

Foundation Principles.

Are the Rock upon which MOTHERHOOD Must rest. Search for them.

VOLUME IV.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, NOVEMBER, 1893.

NO. 5.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

COUNTING THE STARS.

BY L. W.

You ask me what I'm thinking of?
I'm not afraid to tell,
For 'tis of scenes long past, on which
Fond memory loves to dwell.

I'm thinking of a cottage fair
That stood amid the hills
Where I sported in my childhood
Among the sparkling rills.

I'm thinking of a grassy plat
Before that cottage door,
Where carelessly I laid me down
One night in times of yore.

Yes, carelessly I laid me down,
Unmindful of the dew
That fell like sympathising tears
From yonder arch of blue.

I looked upon yon milky path,
Which seemeth to me now
Like a wreath of snow white roses
Upon Creation's brow—

And thought it was a fleecy cloud
That stretched across the way
And cast its shadow on the path
Of the departing day.

I looked upon night's radiant gems
And with my childish eye,
I tried to trace my alphabet
Upon that page so high.

I counted clusters, one by one,
The great ones and the small,
Until at length, I thought that I
Would try and count them all.

†That task isn't finished

How I wish the workers of the world
had the money to carry out their
cherished plans. The fact that they
have not, is a strong argument that
there is no intelligent God.

C. A. M.

No greater ignorance of the founda-
tion principles of health is ever exhibit-
ed than when men make vaccination
compulsory without regard to sex or
quality of the persons to be inoculated.
While it may be a safeguard to gross or
filthy individuals, it certainly is a substi-
tution of a greater evil than smallpox
to the sensitive, delicate, and cultured.

—Light of Truth.

' Before I was twenty-two I married
a girl who hated children and mater-
nity. I lived with her for thirty years
and raised a family of seven. I think I
know something of the effects of the
mother's feelings upon unborn children.
All of my children disown, refuse to
recognize me except one son, who was
a welcome child.

O. B. H.

Please send me your last book. I
am much interested, and in many
things, think you are right. The blend-
ing of body, soul and intellect in the
sex act has always been instinctively
my ideal, but you have carried me
clear beyond my wildest dreams. It
has long seemed to me that rightly
used, the sex relation might secure
good health till good old age, and also
create better, more healthy children.
I shudder when I think of the children
and the wretched lives of women.

Mrs. J. S."

The Wherefore Investigating Company.

By L. W.

CHAPTER X.

SENSATION IN HIGH LIFE.

The inevitable reporter is a nuisance to these who ob-
ject to notoriety in matters of a personal or family nature,
but the great public cares not for that. The Col, and the
Judge had influence enough to keep the fact of the accused
illegitimacy out of the local papers, but a hungry news gath-
erer who happened to be in the place, but who was not
known as such, got hold of the gist of the matter and made
thereof a sensational article with the above heading and
then the news spread like fire in dry grass.

The idea that any one who stood high before the public
had dared to be born under conditions that were not law-
proof was a scandal of the first water, pure coin in the
world of gossip. Society, though as full of eyes as were the
beasts of scripture differs from them in that they worshipp'd
God; our modern beast worships law regardless of right.

John Wherefore heard the news; of course he did; and
when told was seemingly innocent of any previous knowl-
edge of the matter. But John pondered much over this
question of legitimacy. "Wherefore is it so? Those people
supposed they were born according to law; they certainly
would have been had they been consulted in the matter; it
is not their fault, and why should the law punish them by
disinheriting them?"

"Yes, they must suffer for it though they did not do it
they must lose the wealth that their unlawful father intend-
ed for their use. Law is inexorable; there is no escape from
its edicts unless"—

"Unless what?"

John was thinking aloud, not supposing that any one
was near; but the young man who had heard his "unless"
and so startled him by repeating it, passed right on and left
Wherefore to his own reflections again.

"In this case," he mused, "the question turns upon a
certain woman being dead or alive at a certain time. If she
was dead, then these people had a right to be born, but if
she was alive then they had no such right. Queer, isn't
it? Let the law be obeyed though wrong is done; how is
that? Oh, I see, it is legal, and not moral right which rules.
This should not be; wherefore is it?"

Such, as nearly as can be put into words, were the mus-
ings of John Wherefore as he thought upon the comments
of the people in reference to the case of Boyle vs. Boyle as
to the heirship of Major Boyle's vast estate. As he pondered
the matter more deeply, he at length said to himself:

"Really, John, I think that this is a pretty big where-
fore. It looks as if the question of capital and labor, of
property rights and human rights was regulated by legal
statute and not by natural justice. Natural justice would
give to labor what it produces. Natural justice would give
those children an equal share of their father's estate. It
really looks as if the law so binds the people that they can-
not be just. What can be done to remedy this?"

"Yes, the whole question lies right here. They are
very particular about the legality of birth because of prop-
erty rights, for property in the hands of individuals controls
labor. The question is who shall control the men who are
deprived of a home because the law gave Major Boyle the
right (?) to hold thousands of acres of land?"

"Why, the lawfully born of course. Great is law, and
the wherefore of its power is a big question; I wonder if I
shall ever get to the bottom of it."

A queer John, but he is not the only one who is puzzled
over this problem of legal injustice. It will be solved some
day. Earnest thought will bring the answer.

