

I shall soon go out selling them myself though I am 73 years old.

Newport, Me. SEWARD MITCHELL.

P. S. Copies of my paper will be for sale here, at 6 cents each. Please address, Mrs. Susan L. Clark, Newport Maine.

Itch, Prairie Mango and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Sold and warranted by Deland & Tuttle, Valley Falls.

Our patrons will confer a favor by sending Postal notes instead of stamps, whenever procurable.

**LETTERS FROM FRIENDS.**

**MISSUS EDITORS:** I herby enclose to you (\$1.50 one dollar and fifty cents, for which please send me the English and German LUCIFERS for as long a time as this amount will pay.

I received "Self Contradictions of the Bible," and I am not slow to use it when the chance presents itself, and it puts people to thinking.

I hope you will not have any trouble about that "Awful Letter," if you do, let me know and I will try and help you to \$5.00.

I have just returned from Russell county and gave friends Johnson and Dinnany a short call. Johnson had just returned from a pleasant trip to California.

It always pleases me to fall into an argument with our Christian believers, for I feel as though I was able for the best of them; and their belief held up in the light of reason, will never bear inspection.

With many wishes for your welfare, I remain your friend,  
**A. B. BEATY.**  
Gibson, Trego Co., Kan.

**DEAR BROTHER:** Your letter and bundle of papers to hand. LUCIFER is also at hand in demonstration of the spirit and with power. Your views on the land question are most excellent.

I have made the assertion that there is not a man or woman on earth who has thoroughly investigated both sides of the question, who believes the Bible is God's book.

The drought is very severe in parts of Texas. Wheat and oats have failed here. I think it probable that the time will come when some one will invent a condenser and make it rain. J. HARMAN.  
Jacksboro, Jack Co., Texas.

**DR. LUCIFER:** I received a sample copy, May No., of your paper on the 27th inst. If that paper is a fair sample of all the others that have followed up to the present time, my verdict is that it has no rival in this country. Other papers, especially the *Chicago Daily* are much larger, but it would take at least one dozen to contain the amount of solid matter that that May number contained. I would like to have you send me a few copies for further perusal. I am now taking seven different kinds of periodicals, as many as I now have time to read, but feel disposed to take another if yours suits me. Respectfully,  
**JAMES S. BUDER.**  
Kalamazoo, Mich., Aug. 30.

**BRO. HARMAN:** Enclosed find stamp for those three *Powers*, and now a few remarks. Oh what a conflict with some who run with liberal intent. Opposition comes with intent, many to be mean, as I have said before. Hence, how guarded it becomes all to stand. Even in naming a circulating sheet, LUCIFER, with a proper digest of the word, cannot mislead, but who except the thoughtful goes to the derivation? How hard it is to fix things so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err? I have anticipated for years past, danger might accrue, and lo! now it is with us. And 'tis no use disputing the fact. Even the Truthseeker quoted the "Word" this month. Now what can be expected from the much abused and misconstrued "Anarchism." From *Liberty*, in *Liberal*, Mo., by C. W. Stewart against old veteran Warren Chase, &c. Now what can be expected after this? Don't ask what's in a name? It is apparent anything men please for good or evil! Now caution should avail, and it is not too late, but at this time not proper; we are in the front and we must face the music. I guess no harm will come that you cannot meet. "What's the matter," and the word "Why," in last week, are important. I observe many critics after you, but I guess you are equal for them! If they will be fair, but that is what is the matter. Yours as ever,  
**WM. WILLS.**

We much regret to learn from a P. S. to the above that our veteran friend Wills has lost nearly all his property by the burning of his lumber yard. Such is life. Bro. W. has our sincere sympathy.

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"A Deathblow to the Slavery of To-day."  
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Way Freight	No. 13,	7:58 a m
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Atlantic Express	No. 2,	4:33 p m
New York Express	No. 4,	4:30 a m
Through Freight	No. 10,	3:15 a 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	.....	8:30 a m
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Passenger and Mail	.....	11:00 a m
Local Freight	.....	3:15 p m

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H. D. BUTTS, Agent.

**A FAMILY AFFAIR.**

BY THE LATE HUGH CONWAY.

"BURNETT was a Mr. Burnett, a recognized art authority. Now it is an accepted truth that an art authority is born, not made; at least no one has yet discovered the method of manufacture. He stands upon the world full grown, the great mother Art's exponent. He is recognized. He is kind and benignant. He takes our hands and guides us, shows us what to praise and what to blame. We are grateful, and if we are rich, regulate our purchases according to his word.

