

LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 4, No. 31.

VALLEY FALLS, KANSAS, OCTOBER 29, E. M. 286.

WHOLE No. 173

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Without Medicine. A Means of cure for
RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS DEBILITY, IN-
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A Brief Report of the Event, and some
Comments Thereon. Includ-
ing a Copy of the
Complaint.

What was said and done at the Autonomic
Marriage of E. C. WALKER and LILLIAN
HARMAN, for which they were arrested and
are now in jail.
Price 5c. each, 25c. per dozen.

KANSAS LIBERTY AND JUSTICE.

To Jail and There,
V.

CELL 2, THE JAIL, OSKALOOSA, KAN., Oct. 26, '86.

At last the great State of Kansas, still feeling its "peace and dignity" insulted and outraged, and represented by the judicial district upon whose bench sits Judge Robert Crozier, dares to send to jail a girl of seventeen for the "crime" of minding her own business, for refusing to stoop to the vulgarity of asking a man who had and has no business with her affairs, a probate judge, for a license to associate in the most sacred, tender and personal relations of life with the man she loves. To-day she is in the cramped confines of a cell because she was true to her highest conceptions of right, because she would not sacrifice her womanly dignity and refinement simply for the reason that a certain number of ordinary men called a State Legislature had declared that she should. To those who do not see the matter in the light that she views it, who believe that a license is proper and necessary, she has nothing to say in criticism. They can do as they think right, that is their right, but she demands that they attend strictly to their own affairs, letting hers severely alone. She has no right to dictate to them, and they have no right to dictate to her. Her rights are equal to theirs, not greater, not less. It makes not one particle of difference whether they call themselves the state, for that is simply an aggregation of individuals possessing no rights not possessed in full by any individual. It does not avail to say that they represent "the Law," for the Law is but the recorded opinions of a certain or uncertain number of men, possessed of the same prejudices, frailties and ignorance, in greater or less degree.

The Osawkee Times coolly remarks that as all the other county papers are giving us a kick down hill, it will also let fly a heel at us. This metropolitan journal hopes that the "king bee" (M. H.) will be made to share our fate and the "rotten concern" closed out for good. It is satisfied that Valley Falls will then smell more like the rose than she has for many a day.

While we were in the Register office there was a hanger-on there who for week after week lounged around and did nothing but write an occasional local squib and keep the atmosphere of the room poisoned with smoke from one of the vilest of pipes. The presence of lady compositors to whom the smoking was an intolerable offense made no difference to this gentleman. A devotee of whisky and women—of a certain class—he is just the man to raise his voice against social purity and seek the destruction of the Lucifer business. This party is "Col." Groesbeck, editor of the Osawkee Times, and he has as much right to the "Col." or any other military title as a babe in arms. He is a fair sample of those who are loudest in the denunciation of us.

To Georgia Repligle, of Equity, Jay Chaapel and Lois Waisbrooker of Foundation Principles, Mattie and Moses Hall of New Thought, and L. V. Pinney of the Winsted Conn. Press, we return most hearty and sincere thanks for the many, eloquent, and timely words in our behalf which they have typed. They have not forgotten the traditions of the Free-thought party; they are true to the principles of self-government; they recognize the necessity, the duty and the joy of standing by Comrades in peril, and fearlessly speak out when most who should speak are silent, ungratefully silent.

The "respectable" Liberal journals of to-day are occupying the position held by the Index and others of that school six to nine years ago. These now, like those then, knew only a "nice arithmetic of odds," and so they let the enemy march into their territory and interpose not a single obstacle to his advance. Do they fail to see the danger that menaces them? Do they think that they can afford to allow the outposts to be carried and the vantage ground occupied by the battalions of the foe? Have they so soon forgotten the lessons of the battle years of American Free-thought? Do not the successors of Abner Kneeland and D. M. Bennett know that they are passively yielding to the common enemy the key to the whole line of Liberal fortifications?

The only prisoner now in the jail besides ourselves is Benjamin Simon, of Valley Falls. He is the scape goat to bear the sins of all the whiskey sellers of Jefferson county, or so it seems. The druggists are still selling within the law, while there seems to be no doubt that there are several others selling over the bar and remaining unmolested outside of the law. Justice is blind.

The primary object of the clique that is pursuing us is to destroy Lucifer. The men composing it see no other way in which the paper can be disposed of, sure-

ly, as they think. But I much mistake the temper of our readers if these inquisitors do not find that they have made a fatal mistake in their calculations. What say you Comrades?

E. C. WALKER.

DEAR FRIENDS: Now, I suppose, the people of the great commonwealth of Kansas can breathe freely once more! The terrible "criminals" who threatened their "peace and dignity" are at last safely behind the bars. But I wonder what they are going to do with you who are outside? Your offense is secondary, only, to ours. They want LUCIFER to suspend, but unfortunately for them, you don't seem to intend that they shall have their desire. Our little LIGHT-BEARER shines as brightly as ever, despite the prophecy of certain whilom friends, that Radicalism would "kill the paper." Like the prophet Wiggins, they did not meet with a very brilliant success in their prognostications. I was locked up in here on the 25th. The worst feature of the place, aside from lack of exercise, is the absence of natural light. I have to do all my reading and writing by artificial light.

FOUR PEN PICTURES.

A number of years ago, during the great postal struggle, Mr. Eugene McDonald, the present editor of the Truth Seeker, drew, in the columns of that paper, the following terribly true sketches of some of the fiendish deeds of the majority demon:

"CONSENSUS OF THE COMPETENT."

Let us go back to the Middle Ages. In Italy, there lives a man whose genius leads him to study mathematics, astronomy and philosophy, instead of theology. With a telescope which he had with great labor and ingenuity constructed, he peers through the dark abysses of space. He verifies Copernicus' theories and gives his knowledge to the world as his contribution to science. It is Galileo, as you know. There is a church of Christ in Italy—men learned not only in the doctrines of a wondrous Trinity, but in the worldly knowledge gained in schools. They were the peoples' teachers, the wise men of their time.

An old man is summoned to appear at Rome, the seat of learning and headquarters of Christianity. Over the mountains he slowly crawls to answer the summons, and one day in the early part of the year 1633 he appears before the august tribunal of wise men. His crime is differing from the majority. On bonded knees with his hand on the Bible and his eyes turned toward the sky whose secrets he had discovered, he is compelled to curse the truth he had searched so many years to find. He is before a "Consensus of the Competent."

In a large room in a Masonic building at Soville are assembled a body of men.

They are Society.

In the center of the room, stretched upon an iron bed, lies the naked form of a young woman. Her hands are held by cords above her head, and her feet are fastened to a roller, which is turned by levers now held by men.

She is the Individual.

At a signal the levers move, the roller turns, the cords tighten, and the victim is torn joint from joint, till at last she lies there limp and broken, a lifeless thing.

The men who give the signal are a "Consensus of the Competent."

We are in Geneva on an October day. A little way out there are a multitude of people. In their midst is a man bound by iron chains to a stake. Around him are piled oaken fagots. From the surrounding snow-capped hills the glint of the afternoon sun casts a blood red lustre upon the scene. The crowd gathered there are the Government, the majority, of the country. The fires are lighted, and the stifling winds lift the flames at intervals away from the prisoner, leaving the charred and cracking flesh exposed to the gaze of the curious crowd. Sorvatus slowly roasts to death.

A "Consensus of the Competent" watched him roast.

We are in the Netherlands, and Charles the Fifth is our gracious sovereign. Over the fertile fields we see a flock of birds; some have alighted. What is the harvest being gleaned that calls them there? It is the harvest whose seeds are sown by the church, whose reaper is Death. The birds are carrion crows. We look closely at the ground. All over the fields are little hillocks, like bunches of grain upon the ground. What are they? They are human heads; the living bodies are buried in the ground. With fierce shrieks the heads turn from side to side to avoid the birds pecking at their eyes. Over them streams blood drawn by the sharp beaks. Darkness settles down; one by one the cries are stilled; and when morning comes, only a lot of ghastly stumps meet the eyes. There is no life.