As this last query passed through his mind John found
himself at his own door. He now dismissed the subject and

set about preparing his dinner: a few minutes after some
one rapped. "Come in" he called out not taking the trouble
to go to the door. He looked up inquiringly as Harry Gol-
der, an older brother of Fred's walked in, for he was not
an accustomed visitor.

"How do you do, uncle John, heard the news?"

"What news, that you are courting a certain young lady
with the intention of marriage?"

"Nonsense! that's all gossip, about old men Russell."

"What about him?"

"Is it possible that you haven't heard! well, read that." hand-
ing him a New York paper, pointing as he did so to
the column headed; "Sensation in high life."

Wherefore took the paper, looked the article over, and
then said: "I am not in the least surprised. Russell, or Ed-
ward Bond Boyle, as he is called here, looks so much like
the Col. I have thought all the time there must be a close
relationship, but is it not rather tough that Russell should
claim the whole? it does not seem like him."

"It isn't his fault, John, as I have just learned from
detective Morse."

"Is Morse in town?"

Wherefore very well knew that Morse was in town for
they had talked till midnight the night before upon this
very subject, but it suited his purpose to seem ignorant of
the whole matter.

"No," continued Harry, thinking he was telling a piece
of news, "Russell is not to blame," going on to relate the
particulars of what the reader already knows, "you know
how proud the Col. is and he said no adventurous beggar
should have a third of the Boyle estate. Russell then said if
he must appeal to the law he should claim his rights in full."

"He may claim all the law will give him if he can
show that he is the only legally born child, but it is not
right all the same."

"It is legally right, and the law is what we must abide
by in such matters," said Harry. "If the question of legit-
imacy did not decide inheritance we should be at the mercy
of any woman who chose to claim us as father to her child."

"Not if men were as tenacious of enforcing the law
against the illegal association of the sexes as they are in
seeing that property laws are enforced."

Harry looked at Wherefore a moment as if to take in
the full meaning of his words, and then burst into a hearty
laugh. "Men can never be held to that law," he said.

"If a just law cannot be enforced and an unjust one can
what's the use of having laws, Harry? I for one say: 'Curse
an unjust law,' and there is no justice whatever in making
a child suffer because its parents made a mistake before it
was born, and had I the power I would sweep such an infa-
mous law from the statute book."

Harry looked very much surprised at this outburst.
"Why John," he said, "I thought you were a law abiding
citizen; what would become of the country if every one felt
as you do?"

"What would become of the country! there would be
no unjust laws upon our statute books, none enacted which
violated one's natural sense of justice, or if there was, they
would not be obeyed."

"If we had to depend upon the moral sense of the igno-
rant masses no one's property would be safe," replied Har-
ry with warmth.

"You mean it wouldn't be safe for the rich to steal from
the poor, do you take that paper?"

"No, a friend sent me this copy, a Mr. Lawrence. He
was here in October last; I think you must have seen him;
he and Fred. were always together."

"The mulatto do you mean?"

"The mulatto?" repeated Harry, with a stare of aston-
ishment.

"That black haired fellow" persisted Wherefore, "hasn't
he some colored blood in his veins?"

"What nonsense! indeed he hasn't. He comes from one
of the best families in the city; his mother is a highly edu-
cated French woman, and a perfect lady; and the Lawren-

Will mothers please send in questions and items of experience for the Talks to Mothers.

The story, the continued chapters which are given in this number will run through the entire year. All subscriptions will commence with the first number, extras being printed for that purpose, for when the year is up if I desire to stop, or cannot go on, I want everything square with my subscribers.

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DEAR MRS. W.:—After reading your books, (recently purchased) Mrs. S. and I declare they are the best part of our library, and we have benefited very much by reading of them. You are doing a great work. Yours very truly,
REINHOLD STARKE.

Junction City, Kan. Sep. 11,—93.

We quote the following:—

ED. LUCIFER:—Books ordered received. The world is hungering for just such literature as "The Occult Forces of Sex." * * *

A. A. GRATIGNY.
Barnesville O. Sep. 5—93.

Those who, with this issue of F. P., receive the back numbers will understand that some friend has subscribed for them unless otherwise informed. In any event there will be no bills sent.

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The story we are publishing is well worth the price of the paper for a year, 50 cents, and every subscription commences with the first number, so you will get all the story.

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Thus writes our venerable brother, John A. Jost of Ogden, Utah. Just the way he has been doing ever since I have known him, which is since '80.

ces stand high."

"Well, no harm is done, no disrespect intended, but that is what some of the people here think."

"Indeed! they are complimentary."

"Oh, they did not think it strange he should visit at your house, as your father is such an abolitionist."

"The fools! they think we would as soon associate with niggers as white people, do they? can't understand that we can defend their right to themselves without making companions of them!" Harry's face was such a picture of indignant disgust that Wherefore laughed outright, while his disgusted guest picked up the paper and left.

"Hasn't learned all the news yet," said John as he turned to finish preparing his dinner.

After the excitement consequent upon the discovery of the lineage of Mrs. Lawrence had ceased; they were ignored by those to whom color was more than brains, or moral worth, and nothing further was said of the matter. The Golders and Lawrences had not then met, so the people of Mandaville were ignorant of the fact; but John knew, had learned it from his friends in the city, hence his remarks made on purpose to annoy Harry Golder. John could keep a close mouth when he chose; he had not told even Russell

Glenwood, as might be expected, was in a fever of excitement; every one was talking to every one else about the new claimant to Major Boyle's estate. Blake was the best attorney in that part of the country, and that was why Judge Wendover desired him to stay when he so summarily dismissed Bond Boyle and Morse. They wished to retain him as counsel, but they were too late.