Frank found Mr. Burnett at his rooms, writing—critiques on the recently opened exhibitions most likely. Burnett was a tall man, at least six feet high. He was portly and filled his round-backed study chair most thoroughly. His face was round and cleanly shaved. He was slightly bald. His eyes were blue and looked at you in a way which gave promise of humor. Talking him altogether he was the last man whom, judging by his writings and renown, you would have expected to be Mr. Burnett, and a certain artist who, objecting to some of his views, spoke of him as an "emaciated apostle of aestheticism," could not have enjoyed his personal acquaintance.

"Why, Carruthers?" he said, in a soft but rich voice. "So it is. I haven't seen you for an age. Sit down, my dear fellow. Have a smoke."

He pushed across the cigar box. The cigar box or its substitute the cigarette box is in the social transactions of modern life rapidly taking the place once filled by the snuff box of our respected ancestors.

"Got a book coming out," continued Burnett. "Your publisher told me about it. They expect great things of it. Don't know that you ought to build on that. Oh yes, my dear Carruthers,"—Frank was about to speak—"of course I'll do anything I can for you. I am afraid it won't be much. But I think it's better to let every tub stand on its own bottom. If this thing be of—"

Here Carruthers managed to slip in a word. "I didn't know I'd asked you to do anything."

"But you're going to. A man who turns up after a long absence always comes to ask for something. I was only anticipating your request. I always consent beforehand when I can. Every one has to consent to do what he's asked. It shows much greater delinquency to forestall the demand."

"At any rate I didn't come to talk about my book."

"Impossible, my dear Carruthers! A first book, and not want to talk about it! Is modesty not yet extinct? Do talk about it—It's unnatural not to do so."

"Confound it!" said Carruthers. "Will you listen? I came to ask—"

"I knew you came to ask something; my grief is that I did not guess what."

"You know a great deal about pictures, don't you?" said Carruthers not noticing the interruption.

Burnett wheeled round and looked at his friend. His eyes twinkled. "Ah, my dear Carruthers, there you have me. That is a question I ask myself day and night. Do I know a great deal about pictures? In confidence, my life would be happier if I could answer that question. My good fellow, the spectro, the Frankenstein that haunts my existence is the dread that some day I shall land a work to the skies and find too late, too late, that it is a bad copy. This, Carruthers, is an anxiety you will be ever spared. Answer your own question for me and you will make me a happier man."

Frank laughed. "Well, you're supposed to know a great deal."

"That is a much better way of putting it. I can answer that without outraging modesty. Supposing then that I am supposed to know—what follows?"

"I want to—"

"My dear Carruthers, my question was one of those interpolated phrases which an orator uses for the purpose of answering himself. I know perfectly well what you want. You have bought in a shop in some back slum, or it may be, at a sale, a piece of old canvas or copper covered with certain pigments. You have bought it for a song. You have taken it home, looked at it in every light; you have wotted your fingers and rubbed them over portions of your purchase, and have found hidden beauties. You have looked through a magnifying glass and tried to find a signature. Now don't interrupt me, my dear fellow. I know the whole process. Belief as to the enormous value of your purchase has grown upon you, but you are not quite satisfied, so you have come to show it to me, and at this moment a cab is standing at my door with your picture in it. Don't bother to carry it up. If you insist upon my looking at it just go down and hold it up; I'll look out of the window."

"I didn't come in a cab," said Carruthers.

"Ah, then it is too large to bring to me. So much the worse for you, Carruthers. It's in your rooms of course, resting on a chair, in a strong light. Oh yes, I'll look round some morning. You generally smoke good cigars and I suppose keep a drink handy. Don't apologize for troubling me. It will be no trouble. But about the picture; put it in your bedroom with its face to the wall. I wouldn't

look at it. I can give you my opinion without seeing it. I assure you it is not genuine, my dear Carruthers—they never are."

"As I have not bought any picture—" began Carruthers.

"Oh, it's one you're going to buy, is it? Do you know, my dear Carruthers, I should be careful if I were you. I wouldn't go beyond five pounds unless it is a Titian, a Guido, a Raphael, or a Marillo. Then you might go to seven. Seven pounds is a nice limit for a picture buyer. I know a man who got together a charming gallery of old masters on a seven pound limit. Funny thing too, he had several genuine works in it."

"Lucky man!" said Frank who began to see that he must let his friend go to the length of his tether. Mr. Burnett was not a rapid speaker but a continuous and a sustained one. He was one of those men whose words flow out so softly, so richly and so pleasantly that it seems sacrilege to stop them.