They were Individuals, and Society, having arrived at unanimity in matters of belief, had passed upon their Individualism.

The "Consensus of the Competent" is the Inquisition.

Look at these pictures, Christians and dead-in-life Liberals of Valley Falls, and see what you would do or permit to be done if you had the power possessed by your auto-types.

Would it be possible for the man to whose pen we are indebted for the above graphic portrayal of the crimes of majorityism, to take part, actively or passively, in torturing Dissentients?

AUTONOMY—SELF-LAW; what are its demands; number one—now ready, price, 10 cts., or \$1.00 per dozen. 29 pages good type and print. Please order and distribute to all who are willing to read. This little pamphlet is designed to be introductory to several more.

Lucifer, -- The Light-Bearer.
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.

No communications inserted unless accompanied by the real name of the author.

Each writer is alone responsible for the opinions advanced or statements made by him.

FOR LUCIFER

HEROINE OF VALLEY FALLS.

Not "airy fairy Lillian"
Whom England's laureate sings,
But brave and steadfast Lillian,
Whose voice for freedom rings—
Brave Lillian,
Steadfast Lillian,
Hero's bride "mid sun and gloom,
On whose tree of sorrowful thornings,
Rose of triumph yet will bloom.
Maiden, who for love and truthness
Calmy dares Convention's shame,
Self-respect and ungod purities
Choosing for a higher fame—
Pure Lillian,
Noble Lillian,
Cure not thou the tempests loom!
On Fame's scroll of victor-martyrs,
For thy name there still is room.

Let them bar and brand and bray you,
Let them know not what they do,
Teach each fickle, mis-led bourgeois,
Naught can stain the soul that's true—
Earnest Lillian,
High-souled Lillian,
All the ungodly shall be hilt,
Hold thy ground, yes, calmly hold it,
Tho' these serpents hiss and trail.

Every blow that tyrants hurl
Cuts their own flesh deep and wide,
Bloom and spray on brow and kittle,
Deck the victor, victory's bride—
Brave Lillian,
Honored Lillian,
Heroes halt thee, cheer on cheer!
On the heights thy feet are planted,
Ten while groundlings curse and jeer.
J. WM. LLOYD.

Grahamville, Florida.

Spiritual Meeting.

On Saturday and Sunday, October 9th and 10th, at the residence of T. C. Deuel, near Fairmount, Kan., we had the supreme pleasure of being one of about 100 happy souls assembled for the purpose of renewing old acquaintances and having a "Feast of reason and Flow of Soul." This was the third meeting of the kind, one of which was held one year ago and one two years ago. Those meetings having grown in numbers and interest from the first, we deemed it necessary to form ourselves into a society and continue the good work; therefore the following declaration of principles was adopted and signed by upwards of forty members:

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE LEAVENWORTH COUNTY SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.

We believe that Spiritualism is a philosophy founded upon eternal truth, and is the most powerful reforming force of the age, therefore we unite ourselves together for the purpose of promulgating a knowledge of the facts upon which the Spiritual Philosophy and our Religion are founded, under the name of the Leavenworth County Spiritualist Association. T. C. Deuel, President; Mrs. May A. Hutchison, Vice President; H. H. Harris, Treasurer; Miss H. A. Deuel, Secretary; H. C. Austin, Corresponding Secretary.

Our esteemed friend Lois Waisbrooker, of Clinton, Iowa, was present and addressed the meeting both days. Other good speakers were present and gave grand inspirational lectures, among whom was Dr. M. P. Henderson, of Johnson county; Mrs. Holiday, of Topeka (late of Fort Scott,) et al. After enjoying the hospitality of the Deuel family, and each others congenial company for two days, the Association adjourned to meet again next May, when the assembly broke up and we all returned home feeling the better by having been there. MAY HUTCHISON, Leavenworth, Kan.

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.

The Defence Fund.

So many mistakes and omissions have occurred in our previous credits on the Defense fund that we here have attempted to give them all, so that the errors may be pointed out for correction. Our friends who have sent aid for this purpose will please help the book-keeper to get this matter right. Again we most sincerely return thanks to all who have so promptly and nobly come to our assistance in our unequal contest for the right of self-ownership and the right to freedom of contract.

Mary E. Preston, Maquoketa, Ia.	\$ 40
Joseph Ellsars, Birmingham, Conn.	2.00
C. T. Fowler, Kansas City, Mo.	1.00
M. Franklin, New Haven, Conn.	50
George Lynn, Joliet, Ill.	1.00
Wm. Blacklock, Warrior Sta., Ala.	1.00
W. H. Holschneider, Humboldt, Ia.	1.00
Dr. Karl Vogle, " "	2.00
Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Va.	\$1.00
H. L. Joslin, Mankato, Minn.	1.00
"Cornelius," " "	2.00
"Fritogen," " "	2.00
Mattie E. Harsen, Clinton, Iowa,	1.00
O. H. Jackson, " "	1.00
Daniel Davis, Iowa, " "	\$ 1.00
Jno. Durant, " "	1.00
Annette Nye, " "	10.00
Werner Boecklin, " "	5.00
Mrs. Boecklin, " "	5.00
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Robert Knittel, Kansas, " "	1.00
J. C. Hannan, " "	2.00
A. O. Baldwin, " "	5.00
A. Friend, " "	1.00
Henry Youmans, " "	1.00
Jos. Henry, " "	2.00
Geo. T. Remington, Delaware, " "	1.25
F. P. Follet, Illinois, " "	5.00
J. Wm. Lloyd, Florida, " "	1.00
Abner J. Pope, Mass., " "	2.50
A. H. Wood, " "	1.50
Joshua Harman, Texas, " "	2.25
Jno. H. Kelson, Colorado, " "	1.00
Porter Martin, Minn., " "	5.00
Dr. T. R. Kinget, New York, " "	2.00
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W. T. Minchen, Iowa, " "	10.00
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Flora W. Fox, Minn., " "	5.00
T. M. Walker, Kan., " "	5.00
Geo. W. Carpenter, Texas, " "	1.00
O. Gregg, Kan., " "	75
F. W. Hunt, " "	2.00
E. J. Bishop, Iowa, " "	1.00
C. F. Hunt, Ill., " "	1.00
J. W. Cooper, Colorado, " "	2.00
W. A. McCaslin, Wis., " "	2.00
P. L. Edholm, Neb., " "	2.00
Flora Hodge, Ill., " "	1.35
B. F. Cheney, " "	1.00
J. Francis Ringles, Mich., " "	2.00
Thomas R. Jones and Phillis K. Batton, Kan., " "	1.00
Sarah Youmans, Iowa, " "	1.00

PROMISED.

O. B. Hoffman, Kan.,	2.00
O. Dunham, Iowa,	10.00
H. A. Harrington, Minn.,	5.00

Lillian Harman's first "letter from jail" has been necessarily left over till next issue; also the continuation of Col. Kelson's series of letters entitled "That Marriage." Also a long list of "letters from friends"—a few of which are in criticism of our course.

One of the criticisms in regard to the conduct of the paper we will briefly notice here, viz: That so much space ought not to be taken up with a "continued story." We will just say now that this story (phases) was accepted at a time when from the critical illness of myself we were glad to get what we thought was good matter ready-set, at a trifling cost; and having begun the serial we felt bound to complete it. The story is now nearly finished.

Hard Knocks Instead of Hard Cash.

In your notes about Valley Falls you seem to be sorry—inconsistently, unreasonably sorry—that the editors of *LUCIFER* do not join "the central column that is sweeping on to such glorious victory," and that they prefer hard knocks to hard cash. You say "they are bound to be of the 'forlorn hope,' and that your course seems to you to be 'practically more for man's advancement' than for theirs.

I am surprised that a man of your comprehension, breadth and altitude of mind, and who has made so many lofty flights and transitions under difficulties

should so disparage "the logic of events" as to think that your work, just now, is more demanded and of more importance to humanity than that of your co-workers, Harman and Walker. It seems to me they are aiding the Secular Union in every true and lasting sense.