Russell, or Boyle, by the advice of Morse, secured another eminent lawyer to act with Blake. and when all the legal steps were taken that were necessary to bring the case to trial, he decided to leave the place till court sat.

"Where will you go, back to Mandaville?" asked Blake.

"I must go to Mandaville but not to stay; Morse went yesterday and he can do the curiosity for them, I want to be where I can think, and where I shall not be the subject of remark every time I step out of doors."

"What will you do with your granddaughter?"

"With Alice, I've been thinking about that; I have decided to take her to an aunt, a sister of her mother, and let her go to school. They have a good school; it will be a good place for me too. It is back in the hills of Pennsylvania and I don't think the Col. is known there. I want to go where my likeness to his honor will not attract attention."

"His honor may have to come down a peg," said Blake, noticing the bitter tone, but there must be some disposal made of your money, sir, where it will be bringing you some return. They will put off the trial of your claim as long as they can, will get it postponed from one term of court to another, and if decided in your favor will appeal it, and it all takes money."

"Yes, I know, what would you advise?"

"I would advise that you put five thousand dollars where you can draw on it at any time, and the balance where it will bring you ten per cent interest and well secured."

"Can that be done, Mr. Blake? ten per cent seems to me very high interest."

"It's higher than it will bring here, but out west they rush business. There it is more likely to bring twelve than ten. I am not afraid to take it and invest it for you and take what I can get over ten per cent for my trouble, and that will leave you fifteen hundred dollars annual income."

"You forget that the agent there will have to be paid for his trouble."

"I forget nothing; the agent will get his pay from the man who borrows your money. It will be loaned in sums of from two hundred to two thousand dollars. On all sums under five hundred dollars, the agent, for looking up the validity of the security, making out the papers, etc., will get five per cent which will be taken out of the money borrowed. On larger sums the rate will be something less."

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Blake, that the man who borrows five hundred dollars of my money will get but four hundred and seventy-five and yet must pay interest on the five hundred?"

"That is just what I do mean to tell you, Mr. Boyle."

"My God, what a cut throat system we have! I do not wonder the poor get poorer all the time," and he got up and walked the floor to walk off his excitement.

Blake said not a word till Boyle resumed his seat, then he remarked: "It will not do, sir, to let your mind rest on things like that now. If you win that estate, then you can spend both time and money in investigating the causes that produce poverty, can study the labor problem, and work to remove the evils which prevail. But now, as I said, it will not do. You must hold your thought to the getting of the

estate till that question is settled if you expect to win."

"You will acknowledge that the system is false?"

"Most certainly I will sir, but when one is so situated that he must either grind or be grist, what can be done?"

"True enough, what can be? Well, as I have been grist all my life so far, I suppose I must grind, regardless of results. Talk of free moral agency! we are a set of puppets."

"Not exactly, sir. True, we are measurably bound by conditions. People on a steamer out on the ocean, cannot with safety to themselves step off into the water, and even if they take a boat they are in great danger, but if they remain on board, and have a good steamer with an intelligent commander they will reach the harbor in time and then they will have the dry land to walk on."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Blake, that our present economic system must be run ashore before we can deal justly by others without getting swamped ourselves?"

"Something like that, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha, a lawyer an economic philosopher; what is the world coming to?"

"It is coming to its senses I hope," was the quick retort."

"Well, I must stop listening to philosophy and tend to business I expect, but it struck me as rather funny that a lawyer should condemn the system that gives him his bread and butter," was Russell's—no, Boyle's rejoinder.

"If I may ask, what is your particular business just now?"

"I must plan to go to Mandaville so that no one will see me but Wherefore."

"What are you afraid of?"

"Notoriety. The change is too great from old Ed. Russell to 'Mr. Bond Boyle, the Col.'s brother.' I think I will hire a horse and ride over instead of going in the stage."

That night about ten o'clock Wherefore heard the rap that with a sort of prescience he had been expecting. Together they went to Russell's cottage and after securing such papers as only Russell knew where to find, they talked till nearly morning, and then the man who had hitherto been known as Russell remounted his horse and rode away, and the people of the place were none the wiser for his having been there.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DELAYS OF LAW.

"That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along," only the law wounds instead of being wounded, and winds itself about its victims as it drags.

Mrs. Wendover was a conscientious woman. And she possessed a brain capable of broad and deep reasoning, but occasion had not, as yet, called it into action in the sphere of causes, but the idea of right, of justice was paramount with her. She had not yet learned to separate the moral from the legal standard, so the law in its clearly defined intent separated from legal quibbling, was to her an authoritative rule of action.

She believed also that to rightly honor one's parents their known wishes as to the disposal of what was theirs should be carried out; so as the time drew near when the question as to the inheritance was to be tried she became more and more dissatisfied with the course her husband and brother were taking, and urged earnestly that they should make an effort to have the suit withdrawn and the provisions of the unsigned will carried out. She said:

"I am satisfied that Mr. Russell and the Edward Bond Boyle spoken of in the will are one and the same person, and as my father's child he certainly has a right to his share, and till he was refused that he showed no wish to take more."