"I don't see the luck, my dear Carruthers. His pictures cost him seven pounds apiece and would no doubt sell for seven pounds apiece. Of course it never occurred to you that a picture to fetch money must be more than genuine. It must have a pedigree. A picture without a pedigree is as worthless as a princess without one. A picture with a pedigree sells for heaven knows what, although it isn't genuine. My dear fellow, I know a man who gave twenty-two thousand pounds for a couple of pictures. They were bought abroad for six thousand, sent over in a special steamer. My friend heard about them and being afraid some one would forestall him went down to Dover to meet them. He gave a check for the money without even unscrewing the cases. What do you think of that?"

"The dealer guaranteed the pictures, I suppose?"

"Guaranteed! How simple you are, Carruthers! Who can guarantee a picture except the artist who painted it? No, he guaranteed that the cases contained two pictures which had hung in a nobleman's residence in a certain place, and which had formerly hung in another place, and which had belonged to so and so, and which were the two identical pictures mentioned by Horace Walpole or somebody else, as two of the finest examples of a certain artist, and so back and back. There was an unbroken pedigree. Well, my dear Carruthers, I was present when my friend opened the cases. That was because I knew the pictures and could assure him he had the right ones. I had, of course, seen them before, and when first I saw them I knew I had the advantage of the reputed artist—he never saw them."

"You told your friend so of course."

"Certainly not. Who am I to dispute the verdict of those who went before me? The pictures were established, my dear fellow. Besides my friend had a very good bargain. If his collection is ever sold they will fetch thirty thousand. But I'd stick to the seven pound limit if I were you. And now about this picture you want to buy?"

"I haven't the slightest intention of buying any picture."

"My dear Carruthers, I hope I haven't deterred you. I hope I have not nipped the incipient bud of art love."

"Easy, Burnett," said Frank growing desperate. "If you'd only condescend to listen—"

"Listen!" said Burnett with mock reproach. "My dear fellow, haven't I listened to every word you have said. Haven't I tried to counsel you to the best of my ability? Well, go on!"

"Do you know any picture called the Madonna di Tempio?" asked Carruthers hastily, and happy to get the question out at last.

"A picture called the Madonna di Tempio," echoed Burnett. "That's a good broad order, Carruthers. Now, who may that picture be by? An artist's name might add my memory."

"If I knew the artist's name I shouldn't come bothering you. I should get my information first hand from Pilkington's dictionary or who took you to."

"No doubt you could. Any one can find information if he knows where to look for it. On that shelf you will find catalogues of all the European galleries. You can take them and look them through. About a week's employment I should say."

"I can't spare the time," said Frank. "If you can't tell me I will go and ask some one else. Only I thought you knew every picture in Europe."

Burnett's eyes twinkled. He laid his hand on Frank's arm. "My dear Carruthers," he said, "let me entrust you for your own sake not to go rushing about and proclaiming your ignorance of art matters. Let that secret be deposited with me alone. I will guard it reverently."

"Tell me where the picture is," said Frank.

Burnett stretched out his arm and took a book off a shelf. He opened it and read as follows:—

"Both in tone and execution this beautiful work is closely allied to the celebrated Madonna of the House of Orleans. The colors are laid on thinly with a somewhat fuller impasto in the whitest light. It is impossible to conceive a more glossy finish united to more subtle modelling, or greater purity of colors of the richest tints and most dazzling brightness. It is characterized by plump form, soft blending and spare impasto of flesh, bathed in vapor, and made transparent by delicate glazes. It is a true touch of nature which makes the mother accompany the embrace with a look of tender affection, while the child receives the caress more mechanically and gazes straight out of the picture."

"There, my dear Carruthers, do you recognize it? Is that your picture?"

Frank fell into the humor. "It must be," he said, gravely. "The plump form; the spare impasto; the bath of vapor. There cannot be two such. But set your doubts at rest."

"Ah, yes. I see it is called the Madonna di Tempio. Painted by Raphael. You have heard of Raphael, Carruthers?"

"Where is it?" asked Frank quickly.

"It is in the Old Pinakothek."

"In the what?"

"My dear Carruthers, how ignorant you are. I thought you studied Greek at Oxford—Pinakothek is derived from a Greek word—"

"I know all that, but where is it?"

"My dear Carruthers, you asked me what

not where. It was answering your question. "But where is it?"

"Your ignorance is deplorable. The Old Pinakothek is in Munich. Munich you may know is the capital of—"

Frank jumped up, feeling he had been tormented long enough. "Thank you," he said, "I am so much obliged."