I have always thought you appreciated every work and every worker and disparaged none; but in the words I quote from your Notes you seem to imply that their work is of "doubtful utility." You prefer to avoid "hard knocks" and get "hard cash" in which you are successful.

I have fought fifty years for humanity and unpopular truth, through persecution, continual losses, mobs, injury of person, and perils of life, long ago, when there were few to sympathize and defend, and when, so far from getting any "hard cash" I got only the "hard knocks" and was often glad I escaped personal injury and found a place to stay over night. All this have I experienced to help prepare the way for you and others to travel easy, "do good and get paid for it," while a few of us pioneers are now suffering for the necessities of life. Were our "hard knocks" of no account, I am painfully surprised that "hard cash" is to you of more importance than that kind of work which will not draw it from the people.

Suppose Garrison had so valued "hard cash" how much would he have done for emancipation? Suppose D. M. Bennett had pursued a policy that leads to "hard cash" instead of a "forlorn hope," where now would have been the Truth Seeker and its concomitants?

Know you not my successful, brilliant, admired and appreciated friend, that nature's work is infinite, with an infinite variety of organizers or workers to do it, and that in Evolution's program—you program—no work is lost or useless, and no worker is to be disparaged? Suppose all the pioneers and reformers, ancient or modern, had been dominated by hard cash, and sought to avoid hard knocks, where would truth and humanity now be? Is not every humanitarian and unpopular cause a "forlorn hope" at first? Are you sure that *LUCIFER*, The Word, Woman's World, Foundation Principles and other unpopular papers are doing less important work than you and the Secular Union? Do the Nine Demands include all that is necessary to human progress and salvation? Are industrial, individual, social, sexual rights, justice and freedom, so ably discussed and vigorously defended by *LUCIFER* and the confederates, of less importance to human amelioration and emancipation, in every sense, than political and religious freedom? Are not all these questions to be agitated and analyzed, and held up to human view, and answered in the light of truth, science and humanity?

I rejoice to read your weekly Notes and to know of your great success as to the effect of your labors in making converts and getting hard cash, receiving luxurious fare, unlimited hospitality and appreciation; but I would have you bear in mind that what you may call side issues, that may or may not tend to the general progress are in the program, and it does not become you to ignore or disparage them. Ideally and truly such seeming disparagement is inconsistent with the spirit and purpose of all you have said or written as a thinker, novelist, poet, scientist and humanitarian. In conclusion, let me suggest to you to remember that you are now reaping the fruit of seed sown before your time by such minds as Harman and Walker, and of the hard knocks received by Hacker, myself and others, now poor and despoiled, and no hard cash to make us comfortable. Bless you in all things.

J. H. Cook.

Marriage.

In reading the marriage proceedings of Lillian and Edwin, I cannot understand why their marriage is not as lawful as that of Elmina and Isaac.

If a couple live together as husband and wife, and call themselves so, it constitutes a legal marriage in New York.

In last *LUCIFER* Lillian says "I am married as truly as any one is." What more does the law need?

Our certificate simply says: "This is to certify for the accomplishment of marriage intentions this 8th day of June, 1890, Isaac Slenker and Elizabeth P. Drake, do mutually promise to take each other for husband and wife, hoping to be faithful and loving companions till the end of life."

This was read aloud by my father's brother and signed by ourselves and a few friends as witnesses.

Is this any more cramping, binding or fettering than the ceremony of Edwin and Lillian, and is not the one as much lawful as the other? We promised nothing at all save simply to take each other as husband and wife. It seems to me no one can object to so simple a ceremony, and yet it is legal to all intents and purposes.

It seems to me the fanatics who are prosecuting Edwin and Lillian are laboring under some great delusion, and are blinded by an over zealousness in the support of law and order. It is to be hoped they will soon see their mistake, and recognize the difference between a great and good effort towards a higher and better state of things, and the bravado that tramples on all law and public opinion for the sake of mere notoriety and personal pleasure.

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

"The Mormon Question," by a Gentle, author of "Utah and its People," 91 large pages. 25cts. For sale at this office.

Judge McAllister, of the Chicago Court of Appeals, says, that when the police invade the public hall of even the poor, they, the poor, have the right to defend their castle, even to the shooting down of the police. What is the difference between Judge McAllister and outlaws, both being \$7.00 judges?—The Future, (Richland, Kan.)

The long roll of honored names of papers that are now speaking up for justice and humanity against the proposed judicial murder of the condemned socialists, is daily lengthening and strengthening.

The unprovoked firing into a peaceful crowd and slaughter of innocent people by the Pinkerton thugs at Chicago is only what may be expected when corporations are allowed to maintain standing armies and levy war on the people. Had this occurred in Russia we would have considered it awful despotism.—Anti-Monopolist.

Why do not the great dailies call for the conviction and summary punishment of these "Pinkerton thugs?" In this case there seems to be no doubt as to who the aggressors were. In the case of the condemned socialists there is not only a doubt as to who threw the bomb, but there is the further doubt as to whether these socialists would not have been justifiable in throwing the bomb.

It is an old saying that he who is good at making apologies is seldom good for anything else. There is much truth in this, but sometimes apologies, or more correctly speaking, explanations are quite proper and necessary. We try to bring out our sheet as clean of typographical errors as possible, but often these will creep in notwithstanding all our care, and sometimes, as in several of our last issues it would seem that some "tricksy Puck" or demon bent on mischief, must have had a hand in making up *LUCIFER*'s pages. It is of but little use now to call attention to particular errors. If the reader has not guessed how it ought to be he will hardly go to the trouble of looking over the columns now to compare the false with the true. We will just say, however, that making E. C. Walker call himself a "gentleman," by the signature "W." instead of "H."—as was done in October 8th, is one of the most provoking of the typo's blunders.

We have received several copies of the *Lucifer*, of Valley Falls, filled with matter chiefly devoted to justifying the free love marriage of two men. One of the chief arguments is that marriage existed before there was any law, therefore marriage is above law. So did murder exist before there was any law. Is that any argument in favor of the right to murder? But these papers give us a new light upon that marriage. It was not adultery or fornication, but was an "autonomistic" marriage. Why didn't they say so in the first place? Then there would have been no trouble over it. An autonomistic marriage is such as a herd of animals in a pasture observe. Any two get together whenever they feel like it, in the presence of all the others, and change partners to suit their convenience.—Troy (Kan.) Chief.

If we may judge from the ear-marks of this characteristic effusion its author is a very young man and consequently it would be useless to quote for his benefit the old stock argument in use thirty years ago against the Anti-Slavery movement. "So you want to marry a nigger, do you? All you want the nigger freed for is that you may marry a wench!"

Just so, the average champion of law-enforced slavery for woman in the sex relation, cannot conceive any better motive for autonomy in marriage than that its advocates want to live like brute beasts! "An autonomistic marriage is such as a herd of animals in a pasture observe." That is to say, the Troy Chief knows how it is himself! He knows that this is the way he would do if the law did not restrain him.

But as in the pro-slavery fling there is a deep truth hidden under the surface of this man's specious argument. It would have been far better to "marry a nigger," provided the union were one of mutual love and respect, rather than to associate as white and blacks did under slavery. So we now say to this apologist for present despotisms: Better, far better to live as the 'animals' in the state of nature do, than to live as thousands of men and women live under Christian marriage! The Troy man has doubtless read "Gulliver's Travels." If so he remembers that the hero's captor after learning how the Yahoos (white men) lived, said that in one respect at least, men were below the brutes—that was, in their treatment of women in the sex-relation. And the writer of these travels, Dean Swift, (an English clergyman) had to acknowledge that this barbarian was in the right.

The Chief's comparison of marriage to "murder," equally shows the verduancy, not to say the callowness, of the writer. Laws are enacted against murder because it is always wrong to murder. Likewise laws are enacted against marriage because it is *always* wrong to marry! Is that it, brother Miller? Perhaps, however, he means that laws are intended to "regulate" both murder and marriage. Taking this view he is probably about right. More murders have been committed according to law (wars and legal executions) than have ever been committed without authority of law. And so also more outrages against purity in sex-relations have been committed under cover of legal license than have ever been committed without such sanction.