"Who cares whether he is or not," said the Judge with a tone and manner entirely foreign to his usual way of addressing his wife.

She looked at him reproachfully. "Well, hang it all, wife, you irritate me so, you know that Edward will never consent to what you propose."

"I think we both might persuade him, husband."

"I shall not try it, that's certain; what makes you act so silly, Sarah, are you losing your senses?"

"I did not suppose it was evidence of insanity to wish to do right," she replied with spirit.

"But Russell has sued for the whole estate, and he will not be very likely to compromise the matter now."

"That could be easily ascertained."

"But why are you so anxious to share this property with a stranger?"

"Because I believe him to be my father's son. I loved my father, and now he is gone I want to honor him by doing what I know he wished to have done," she said with tearful earnestness.

"It will do him a great deal of honor to have it shown that he had two wives at once," said the Judge, forgetting

in his anger that what she desired would prevent instead of securing further publicity.

"It was not his fault but his misfortune, and it need not have been made public if"—

"Yes, I know, but if you are so anxious to honor your father, what about your husband? Please remember that the bible commands the wife to obey as well as to honor; but Ed. will be here to morrow and you can fight it out with him if you think it will do any good."

"And if he will not consent to do what is right, I may conclude to let him fight it out alone."

"What do you mean?" asked the Judge, looking very much surprised.

"I mean just what I say, that I may so conclude, I have not yet decided that I will. Edward is one of the defendants and I am the other; suppose I refuse to defend?"

Never before in all her married life had Mrs. Wendover demurred from her husband's will or opinion in a matter of business, and to say that he was astounded that she should even think of refusing to defend the case, or to have him defend it for her, does not half express it; he was literally dazed. He opened his lips as if to speak, closed them again, wondered if he had heard aright, and looking into her eyes, saw that he had, and he finally gasped out: "What next!"

"You look as surprised, Ralph," she said, "as tho' you thought I had no individuality, no life that was not merged in yours. Is it so strange then, that in a matter where you two have used my name against my known wishes, as one of the defendants against a claim that would never have been made had you respected my father's wishes—is it then strange that I wonder if I have any rights in the matter?"

"You and Ed. for it; I have nothing further to say," and the dignified Judge took his hat and left the house.

The Col. came the next day as had been said, and again the subject came up for discussion, Mrs. Wendover pleading for the right, her brother stubbornly indignant, and her husband sullenly silent.

At length she said; "My conscience will not let me take half my father's estate; I should feel as if his spirit would haunt me. I dreamed last night that he came to me and said: 'Sarah, be firm, for you are in the right.'"

"You dreamed it, did you," said the Col. giving the Judge a peculiar look.

"I call it a dream, for I do not suppose I really saw him," she replied.

"Oh, I didn't know but you was turning medium."

"Well, medium or dreamer, I'm tired of this," said the Judge; "I've business elsewhere; will you go with me, Ed?"

"Certainly, and give Sarah a chance to dream again."

As soon as they were out of hearing the Col. said: "It's of no use, Ralph, we can't move her from her purpose. When she gets the idea of right and wrong in her head she is as firm as the hills, always was."

"What can we do then?"

"We must shut her up."

"Shut her up!" exclaimed the Judge.

"Yes, temporary insanity."

"Oh, Edward, I can't do that."

"It is our only hope; she will surely throw her influence against us if we do not, beside, she need suffer nothing but the loss of personal liberty. She can have every comfort that money can buy."

"Judge Wendover covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

"Hush," said Boyle glancing uneasily around, "we can't be too careful in a matter of this kind; an unusual movements attract attention." There was no one in sight, still he did not seem satisfied, and rising to his feet he said:

"Let's go farther away; this seat is too near the road."

When they were again seated Boyle resumed his argument. The Judge listened awhile and then said: "I should think you and Sarah were born of different mothers instead of you and the other one, you are so unlike."

"We are not much alike, that's a fact. Perhaps your wife is a changeling," said the Col. laughingly.

"I should imagine you to be the changeling, Ed, but for your likeness to your father and to the other one."

"Well, perhaps I am, but what are we going to do, shut her up, or let her spoil everything?"

The Judge was silent, but finally he said: "I cannot do it; I should betray myself."

"You need do nothing in the matter; you have only to acquiesce in what I do."

"How will you manage it?"

"There will be no trouble on that score. I have a friend who keeps a private retreat, and who will do anything I ask in the way of making her comfortable."

□ "Well, do as you will, I don't see any other way." The

Col. then commenced talking of other matters, and presently they were called to dinner.

At the table the Col. was cheerful and talkative, but the Judge was so silent and abstracted that his wife noticed it and asked him if he was sick.

"I am not feeling very well," he replied, and then seeing her anxious look, he added, "nothing serious, only a little headache." Had he said heartache he would have told the truth.

Presently the Col. remarked: "I am to meet a couple of business friends here tomorrow or Friday, can I bring them here to dinner. Sarah, or are your arrangements such that it will not be convenient?"

"Bring them here, certainly; I shall be pleased to entertain them," was the reply.

The unsuspecting woman was glad to please her brother, and happy that he seemed in such good humor. Little dreaming how he was plotting against her, she almost dared to hope that he would yet consent to her wishes in regard to their father's will. But the Judge understood, and he tuned so pale that Boyle trod on his foot under the table to warn him that he must not betray himself.