"Not going, Carruthers! Oh, sit down and have a chat. Tell me all about your book. You must be dying to tell me all."

"No, I'm not. I must go now. Good-bye."

"But where are you going?"

"The words you read have fired me. I am going to Munich to see the Madonna di Tempio." And before Mr. Burnett could get out another question Carruthers was gone.

The smallest slips ruin the most cleverly devised schemes. The omission or the addition on a bill of exchange of a simple mark called a "tick," sent Messrs. Bidwell and Co. into retirement at the country's expense instead of enjoying the fat of a foreign land at the cost of the old lady of Threadneedle Street. An act of Beatrice's, that of penning down in an idle moment the title of a picture which had struck her fancy, brought Mr. Carruthers in hot haste to her hiding-place. Fate is turned by a feather!

CHAPTER XXX.  
THE TRUTH AT LAST.

Carruthers reached Munich late at night. He went straight to that comfortable hotel the "Four Seasons," and, feeling that the hour was too late to begin his researches, sipped and went to bed. In spite of his excitement at the thought of being in the same town as Beatrice, he slept soundly. Main is but mortal, and after traveling as fast as is possible from London to Munich, it takes a great deal to spoil a night's rest. So in the morning Carruthers arose refreshed and eager to begin the quest.

But how to begin it? He was not even sure that his object was in Munich. Because she had written down the name of a picture it did not follow she was near that work of art. She might only have paid Munich a flying visit—might have by miles and miles away. He grew very despondent as he realized the slender, fragile nature of the clue which he had so impetuously taken up and followed. Nevertheless he vowed he would not leave Munich until he felt sure it did not harbor the fugitives.

He stepped through the swinging doors of his hotel, and stood in the broad Maximilians-Strasse. He hesitated, uncertain what to do, which way to turn. So far as he could see, his only chance of finding Beatrice was meeting her in the public streets; his only plan was to walk about those streets until he met her. At any rate he would do nothing but this for the next few days. If unsuccessful he would then think whether he could apply to such persons as might be able to tell him what strangers were living in Munich.

He turned to the right, went across the Platz, and into the fair Ludwig-Strasse. He walked on with palms on either hand until he came to the gate of victory. Preoccupied as Mr. Carruthers was, the number of magnificent buildings he passed greatly impressed him. However, he deferred his admiration until happier times.

A kind of superstition made him think it well to see the picture which had brought him so far. He inquired the way to the Old Pinakothek, and upon arriving there sought for and found the Madonna di Tempio. He stood for a long time contemplating it, not because he so much admired it as in the hope that fate might bring Beatrice to his side. Should not come, so he bade the Madonna adieu, and after having run quickly through the large rooms and cabinets in the hope of encountering Beatrice, he left the building wishing that the living masterpiece he sought was as easy to find as that of the dead artist.

Keeping to what seemed the principal and most populous streets he found himself once more in front of his hotel. He started off in an opposite direction, went down the broad Maximilians-Strasse. More palaces, more statues, but no Beatrice. At last he stood on the stone bridge which spans the shallow but rapid Isar. He stopped and looked at the curious artificial bed of smooth planks over which the river runs; and then he looked down into the little triangular pleasure-garden which lies between the two arms of the stream.

In the garden, on one of the seats, intently engaged with a book, sat Beatrice. Her little boy was playing near her. It needed not the sight of the boy to assure Carruthers he was not mistaken. Like all lovers he told himself he would have known that graceful head, that perfect form at least a mile away. Yes, there was Beatrice! The Madonna had not led him astray. Had Carruthers been a Roman Catholic he might have shown his gratitude by the expenditure of pounds and pounds of wax candles.

He stood for some time watching Beatrice. Now that he had found her, he trembled at his own act. He trembled at the thought of what he had to say to her, what he had to say to him. He comforted himself by the assurance that he had only sought her, broken through her concealment, for the sake of giving, or at least offering, such help as he could give.

After this he walked slowly down to the garden and stood in front of her. She raised her eyes and smiled him. Her book fell to the ground. She sprang to her feet and uttered a little cry, a cry that sounded very sweet to Mr. Carruthers as it was unmistakably one of pleasure. At the unexpected appearance of the man she loved, for a moment there was no thought in her heart save that of joy. She stretched out her hands. "Frank! Frank!" she cried. "You here?"

He took her hands in his and regardless of bystanders gazed into her grey eyes. For a moment he could not speak. The sight of Beatrice, the touch of her hand sent the blood rushing through his veins. Days, weeks, months, he had pictured this meeting, and now it had come to pass!

[Continued.]

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