Does brother Gardiner, from whose paper (The Register) we clip the foregoing extract, endorse the logic of the Trojan Sackem?

E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman have received their sentences at the Kansas State Prison, to be paid by the State. The sentence is not so severe perhaps, as might have been wished, but a single day's imprisonment, stigmatizes their conduct as effectually as a whole year.—Valley Falls New Era.

Let it be remembered that the man who wrote this paragraph and who writes the press dispatches from Valley Falls, is a representative Republican and a representative Christian. He figures prominently in all local political demonstrations of his party, and he is a well-known worshiper at the Congregational church in Valley Falls. When Gov. St. John was in this town last week he took occasion in his speech to pay his respects to R. E. Van Meter of the New Era. While showing him up as a vile calumniator and utterly unreliable as a newspaper man, he took occasion to say that he was glad to learn that he (V.-M.) claimed to be a Christian, and that he "belongs to the same church to which I myself belong."

Now we ask, is it the man or is it the politician and the Christian that speaks in the paragraphs that we have quoted from him in the past month? From our acquaintance with the man as a citizen and neighbor we are decidedly of the opinion that it is the politician and

the churchman that speaks in these vengeful paragraphs rather than the man himself. From the political and social element with which he trains he hears nothing but bitter, unreasoning denunciation and abuse towards every man and woman who dares to assail the political and society idols worshipped by these partisans. At his church he hears only misrepresentation, slander and abuse of Free thought in general and of ourselves in particular. Hence we think if the man could be removed from his associations we should hear less of bitter invective—less talk of "social marplots, moral lepers and conspirators;" less of the self-righteous pharisee and less regrets that the "sentence is not so severe as might have been wished," and less of the plainly expressed gratification that "a single day's imprisonment stigmatizes their conduct as effectually as a whole year's."

We have given more space to this man Van Meter, and to the rest of his Christian brethren of the Jefferson county press, than they as individuals have deserved, but we have thought it necessary to do this in order that our readers at a distance may know the present status of Kansas civilization (?) and also that the blame may rest where it rightfully belongs. We wish to show that so long as party-fealty and church aggrandizement are allowed to override and control the better impulses of the individual man and woman—so long as society (state) and church are considered of more importance than manhood and womanhood, we shall never have real personal freedom nor true humanitarian progress.

NOTES.

The Topeka Capital of the 17th of Oct. says, "Marriage is a civil contract, and may be entered into by competent persons without the assistance of a clergyman or officer of the law." So! Well, what are you making all this fuss about then? Why call our union "queer," and us "cranks," etc?

The Capital editor closes his article as follows: "Had these people (W. and H.) made their contract of marriage in manner and form something like the Friends, (Quakers) do, and then have reserved wholly all their talk about how long and under what circumstances they would live together, leaving all that for consideration when occasion for it should arise, they would not now be under sentence as criminals."

That is, for frankly stating what you say is implied in the marriage contract, and what the law provides for a possible separation, we are "criminals." In other words, we are not prosecuted because we dispensed with all official regulations and sanction, but because we would not make the immoral promise to "love, honor (and obey)" all our lives, when we did not know whether it would be possible for us to "love and honor" each other all our lives, while we did know that if we lived together without loving and honoring, we should be criminals against each other, against our children, if any, and against every dictate of decency and principle of right.

But the Capital says, in effect, that we should have silenced our honest convictions, submitted to an invasive and unjust statute, gone through an unmeaning and indelicate mummery, or else united ourselves as the Quakers, accepting the implications of the law as regards separations, and thus escaped prosecution. To escape the penalties or the law is the one thing in the eyes of this scribe. Truth, candor, moral honesty, have no weight with him. Can not such men be made to understand that there are people to whom imprisonment is less painful than moral cowardice and self-stultification?

Why should we have acted a lie and married as Quakers? We are not Quakers. And supposing that we had been capable of such dishonor, is the Capital man so very callow as to expect that the bigots of Valley Falls would have risen let us alone?

Under the heading of "Valley Falls Gossip" the Capital has a brief notice of the result of our "trial" on the 14th. We are said to have almost entirely lost that brazen, defiant, and cheerful disposition which characterized them (us) in the first stages of the proceedings.

There is probably no man who is better qualified to know exactly what constitutes "brazen" actions or appearance than is R. A. Van Meter, and so if we appeared to him to be "brazen" it must be true. We cannot dispute the assertion of an expert. Yes, we are defiant, and we are cheerful. What is there to prevent our being so? We have done no wrong in this, our consciences are void of offense, and the petty malice of our pigmy enemies can never destroy our sense of self respect, and that is worth a million times more to us than the good opinion of the whole "canting, coward crew" could be.

The Register remarks that "Valley Falls generally applies a wholesome remedy to all wrong doing there," etc. Indeed, and has it ever found a cure for the chronic epidemic of scandal and slander with which it is cursed? Has it a sure remedy for the hot fever of meddlesomeness which possesses so many of its people? If it has, the sooner it makes use of the cure and applies the remedy, the better.

For what are the Topeka Journal and V. F. New Era growling about the Onida community? That was a Christian society, founded flatly on the Bible, just as Mormonism is, in its social features.

AUTONOMY—SELF-LAW; what are its demands; number one—now ready, price, 10 cts., or \$1.00 per dozen. 29 pages good type and paper. Please order and distribute to all who are willing to read. This little pamphlet is designed to be introductory to several more.

Send for books advertised for the defense fund, and thus aid those in prison.

LEGITIMACY.

Mrs. Chandler says that the reason she never "considered it wise to neglect the outward form of celebrating the union, is the probability of involving other lives in the odium of illegitimacy." But in reality there is no such "probability." In almost, if not quite every state in the Union consensual marriages insure legitimacy to offspring. And even if they did not, is it probable that the children of parents who dared do what their consciences told them was right, in defiance of prosecution, would be so cowardly as to be frightened at a name?

In this connection, I wish to call attention to the following letter from Mattie Strickland, published in the Word of four years ago. It was written in reply to the same objection by Mrs. Chandler, which she makes in our case. Read this letter carefully and then say if you think that such a mother ever brought a natural "bastard" into the world.

The case of Leo Miller and Mattie Strickland, which was quite celebrated some years ago, was very similar to ours. "I read in the Word of June last, the letter of Mrs. Chandler with considerable interest, and possibly a slight feeling of indignation, also when coming to the sentence, 'as to illegitimacy, it is the greatest outrage ever perpetrated on a human being.' As the proud and happy mother of an illegitimate baby boy of nearly two years, I must dissent from that opinion. While to be legitimate is to be the offspring of parents who have alienated (willingly or unwillingly, it matters not), the control of their own persons, it must be an equivocal honor to a freedom-loving soul. She says that 'surely the child ought not to bear the burden of inconvenience, odium and all that attends irregularity.' Washington, Jefferson and Franklin had the inconvenience and odium that attended their descent from Puritan fanatics, and spent their lives in a struggle that they would not have been called upon to undergo had their ancestors remained in the comfort of a quiet English life. But that they felt outraged thereby is not at all clear.

As a rule, like produces like, and a grand free soul is quite likely to be born of freedom-loving parents. There has never been a day since I conceived my baby boy that I have not rejoiced that I exercised my natural, inalienable right of maternity without the consent of church or state; and the God of love and independence presided over the union that brought him into existence, and it is scarcely possible that he will fall so far short of his parents' state as to be greatly troubled by the temporary bruises that an ignorant and hypocritical world may attempt to inflict. However that may be, in the name of millions of my enslaved sisters who are daily submitting to outrages that pale those inflicted upon the negro slaves of the south; in the name of the dwarfed, puny, miserably begotten and womb-cursed, unweaned little ones that are daily coming into the world through undesired and enforced maternity; in the name of the countless babes who never see the light, but are struck back to the other shore when first nestling in that holiest of shrines—a mother's womb; in the name of my brothers who are forbidden the glorious privilege of mating with women—free, large, abundant women—and are given instead playthings and tools by courtesy called wives, and so are robbed at the outset of their careers of the best incentive to a noble manhood—in the name of all these, and in the name of love—outraged, prostituted, derided and debased love—I bequeath to you my child, the inheritance of illegitimacy; and I say to him, may you so live, my son, as to be worthy of your free-born possession.