After dinner they went out again. Indeed, the Col. dared not leave Wendover in the house, and the latter dared not stay. He felt as if he should smother.

Boyle was the first to speak after they left the house. "Ralph, do you think this a pleasant thing for me to do?" he asked.

"I do not know how you feel but I know how you seem," was the reply.

"If I do not seem to care it is because I have better control over myself than you have. If I could see my way out of this other than by conceding what she asks, I would gladly avail myself of it."

"Do you believe that Russell would withdraw the suit and accept the provisions of the will now, Ed?"

"I am certain I shall never ask him to do so, nor consent to its being done," was the emphatic reply.

"I begin to wish that we had consented to the will in the first place," continued the Judge.

"It might have better, but I do not think so, and you were as determined then as I was."

That is true but I never dreamed she could be so persistent; the thought of shutting her up makes me sick," and the man dropped his face into his hands.

"It is hard, Ralph, and for me as well as for you, for I do not forget that she is my sister; but I think you have known of cases equally hard to the parties concerned, only they did not happen to be of your own family." He said this in a tone of significance that brought the blood to the Judge's cheek but he made no reply.

On Friday the Col. came again bringing with him the gentlemen of whom he had spoken. They went to the village, called at the courthouse, and altogether, seemed very busy. At dinner they spoke of the suit that was set for the following week and laughingly asked Mrs. Wendover what she thought of the fellow's pretensions.

She was surprised at such a question from a stranger and hesitated to reply. Her brother interposed:

"My sister is very much afraid of doing wrong," he said, "She believes what is expressed in that concocted but unsigned will to be a true statement of our father's wishes and insists that its provisions be carried out. She is urging us to ask this conspirator to take one third of the estate and withdraw the suit."

The two gentlemen, who had been introduced as Mr. Ford and Mr. Ashley, expressed so much surprise at this that Mrs. Wendover felt embarrassed and uncomfortable, but she defended her position.

As soon as she paused the Col. said: "I should feel as she does did I not believe that the whole thing is a plot got ten up because of this man Russell's likeness to myself, but sister here, is so afraid of doing wrong, she actually dreams that father comes to her and tells her she is right."

"Was it a dream or did you think you saw your father," asked Ashley.

"I call it a dream" she said, beginning to feel indignant at the pertinacity with which she was being questioned.

"You call it a dream because you are not willing to admit that it seemed a reality," said Ford.

She turned appealingly to her husband but he did not look up, and feeling that she must make some reply, she said with a sort of desperation: "It might have been real; there are cases on record where such things have occurred when"—

"When what?" asked the Col.

"When a great wrong is about to be perpetrated," she continued, looking him full in the face.

Continued on sixth page.

We have received from Johnathan Hunt: *The Country Teacher. A Manual for Country Schools.* Second edition revised and improved. It seems practical and common sense. Mr. Hunt says:

I entreat intelligent educators to read this book critically and honestly, but not without reasoning carefully upon every point; pass nothing carelessly because it is new or old; think nothing about the style but study the facts: Is it true that instruction and practice should take the place of study and recitation in the primary department of education? Is it not true that learning with the eye only, is repulsive to the child? In regard to other propositions seemingly radical, I would say: Experiment, search the scriptures of nature and see if these things are so.

READ THIS.

I offer the books named below, from now till Jan. 1st-'94, for \$2.75. Postage paid, it does not leave me quite \$2.50. Object, I want the books read, and I want money to do other work with, for the sun is going down. Helen Harlow's Vow, \$1.50. Perfect Motherhood, \$1.50. The Occult Forces of Sex, 50 cts. A Sex Revolution, 25 cts. The Fountain of Life, 50 cts. The cost of the whole, at the publisher's price would be \$4.25.

Dr. E. B. and C. N. Greene have changed their residence from Hill street to 1231, Monroe street, have left the suburbs for the city proper, having decided to make Topeka their permanent residence. I truly believe that but for their skill I should not now be publishing F. P. They treat patients at a distance with good success. Try them, friends, their terms are not high and they are true workers for the good of humanity. Lois W.

P. S. Their stomach powders are invaluable. Enough for one month for \$1.00.

THE HAIR RENEWER.

I want to say a word about it. The most of people do not persistently test a thing. I know "The Renewer" will take dandruff from the head, and had I persisted in its use, I am satisfied it would have made my hair grow, and perhaps restored its color; but this last I did not want, and I have too much to do, and am too far along in years to care about giving time or vital force to hair growing.

The lady upon whose hair it had such marvelous effect used it three times a week for three years. In that time an originally good head of hair had grown till from reaching the waist when she commenced, it swept the floor four inches, and she now supports herself and children by exhibiting at museums.

I have just received a letter from my friend, Mrs. Ingraham of Lake Mills, Wis. in which she says:

"I have used the Renewer and am much pleased with it. The dandruff is all gone, and my hair is regaining its original color."

I can assure my readers there is not a particle of anything poisonous in the preparation. Those wishing more than one package can have three for one dollar.

Foundation Principles.

ISSUED MONTHLY

FROM TOPEKA, KANSAS.

LOIS WAISBROOKER EDITOR.

TERMS, 50 Cents PER YEAR.

We Hold It As A Foundation Principle

that all gain coming from the use of natural wealth belongs to the party through whose labor it is secured, and not to some other claimant—that no man nor set of men has the moral right to hold land not in actual use from those who need it, and that rent taken for the use of such land is robbery, and illegal when measured by the law of natural justice.

MOTHERS!

Please read the following taken from the Union Pacific Employees' Magazine. Read it twice—three times—study it, and then work for conditions under which your children can be something more than "hereditary hirelings." Student says, "This helpless disposition seems to grow by hereditary transmission."

Why not? The law of nature is: each after its kind. Parents cannot transmit to their children traits of character they do not themselves possess, and when their highest and almost only aspiration is to get employment what can they transmit to their children but the elements of helpless servitude? They are, through the law of heredity, born to serve, and when deprived of the opportunity to serve they are naturally helpless.

And through the action of the same law of heredity others are born to command, and what is to be done about it? Shall we submit with folded hand say its God's will or shall we wake up to the fact that these are the natural results of our ignorance of causes, and to that other and greater fact that all power is ours when we know how to use it. If the law of heredity through its perverted action has wrought this evil, the remedy must be found in its right action; but in order to such right action, the track must be cleared. The wage system, and all other methods, that have grown out of, and tend to increase the evils of the old, must go.

"The wage system must go!" exclaims one who has never thought beyond bread and butter for the present, "what do you mean?"

I mean just what I say. Any method, any system of which it can be shown that it is deleterious to human progress, that it drags the masses of the people back and down in the scale of development, must certainly go, or there is no hope that there is, or can be anything better for the future of the race than there has been in the past.

The nations of the earth have risen to a given point and then gone down. The cities of the ancient world that were once resplendent in their magnificence are to-day the dwelling places for bats and owls. Is this always to be, or is there a point which passed, we as nations, or as a union of peoples, can still go up and on? If there is not, then prophecy is a lie and the aspiration of the human soul a cheat.

There is, there must be such a point, and our nation seems now trembling in the balance that hangs

upon that pivotal point—shall we go up or down? There is but one way by which we can go up. Not only the special, but the universal mother love dwelling in woman's heart must be aroused. She must be made, not only to understand this law of heredity, but to demand such conditions as shall make it a blessing instead of a curse.

MOTHERS:—You must not be contented under present conditions unless you want your descendants to sink lower and still lower, even till they reach the condition of helpless animals.

When I realize the need of clear, active thinking on the part of women, I sometimes feel that if the explosion of dynamite bombs so near their heads as to shock without injuring, would start their ideas, I should like to touch them off. But read the article, please, which has called out these remarks.

WHAT IS REALLY WANTED.

A vast army of men idle and in need of the common necessities of life, calls attention to social affairs as nothing else would. It has brought the labor problem into prominence. It is practically universally conceded that something should be done for workingmen—as a matter of charity of course—but what? Give them work of course. What does this do? It supplies them with the necessities to sustain life.

But is that what is really wanted? And had that ought to satisfy workingmen?

And why should there be a class designated as workingmen to distinguish them from other parts of the population; a class who must have such charitable consideration, with a sort of inferiority attached to them?

Why do they not do for themselves?

Why is it that some one else, allowing them to work, and thus supplying them with the necessities of life, satisfies them, as experience demonstrates that it does the vast majority!

Is there any independent manhood demonstrated in such action?

I have been considering these lines of questions, but am not satisfied I am right and wish some one would throw some light on the matter.

CAN FIND NO HOPE.

Argue the point as best I can to furnish some hope of a better future for myself and children, and I can find none whatever if we must work for the wage of another.

In fact, the longer one works for a daily wage the worse he must be off is the conclusion I have come to. It seems to have a tendency to stunt the elements of self-confidence within a man until he becomes a dependent being, perfectly helpless if some one does not supply him with work, telling him when and how to do it. The extent to which this has effected men is well shown now when so many have stopped hiring men.

Go among a body of them and any one in doubt can easily be convinced.

They will almost worship the man who offers them employment, and ask them what would be the most desirable, and it is that some one should give them work.

It seems to be the only way the great mass of the people know of for maintaining life. The idea that they should be independent of any one to supply them with work does not seem to have a place in their understanding. This certainly is not natural. It is not found among savages and barbarians, but seems to become more and more marked as so-called civilization grows greater and more complex the greater the number who become dependent, and the fewer to command them at work, and the steadier men are given employment the more helpless they seem to become.

I have been studying this subject for some time, and I have discovered, or believe I have, a truth that does not make me feel any too encouraged for the future, and that is, this helpless disposition seems to grow by hereditary transmission.

The most helpless workmen, those who seem the most completely lost when thrown out of employment are most generally those

who have descended from fathers and grandfathers who were dependent workmen, that those who had worked only for or under some man's direction, as against men who have labored under their own direction and management, while those who rise out of the hireling class becoming hirers or their own employers, though comparatively few, are generally of those whose ancestry had not worked under hireling conditions, and they are most always the ones most restless under the domination of a boss.

Now it has seemed to me that it is more such men that are needed; but under conditions that force so large a percentage to be wage-earners, it seems as if we were producing just the opposite condition; and that is what discourages me, and why it seems to me that supplying me with work, as a hireling, even if it does give sufficient to sustain life, is going to prove bad if I let myself be satisfied with being such a dependent. My children are most likely to get that disposition also, and grow up to think the highest aim in life is to get some one to hire them, and their success in life be measured by the comparative amount paid, this, instead of being more self-reliant.