Mr. C. says: "It is slow waiting for the world to learn what it most needs to know, how to make the creative function divine, and a blessing to human existence." Let me say that the creative function is divine, and all that is wanted is freedom that it may make itself a blessing to humanity.

From C. Severance.

To E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman: Brave and Consistent Liberals.—I congratulate you on your love union, and admire the courage you have displayed in daring to be free, and to act in accordance with the highest dictates of reason and conscience, regardless of that gilded sham and hollow mockery—society. The damndest farce that exists to-day in the civilized (?) world is the marriage ceremony, and many are the hearts that are broken and the lives that are wrecked under a species of slavery against which every feeling and desire for personal liberty revolts.

True love needs no civil law behind it to enforce the discharge of duty, for love itself is the strongest incentive to assist and protect the one on whom it rests, that ever existed or ever can. Civil law to those who truly love is a needless power and an absurd attempt to control where no control is needed. It is only those who do not love in truth and sincerity that need a restraining or compulsory power to keep them together, for where a man and woman are irresistibly drawn together by those strong and subtle chords of affection, and that healthy and natural passion which exists between the sexes, they are united by the most potent

power that prevails; and it free from that cursed selfishness which a feeling of ownership instills, where man-made laws are resorted to to bind, to hold, to sustain the union, nothing can tear them asunder until from natural causes, which is sometimes the case, love has ceased to exist and passion has vanished and died. When such time does come, if ever, the time has arrived to pull apart and under the ties of torture which a loveless union never fails to produce. Why any man or woman should be forced to live with a companion they do not love and cannot respect, no reason of any weight or influence can be given, and death is a thousand times preferable to such protracted agony. Still the blind devotees of a senseless theology and the false and foolish social system which has resulted from it insist on keeping men and women in hell, and continuing the customs of the past that had their origin in ignorance and superstition. Like yourselves, I am opposed to it, and whenever and wherever the opportunity occurs to combat and oppose this insane folly, I shall never fail to do so. The world is filled with thousands who believe in free love, and live in accordance with that belief, but how few there are who have the courage to openly acknowledge it and publicly denounce the cursed and unnatural system of legalized wedlock that now prevails. But the world moves, and every unpopular reform is constantly gaining converts, and the most cheering sign of the times and the march of progress is the increasing number of liberty seeking mortals, whose voices are everywhere heard protesting against the invasion of human rights by God and the state.

Again I congratulate you and extend my best wishes for your future welfare, and may the brave stand you have taken in this unpopular move, strengthen the courage of others who accept your views, but dare not openly live up to them.

C. SEVERANCE.

Port Costa, Cal.

"Irene."

I see that Sadie Bailey Fowler has kindly given you some of her books, "Irene, or the Road to Freedom," as contributions towards the help of Lillian and Edwin.

I wish to say that this book is the only one of its kind. A novel advocating the abrogation of all marriage laws. It is full of argument, and yet it is a true picture of real lives of real people. You will find it just what you need when you are debating with yourselves as to whether Edwin and Lillian did right or wrong when they ignored the common forms of the marriage law and preferred something more reasonable and more sensible.

I hope "Irene" will sell rapidly and also the excellent books which Dr. E. B. Foote & Son have sent you. "Plain Home Talk" should be in every home. It is an encyclopedia of home needs and home advice, and has grand and good messages for the married, and those contemplating marriage. As a supplement to my other small donation, I now send 12 copies of "Dianna," a sexual work, appropriate to the occasion. ELMINA.

"Side Issues."

EDITOR LUCIFER.—I see that S. P. Putnam in "News and Notes" in the Truth Seeker, calls your work "Side Issues." I most decidedly disagree with Mr. Putnam, and think the position could easily be maintained that it is Mr. Putnam that is on the "side issue" part of the question.

No one has read more carefully than I have everything Bro. Putnam writes, and I have been watching and waiting for years to see when Mr. Putnam would lay the ax at the root of the tree of evil—the state; but if he has I have not seen it.

How an intelligent freethinker can witness the murderous operations of the government, especially after the outrages committed by the state on freedom in Chicago, and be silent, is surprising to me. I regard the work of LUCIFER as very important indeed, and it is sickening to me to hear any one, especially a Liberalist, call it "side issues."

Mr. Putnam knows the producers are outrageously robbed, but not one word has he to say of the outrage on humanity. There is no such thing as "side issues" on this great question of man's rights, and I am surprised to hear an intelligent person call it so.

And now, Mr. Editor, I wish to ask if no one of the freethought papers have no rebuke for C. B. Reynolds' outrage on free speech, in calling Lucy P. Coleman to order in the late White Sulphur Springs Infidel convention. I have it from an eye-witness that Mr. Reynolds not only called her to order, but was not satisfied after the chair refused to sustain him. No person was ever yet out of order, and none but a tyrant would call another to order.

It is the old slave driver spirit, and I would never forgive a man that would call me to order, and it was none of Reynolds' business what Mrs. Coleman was talking about. Have we come to this, that an infidel is practising what Christians have been doing for thousands of years, putting a gag on free speech. If so, let them go back to the church, not call themselves freethinkers.

And in closing will you kindly permit me to say I have been out on a short rip selling my paper, The World's Reformer,

that I was taken sick and have returned; that my health will not permit me to go out again before next May or June, and that I have a large number of my papers on hand, and will send them to any one for three cents per copy, postage free.

Kindly and friendly yours,

Seward Mitchell.

Newport, Me.

CALL FOR THE TENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS.

To the Auxiliary Secular Unions and to all Citizens of the United States and Canada who Support the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

You are invited to attend the Tenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held in New York city, at Chickering Hall, Fifth avenue and 18th street, on November the 11th, 12th and 13th, and also on Sunday evening, the 14th, a lecture by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, which concludes the Congress.

Local auxiliary Unions are entitled by the Union constitution to five representatives in Congress—the president and secretary and three delegates. All charter members and life members, all vice-presidents, all chairmen of state executive committees, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats but not votes, except by permission of the Congress.

It is hoped that every auxiliary Union will send a full delegation to the Congress, and that every Freethinker in the United States and Canada, who can, will be present. The order of board of directors. R. G. Ingersoll, President; Samuel P. Putnam, Secretary; Courtland Palmer, Treasurer; Charles B. Reynolds, Chairman Executive Committee.

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS.

To Lillian Harman and E. C. Walker: I enclose you a postal note for \$1, to help you furnish yourselves with the necessary means while you are deprived of your time and liberties. I am sorry to know that either one of you are "behind the bars." I hope you will succeed in getting out soon. Your friend, B. P. CHERRY.

Dear Mr. Harman—I herewith send 20 Cupid Yokes, which Mrs. Heywood and I donate to the Defense Fund. This jail business is a heavy disaster on you and company, but light compared with the exceeding and eternal weight of good it will work out for the redemption of human beings from superstition's thralldom. Jay Chapel does magnificently. Truly yours, E. H. HEYWOOD.

Miss Harman: Enclosed find \$1 to apply on your defense. I think it is the greatest outrage and the most despotic proceeding for either law or custom to interfere with your business.

Talk about freedom in this country when it is a humbug and a mockery. There are some of the biggest rascals and tyrants here there are in the world. I am so disgusted I cannot say any more. From an old man who is over 71 years of age. Your well wisher, J. PERRY.

La Crosse, Wis., Oct. 21.
P. S. I have got Medical Common Sense, by B. B. Foote—it is a good work and should be read by all.