With such a disposition I certainly can never expect that they will make much of a record in the world. They will be natural born hirelings, and subject to all the uncomfortable conditions that position in life carries with it, and in the future as in the past, charitably disposed bosses will be considering at times what can be done to relieve these poor workingmen.

That is not a pleasant thought. I am sure it would be better to feel that as long as I have the use of my faculties I really ought to be independent of any such consideration, that I ought at least to be as free under civilization as are savages under natural conditions, free to take from nature that which I need, and my children after me to inherit the same freedom instead of being born natural hirelings.

It has seemed to me that our civilization was degrading the higher qualities in man making a dependent rather than an independent being, with the highest command of power in self, showing pride in it. * * *

It seems to me that—what is really wanted—is to apply remedies that will make men greater, more individualistic; setting men free rather than confining them; making them independent of the control of others in the development and application of the talents they may possess. Instead of conditions that produce hereditary hirelings give us conditions that will produce men and women for independent action.

Different environments than we have now are necessary to do this well. [Yes, and we must make them.]

Let our present clogged social machinery work at its full capacity and what does it do for the great mass?

Food and shelter! But an animal of the lower orders gets that, and how long before another clogging will put us in distress again? Under present social environments we become as helpless as animals who have lost their natural instincts to supply their own needs from nature's storehouse, thro' being long domesticated and having their food supplied to them by their owners, are when turned loose to again hustle for themselves. It is certainly discouraging to consider the necessary result when we see how large a per cent of the people are being bred to be fitted only for being hired servants for the few, and there is little hope for change [none]—so long as our present social machinery is kept going. STUDENT.

An able eastern writer has the promise of space in "The Arena" for a review of "The Fountain of Life, or The Threefold Power of Sex," and the writer has been advised to send a copy to the editress of The Church Union, New York city, and a minister who was known to be much interested in "The Occult Forces of Sex," has also had a copy ordered by a Christian friend. While Spiritualists are afraid of their most radical thinkers, the more advanced in the churches are accepting the views of the latter. The review in "The Arena" will probably appear next month.

"A TRUTH SEEKER"

Is writing more from what she has read in my books than from what has appeared in the paper, but that great terror of wives, unwellcome children, is made so prominent is there not a use in publishing it? Should that system of society which makes the natural result of what should be natural, if at all, a disturbing element in the home life—should not such a system of society be condemned and cast aside to give place to one that will allow of people living more natural lives? Fear hath torment. "Student," speaking of the conditions that produce "hereditary hirelings" says there is *little* hope of better results with the present machinery of society. *There is none*, and it is time that those who were not gestated below the reasoning point realized this and directed their efforts accordingly.

Think of the torment of fear that destroys the sweet naturalness of mutuality in married life, fear that more love pledges will come than can be properly cared for—and for what! why this difficulty of securing the comforts of life?

Harken oh ye heavens, and give ear, oh earth! Because of a system of society in which a dog may wear diamonds while children starve!

Mrs. Vanderbilt's pug dog wears a diamond collar worth \$150,000. or 150,000 days' work of the section men on the New York Central Railroad. * * * Every worker should inquire into this and satisfy himself. Do not take the word of any one but find out for yourself.—Union Pacific Employees' Magazine.

One hundred and fifty thousand men work hard all day and the sum of what they all get is the price of a dog's collar—and yet the dog lives—and so does its mistress; and if their lives depended upon our finding out which of them is the biggest fool or the most of an animal they would be likely to live a long time.

But "Truth Seeker" is troubled over another matter. She sees clearly, after reading "The Fountain of Life" or "The Threefold Power of Sex" that unnatural, or non-association between mutually loving pairs is not only not purity but an actual hindrance to the evolution of the higher, finer life which fashions itself around a high ideal of loving creative unions as the parts thereto eliminate the cruder to give place to that which is more fine, even till matter and spirit are so wedded that we are regenerated, generated anew by the re-creative power of the spiritual in sex.

But this subject is entirely too large for the space I have in the paper, and the reader is referred to my books. I will say this however: The key note to regeneration commences on a natural and compasses the three octaves, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, and when the latter become the predominating forces of the sexual union physical propagation is likely to cease.

Some Queries.

DEAR FRIEND:—I am much interested in what you write and wish I could actualize the ideals therein found. Some things I do not understand very well, and one is your idea of regeneration.

You claim that through the pure use of the organs of generation comes regeneration. You clearly show that liv-

ing apart from the opposite sex does not prove purity of heart or body, and that there should be a natural use of the sex organs, (if we can find out what is natural). My observation has been that the greatest dread of a married woman's life from month to month is that of becoming pregnant when it is not the desire of either party to have a child.

Years ago I read "Alpha" for a time, and it seemed to me the best way to live; and even yet it seems the only way to avoid undesired children. After many years I read your Occult Forces of Sex, and I thought, how few really know what purity is, so elevating are the thoughts therein expressed.

I would like to believe in regeneration, and while the study of it may include the less as the spirit world includes all else, I seem to see the same idea in both, we give the most of our thought to this world because we are in it and know more of it, so the most of women will give more thought to generation than to regeneration because it more clearly concerns them just now, or seems to, and until the most of them can be taught how to study regeneration without the fear of undesired motherhood, I fear there will be few who will feel free to study that phase of life. Another idea: does not a woman who desires to live without the fear of unwelcome maternity do her husband a rank injustice, even though he may think it best to second her wishes? If so, how is that injustice to be remedied? Is all thought to be given to the child that may be, but is not, or rather, must we not make allowance for the grown children (men and women) who have been born with desires that call for recognition, even at the risk of bringing into existence another human being.