DEAR LILLIAN, Mr. Walker's favor at hand. I think I know him, and know him to be brave, honest, and true. How gladly would I help him, and hope the time is coming when I can. Slowly I am removing the shackles that bind me, but while I am an Ishmael in my own home you see how helpless I am. I can only send you words of encouragement, and must even do that secretly. Do not despair; the day will yet dawn for you and him. The consciousness that you are right will uphold you. The incarceration of Mr. W. is the incarceration of woman's dearest rights. Why is she so blind as to not see it? But the old spirit is not dead. Men retain it, and possibly women think it a duty to submit. I believe that the principles involved in your case contain the essence of virtue, and however inadequate they may prove for this emergency, they will ultimately prevail. Mr. W. is the very embodiment of chivalry, and I shall watch the case with intense interest, fervent sympathy, and lend all the assistance in my power. Trust me. For weal or for woe I am with you. VIRGINIA.

Will you please send me copies of LUCIFER of the 10th inst. to the amount of enclosed stamps. Cash is unusually scarce in this region just now. The winter season generally brings better times here. By all means concentrate your forces at the farm. If for nothing else to enable you from being a particeps criminis to rent robbery, but every other consideration point to that course. After a bit I shall probably be able to send a small contribution to the cause of humanity. I am sometimes asked where my radicalism ends, or rather where I stand on the subject of freedom and reform. My usual answer is, multiply the sum of Seward Mitchell, E. Heywood, Harman & Walker, and C. L. James by two, and you have about my standing in Radicalism. True progress has no limit. Lucifer must be kept afloat at all hazards. I have not forgotten my "tithes" but this year they will be necessarily small.

Why is it that some one with means does not place you beyond all apprehension of difficulty? Most fraternally,

LEWIS MORRIS.

Painka, Fla., Sept. 22.

To Publishers of Lucifer: My Dear Comrades:—I herewith enclose \$1 as I promised some time ago. It is to help you in establishing the office of LUCIFER on your farm, which, I think, is far better than to pay rent for office room in the city.

In September issue of the "Word," I have an article on marriage, which I wish you would copy if you see fit to.

Individual liberty in America now is an irony; yes, an infamous lie. When people are clubbed by policemen, thrown into prison, sentenced to death, etc., only for expressing their candid opinions, then I don't see much difference between this country and Russia. I should not be very much surprised if the United States government would send the Anarchists in chain-gangs to Alaska, the same as the Russian Czar is sending the Nihilists to Siberia. The verdict in case of the Chicago Anarchists has brought me to these conclusions. The "government" of Russia is run by a hereditary despot—a fool. The government of the United States of America is run by the foolish majority; who is led by the nose by cunning politicians, corporations and money-kings.

I endorse the words of the Chicago Alarm: "Government is for slaves; freemen govern themselves; in the absence of law all are free!" With fraternal greetings, yours truly, MARVIN, Dak., Sept. 28. A. A. SOREX.

Lillian Harman, Valley Falls, Kansas: My Dear Sister:—I enclose herewith postal note for \$1, to be used by you in defending your name and character against the charges of the goody-goody people who want to regulate other people's business and affairs for them. You probably never heard of me before, and I most certainly did not know of your existence until the fact of your arrest was published in the papers. Believing, as I do, in the right of absolute control, by every woman and every man, of her own or his own person, I feel a deep interest in the trial to which you and your chosen companion are being subjected. You have my heartiest sympathy, and I hope that you will come out of the ordeal unscathed. I would send you more money but I am not overly rich, and hope every liberal man and woman in the land who favors sex freedom, will do for you what they can. And they certainly will do so if they realize as fully as I do that you are engaged in a battle for us all and that your defeat will throw us back years in the cause.

Please give my regards to Mr. Walker, whom I have seen once, and tell him that he has the sympathy of a great many who, like myself, have not the courage to come out and say so publicly. I hope at some time to see and shake hands with you both.

Very truly, your friend,

GENTLEMEN: Seeing the article "A great wrong in Kansas," my sympathies go out unqualifiedly in favor of the position of the parties persecuted. I enclose but 25 cents for their defense. Time was when \$10 would have been sent cheerfully, but I, too, have been persecuted; the young lady has my warmest sympathy and her persecutors my unqualified contempt. Our present system of marriage is a curse to the country; absurd, abominable. It would be much wiser to try to make it better than persecuting those who marry sensibly. I am heartily in favor of granting the largest liberty in discussing anything combating popular prejudices; say to "Lillian Harman that I am an old man 71 years old, but not too old to believe public opinion is often mean and unjust; that she has my unqualified approval of the course she has taken. I only wish we had a multitude like her in this country. With much esteem for yourselves and Lillian, and assurances of deep sympathy with the grand and noble girl, I remain very truly and sincerely yours, P. GORTON, Ponton, Mich., Sept. 25.

FRIENDS:—I have just read the marriage by contract between Lillian Harman and E. C. Walker and the result, as in violation of all natural right, the church uses the arm of the state to imprison them. I have seen for the last five years that if I dared to be true to my highest convictions of right, justice, and equity, I should have to run the gauntlet between the prison and the gallows. With this feeling upon me I can but congratulate the LUCIFER trio upon their firm stand for human rights as against the usurpations of church and state.

But the point that strikes me most forcibly is the mob determination to prevent bail. In Liberal (?) a Christian woman offers a fathered and feathered, and all because they dare to think and act differently from what Christian marriage demands; and now we find that a vigilance committee have declared that you must go to jail—that if anyone dares to bail you out they will be treated to a coat of tar and feathers. Christian mob rule, and many so-called Spiritualists submit without protest.

Rest assured that no Mother Grundy, no John C. Bandy, nor all the combined forces of the tyranny in this world and the next can change my purpose to stand with the honest, and conscientious sufferers in the cause of personal freedom. LOIS WATKINSON, Lawrence, Kan., Oct. 6.

Social Wealth—by J. K. Ingalls for sale here. Price one dollar.

COMRADES: I fully appreciate your position in being imprisoned for not having the same way as your choice of conducting your affairs as your neighbors, and the very fact that you are thus deprived of your liberty is cause enough to urge you on to the bitter end of the contest without flinching. It must necessarily arouse every drop of free blood in the progressive ranks, and in a short time bring to the cheeks of the aping freethinkers a blush of shame for the cowardice and inconsistency of their present stand, in which they forgot the central principle of free action and condemn you because your action is not as they would do. The Pope of Rome is just so good a liberal as that. The most bigoted Christian will add his own convictions in others acts, and crush everything not in accordance with his act stakes. This those dollar worshippers should see. They know you have committed no outrage or crime against any one; simply acknowledged love for some one without asking the church-instituted privilege of the State, the same as they refuse to worship another imaginary being without permission from the same church, the rites of which they permit and consent to have enforced on you.

Let the State take one step further and every one of them would be as imprisoned as you are, else they would worship God according to the conscience of their Christian neighbors, as they would have you love according to their own conception, or deprive you of the right to life and pursuit of happiness. It is not only our duty to accord another freedom but to see that others do the same.

These legal sticklers would still be burning witches and catching runaway slaves if it were the law, and even worse, judging by their present attitude on this question of individual affairs in which no one else could be concerned.

Hiser need not have been so solicitous about mob violence. If he had allowed it to come on it would have had to be responsible for its acts, and Walker would have had at least some chance at defense, but when the whole State was brought against him in the form of law violence, even this great odds was augmented. I would much prefer a purposeless, vulgar mob, to custom-instituted state violence. Mobs have no cause worth taking risk for, the attacked have every natural right to die for, and the state now has all power. Hiser's excuse is even more transparent than his morality. If he had said he swore out the warrant to show his Christian neighbors how he was more "respectable" than Walker and Lillian, it would look more truthful. You are right. Let the State beg pardon and the accused take a little State morality for interfering with others' private affairs.

Yours in the war till State Superstition and custom slavery are of the past and individual sovereignty is a living reality. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. H. P. REEDGOLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS

OF THE

"PRISONERS."

To gratify many friends who have asked for pictures of the "unlawfully-wedded couple," and to help to defray the expenses of the defense, we offer below photographs of Lillian Harman and E. C. Walker. Lillian has never said for cabinet negative, so we can offer only a carte de visite of her, and that from a negative taken considerably more than a year ago. Prices: Cards of E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman, each..... 25c
Carte of each..... 45
Cabinet of E. C. Walker..... 40
Address, LUCIFER, Valley Falls, Kansas.

For The Defense Fund.

We have received the following generous donations from our New York comrades:

Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr., 25 copies of Plain Home Talk.
Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., 100 copies of Radical Remedy; 100 copies of Plain Book of Health Hints and Ready Recipes.
These are to be sold and the proceeds used in the defense of our imprisoned co-workers, Lillian Harman and E. C. Walker. Sent, postage paid, at regular prices.

Plain Home Talk..... \$1.50
Radical Remedy in Social Science (Invaluable)..... 25
Plain Book of Health..... 25

From Sadie Bailey Fowler five copies of "Irene, or the Road to Freedom."

This is one of the best reform novels of the day. Price \$1.00. See ad. on 4th page.

From E. H. Heywood twenty copies of "Cupid's Yokes."

D. M. Bennett served 13 months in the Albany (N. Y.) penitentiary for sending this book through the U. S. mail. Everyone should read it. Price, 15 cts.

From Dr. T. R. Kinget six copies of "Medical Good Sense."

This is an excellent work on the subject of which it treats. Price \$1.00

From a friend fifty copies of "Self Contradictions of the Bible."

This pamphlet is indispensable to any one who wishes to know what the so-called "Word of God" really contains. In this work are 144 propositions proved both affirmatively and negatively without note or comment. Price, 15 cts.

By buying these books, friends of the Cause, you can at the same time assist us and benefit yourselves. Address, LUCIFER, Valley Falls, Kan.

TIME CARD

ATCHISON, TOPPEKA & SANTA FE.
W.P.E.T.

Alfonia & Mexico	No. 1.	11:18 a m
Express & Mail	No. 2.	11:25 p m
Colorado Express	No. 3.	10:03 p m
Through Freight	No. 13.	9:58 a m
Way Freight	GOING EAST.	
Atlantic Express	No. 2.	4:23 p m
New York Express	No. 4.	4:30 a m
Through Freight	No. 10.	3:15 a m
Way Freight	No. 14.	9:59 a m

KANSAS CENTRAL DISTON U. P. R. R. R.

GOING WEST.

Passenger and Mail	12:54 p m
Local Freight	8:30 a m
GOING EAST.	
Passenger and Mail	11:00 a m
Local Freight	8:45 p m

Through tickets for sale, and baggage checked through to all points in the Eastern Missouri River Rates, H. D. Butts, Agent.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY THE LATE HUGH CONWAY.

ON THE MORROW HE CAME TO HIS GRAVE. He found Beatrice alone. She looked pale, but very beautiful. He noticed at once a change in her manner. A certain graceful fluidity and suppleness had fallen upon her, which added new charm to the girl he had hitherto found so calm and self-possessed. Beatrice, it may be, noticed a change also in Carruthers's bearing.

"Tell me all," she said in low tones, as after a quiet greeting he took a chair near her. "I told her all," said the man, "and she has been backed up on the rails, almost cut in two by the wheels of an engine which had passed over him. How he had been carried into Munich and placed in the *warden's* cell. How, the usual formalities having been observed, he had been left for identification, and then, with no other identification, for burial. He told her what instructions he himself had given, and how yesterday he saw his grave.

Beatrice heard him without interruption. When his recital was finished she sat in deep thought. "Frank watched her in silence. 'How did he come here, on the railroad, I mean?' she asked at last. 'Frank shook his head. 'No one can tell,' he said. 'It might have been accident. It might have been suicide. From the position in which he was found the authorities incline to the latter. But he had plenty of money in his pocket. I don't think he would have committed the exact amount is never stated. In short, no one knows how it happened.'"

"Frank spoke the truth. No one knew. The railway tickets having been collected long before Munich was reached, for all the officials of the train knew, Hervey and Mrs. Miller might have disappeared on any of the trains. The woman's bag, which was registered through to Munich, was lying in the luggage office unclaimed. Perhaps it lies there till this day. Her hand bag went where such things go when left in a train. Could the steward or the guard have seen the dead body they might have recognized it as that of a stranger, but it was put out of sight long before the great train came back from Constantinople. So no one in Munich knew more than was embodied in the official report. 'What brought him to Munich?' asked Beatrice. 'How did he know I was here?'

"Frank could only shake his head again. 'I don't know,' she said, 'but I am sure, answering her own question. 'He must have learned from her where I was. Why did she not write and tell me? Some harm may have befallen her. I wish she was back.' 'Would you like to see his grave?' asked Frank after a pause. Beatrice answered, 'No,' she said, 'but I am sure you would call it unwomanly not to do so.' 'No,' said Frank. 'I can see no reason for it.' 'What could I do at his grave?' asked Beatrice softly and dreamily. 'One goes to a grave to weep. I could not weep. After a long while, when I was young and carried away by grief, I lifted from the mound, one does not weep, one rejoices. Frank, I dare not stand over a grave and feel like that. Let me say I forgive him. I can do no more.' 'No one who knew all could ask more.'"

"'Speak nothing but good of the dead,'" she continued in the same dreamy way. 'Frank, I can not recall any good of which to speak. For a few weeks I loved him, or thought I loved him; but I loved you, years ago. Ah, no, those years! All I can now do is to say I will speak no evil of him. He is dead. I forgive him, and will try and forget him.' 'For the first time the tears rose to her eyes. There was a long pause. Beatrice and Frank were now standing. He took her hands in his and held them.

"Beatrice—darling," he whispered. "Do you remember the words you said a few days ago—said in this very room? When there seemed no chance of happiness for you and me. Dearest, all is now changed. We are in a new world. Beatrice, will you say once in our new world what you said in this old?" Lower and lower she bent her head, and the blush rose and deepened on her white cheeks. Then she raised her head, and her gray eyes looked into his.

"Let me leave you one moment," she whispered. Without waiting for his permission she drew her hands from his and glided away, swiftly as she had left him that evening at Hazelwood House, but this time without leaving him hopeless. She came back in less than a minute, and her boy came with her. Holding him by the hand she stood and looked at Frank.

"I have been wicked," murmured, "dearest, I have suffered for it. Frank, you shall know every thought of my heart. I will be a true wife. If any thing ever told me of the remembrance of the past made you doubt me, I should die—I should die, Frank."

Of course he took her in his arms and vowed that she was the sweetest, truest, noblest, etc. What, in fact, every one vows in a position similar to his. Carruthers asked him to leave her for awhile. Carruthers thought that he had had his fill of her. He obeyed. He too wanted to be happy. Naturally he called again later in the day, and the two began in a rational way to discuss their plans for the future. Beatrice was very uneasy about Mrs. Miller. She blamed herself for not having taken the address which would reach her in Munich. It was settled that they should wait a week longer in Munich, in the hope of hearing news of Beatrice's embassy. Then Carruthers spoke of something which all day he had been revolving in his mind.

"Listen, dear, we are to go back together and your cause is now my own. There is something to be faced. There are those who have a right to ask you to explain your absence. But there is a right you can give which will over-ride all others. Dearest, let us return as husband and wife." She shuddered and trembled. "Oh, Frank, how can I?" So soon?

"Soon! Beatrice, it is more than five years. That man was dead to you more than five years ago. He died when your love died." "True! It is true!" she murmured. "He died then, not now." "I ask you to do this for selfish reasons," said Frank. "I ask you to do this for me. A few months' engagement to you would not be wearisome, darling. This I must sacrifice. His arm went around her and their lips met.

"Now for your answer," he said. She placed her hand in his. "Let it be as you wish, my love," she said. "I will but yours—oh Frank, Frank! I feel that I can face anything, face anybody, so long as I know that we are not to be parted—know that you are to be mine forever!" So they were married in Munich. Why should they have been married there? He should stand between them? What had he done that he should be considered? That she should truthfully say that she forgave him—that she would speak no evil of him, was all, may more, than could be justly asked of the woman he had betrayed in even a baser and more callous way than the word usually means when applied to villas and women. Even when he met his death was he not on his way to work her evil? Maurice Hervey lived a week in Munich, she knew, and she knew as Maurice Hervey died when years ago he dropped his mask, and showed her what lay underneath.

Beatrice and Frank were married. They found an English nursemaid who was going home, and engaged her to accompany them, and a French maid, who was going to their reached London. Beatrice's anxiety respecting her faithful servant had now grown very great; so the first thing they did was to try and gain tidings of her. The only thing they could do was to apply to the police and soon after the description of the missing woman was given they were told that it seemed to answer to that of a woman, unknown, who was in the pauper lunatic asylum. So to the asylum they went, and having been shown the clothes worn by the woman, knew that their fears were well founded. Frank had felt no doubt about the matter. The nurse's manner on a certain night had assured him as to what the end would be. He told Beatrice so.

Beatrice was greatly shocked and distressed. "Poor Sarah," she said, "was never mad with me, I could always calm her. She was my right hand for years, Frank. She helped me, tried to shield me—here Beatrice blushed as she remembered how she would never know how the poor thing loved me, Frank." No, Frank will never know, nor will his wife know how the woman loved her, and what she did for her sake.

Beatrice saw the doctor and questioned him. He told her that the woman was in a hopeless state; what appeared to be a religious mania, most incurable kind of religious mania. The chances were she would not live long. Beatrice begged that she might see her. The doctor shook his head. An interview would do her no good. Beatrice would not believe this, and as she felt that she was her poor servant that she was here. He could judge from the effect of the news as to the advisability of a visit. The doctor humored her. He soon returned and said that the mention of her name seemed to redouble the poor creature's delusions. He had turned her face to the wall and assured her that she was never known how the poor thing loved me, Frank.

No, Frank will never know, nor will his wife know how the woman loved her, and what she did for her sake. Beatrice saw the doctor and questioned him. He told her that the woman was in a hopeless state; what appeared to be a religious mania, most incurable kind of religious mania. The chances were she would not live long. Beatrice begged that she might see her. The doctor shook his head. An interview would do her no good. Beatrice would not believe this, and as she felt that she was her poor servant that she was here. He could judge from the effect of the news as to the advisability of a visit. The doctor humored her. He soon returned and said that the mention of her name seemed to redouble the poor creature's delusions. He had turned her face to the wall and assured her that she was never known how the poor thing loved me, Frank.

"My dear girl," he whispered, "depend upon it she saw this man, let slip the name of Munich, and knew that he was on his way to you. The grief at what she had unwittingly done had upset her poor brain. She is so troubled at it that she will not see you." Beatrice went to the doctor. "Oh," she said, impulsively, and with tears in her eyes, "will you go to her once more—only once. Tell her, try to make her understand that I am married and happy." All Carruthers being a beautiful woman in distress, being a young man, obeyed. He soon came back shaking his head. It was no use. The effect of his communication had been such that he must strictly forbid a visit. It was, he said, one of the commonest symptoms of such mania, that the patient turned with aversion from those who had loved and been loved by her. So Beatrice sorrowfully gave up the struggle.

All they could do was to see that Sarah was removed to a place where she could be cared for, and where kind treatment was assured. There, let it be said, she is now. But it will not be long before the doctors and the keepers know that the days of the poor woman, who spends eighteen hours of the twenty-four on her knees, are numbered. After they had done all they could for Sarah, Frank and Beatrice turned to their own affairs. None of Beatrice's people knew of her being in London, and, of course, saw many acquaintances, but they knew so few people their companionship created no remark. Upon inquiry at the hotel patronized by the Talberts, they learned that the brothers had not yet come up for their perennial visit, but were expected next week. So one fine day Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers, the boy and his new nurse, went down to Blacktown.

Our long lost, but, I hope, beloved friends, Horace and Herbert, were one afternoon returning from Blacktown in the large wagonette. As they came up the drive they saw something unusual—something which made them glance at each other with dismay. On the front doorstep, sunning himself, and looking as if Hazelwood House and its appurtenances were his in fee simple, stood a little boy. No wonder, the moment some one took the horses' heads, that the Talberts jumped down to inquire what this apparition meant. The loss of the bright hair having so changed the boy's appearance, they did not at first recognize him, so no wonder that Horace, who connected painful memories with mysterious children, exclaimed out, "another child."

They put their eye-glasses up and saw that the small stranger was making violent demonstrations of friendship. The dancing blue eyes when looked up at them seemed strangely familiar. Herbert was the first to discover the truth. "It is Beatrice's boy!" he said. "It is," said Horace solemnly. To make sure they asked him who he was, and whence he came.

He informed them that he was "mother's beautiful boy," and he waved his arms to show that the distance he had come was more than his mind could grasp. Then here commenced his friendly advances, holding up his face in a way which showed he expected to be kissed. It was so impetuous and assertive that they yielded. Herbert bent down and kissed him. Horace, who noticed that his brother's appearance as he did so was not dignified, lifted the upright and likewise kissed him. Then they went indoors to learn what it all meant.

The child preceded them, and had they harbored any doubts of his identity such doubts would have been set at rest by the way in which the little nephew rubbed his feet. No child who had not lived a part of his life at Hazelwood House would have performed the act so thoughtlessly and so freely. Whittaker was in the hall. "Who are here, Whittaker?" asked Horace. "Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers, sir," replied Whittaker. The Talberts stared at each other, then, hanging their hats on the proper and respective pegs, entered the drawing-room.

They saw Frank standing there with that quaint, dry smile on his face, and then they saw Beatrice coming toward them with outstretched arms. Herbert again stared blankly at Horace, who could not, however, resist the temptation to say, "Beatrice had thrown her arms around me once." "Kiss me, Uncle Horace, and say you forgive me," she cried. "I have caused you all sorts of worry and anxiety, but say you forgive me." She had caused them worry and anxiety. Indeed they had lately been sorely pressed to accommodate her absence. Lady Bowker and others. Nevertheless she was their sister's child and a thorough Talbert. She was also in distress. So Horace yielded, kissed her, and told her how glad he was to see her again.

When she went to Uncle Herbert and something of her own mind, she went through the Talberts' then re-arranged their neckties as much as to say that although such impulsive embraces might be allowed once in a way they were not to be a general rule. "Whittaker said Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers." "Oh, yes," said Frank. "Beatrice and I were married some time ago. Married in Munich. Fine city, Horace—you know it of course. We only came back from our wedding trip a few days ago. You are the first we have seen. We thought perhaps you would have put us out of the way of day." This request put the Talberts on their mettle as hosts. Hospitality overruled every thing. Their house was at the young people's service so long as they wished—the longer the better. "But why did Beatrice run away?" asked Horace. "I don't know," said Frank carelessly. "That's the question."

"It could not have been to avoid you," said Herbert. "She says not. But one's never sure about such things." "You were afraid you would have to give up your little girl to Horace's place." She hesitated. "Yes, I would be taken from me," she said. Horace looked triumphantly at Herbert. His theory had been the right one after all. Then they went off to see that a room was got ready for their unexpected guests. While the Talberts were so engaged their guests would have put us out of the way of day. This request put the Talberts on their mettle as hosts. Hospitality overruled every thing. Their house was at the young people's service so long as they wished—the longer the better. "But why did Beatrice run away?" asked Horace. "I don't know," said Frank carelessly. "That's the question."

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"Sorry for one thing—only one. That I didn't join these hands. Would have given worlds—any thing—gone to Munich on purpose. I needn't tell either of you why I wished to do it." That night at Hazelwood House the table was set for a small party. The room was spotless, the glass as bright as the table as unimpeachable, the cookery as perfect as ever. Frank did nearly all the talking. He spoke of his future plans, of the life he and Beatrice meant to lead, as coolly as if all her friends had been at her wedding. Beatrice would smile and say simply, "quite happy." Horace thought the young couple behaved very well. As he remarked to Herbert afterward, "There were none of those embarrassing little familiarities which so often make the company of a bride and bridegroom—well, undesirable."

"We had good reasons," said Frank. "A think however, we have a right to ask for the consent of Beatrice's strange conduct—her flight, and concealment." "Certainly," said Herbert, "most certainly." Concluded next week.

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