Any way it can be fixed there seems to be the call for sacrifice; on whom shall it fall? I can understand the right of the child to the entire consecration of the parents while it is drawing its life from the mother, also during the nursing period, but after that, what?

A TRUTH SEEKER.

Buy and Circulate --Books.

I have a small library of my own which I circulate far and near. And I have some of the most radical works of the day. My name is stamped in every book, and a great many read them that are strangers to me, but of course they know how I stand. I will relate a little circumstance that happened by a stranger reading some of my books on sex.

One evening I was sitting alone in my room reading Irene. I fell to musing and asked myself what good it was to get ahead of others so much that we are misunderstood, misinterpreted and looked upon with suspicion. While so thinking, I heard a gentle knock on the door. I opened it, and there stood a young lady all alone. I invited her in, but she must have been greatly amused at my astonishment at seeing a stranger, a young lady, coming into a bachelor den at that time of night. She introduced herself. Said that she and her father were now stopping in the place but were going to leave in a day or two. That her father had gone to a seance and she got lonesome and thought she would call on me before she left, so she just got her wraps and started. She said she had read several of my books on Sexual Science, and had heard others speak of me, so that she knew where she was going.

I found her to be quite as well versed in such matters as myself. She said she would never marry; that she was free now and expected to remain so. What a pity that the birth of the future generations cannot be restricted to such women. How can we expect anything but slaves to be born of slaves. The good to the world of one child born of such a mother would be more than that of forty acres of ill-gotten, unwelcome accidents that are now forced upon it, and who are mostly the embodiments of the debased appetites and passions of their parents. No wonder reform is slow with no better material upon which to work—J. W. T. M.

A BOOK REVIEW.

I do not think the space for

TALKS WITH MOTHERS

can be better filled than by giving them the following review of a woman's work. I select it, not because it is the best but because it is the shortest of any I have. The *Arena* publishes several very able and highly commendatory reviews from well known writers. If there is one thing that mothers need, it is knowledge gathered by women who dare to think and given forth from the woman standpoint. We have depended upon masculine reformers for our ideas altogether too much. It is not the honesty of our brothers who are thus engaged that I question, but that they cannot know all that must enter into woman's work. * She only can evolve it, and to do this she needs a knowledge of the history of what her sex has endured in the past. I hope Mrs. Gage's book will be sold by hundreds of thousands. No thinking woman will do without it if she can possibly get it. L. W.

WOMAN, CHURCH AND STATE.

From Editorial Review by B. F. Underwood in R. P. Journal.

The subjects treated of in this volume have been subjects of deep interest and careful study by Mrs. Gage the last twenty years or more. Mrs. Gage commences with a statement of facts, showing the tendency of ecclesiastical Christianity to restrict woman's liberty. A large amount of space is devoted to the condition of woman under the matriarchate (mother rule,) which she claims has prevailed at different times in nearly all the nations of the earth and under which "woman was recognized as the primary factor in every relation, man holding no place but that of dependent." Every part of the world, she says, gives evidence of the system. Reminiscences of the matriarchate universally abound. She mentions the Iroquois or Six Nations from which the United States borrowed its government. To the matriarchate the world is indebted for its first conception of inherent rights. She describes Malabar under the matriarchate when discovered by the Portuguese and points out that ancient Egypt and the most ancient Aryans lived under this system. The vestal virgin in Rome, woman's authority both in civil and religious affairs, represented that condition. Monogamy was the rule of the matriarchate; polygamy, infanticide and prostitution, she claims were the rule of the system that succeeded, the patriarchate. One chapter is devoted to celibacy. The description of the conditions of life under that system, especially when celibacy was confirmed as a dogma of the church, is terrible. Her picture of the consequences that followed, when wives were sold as slaves and women driven to suicide, when women of wealth were drawn into monastic life and the monistaries were hotbeds of sensuality, is very vivid.

The chapter on canon law, to which some forty pages are devoted, is very valuable. Mrs. Gage seems to have given this subject an unusual amount of attention. All her authorities are carefully cited and she describes the effect of canon law upon social life and character in a manner that is as graphic as is truthful.

A very remarkable chapter is the one on marquette, or marchetta, a custom under feudalism, by which the "lord of the soil" was privileged to first enter the nuptial couch of the new-made brides of his tenants and for from one to three days after their marriage to keep up relations with them. The feudal lords levied on a young bride just as they demanded half the wool of each flock of sheep. The only way the peasant could escape this dishonor to his wife and humiliation to himself, was by a ransom—the payment of a sum of money, which was often beyond his ability to obtain. The custom prevailed in France, Germany, England, Scotland, in all Christian countries where feudalism existed. The lords in holy orders, including many of the bishops who were temporal lords, claimed the right of marchetta or cuisage. The lower orders of the clergy after awhile claimed and enforced this right. The villeins were not entirely submissive and many a revolt and reign of terror was caused by the lords temporal and lords spiritual insisting on their rights in the jus primæ noctis. This chapter is a sad commentary on the subjection of the peasantry and the moral condition of the ruling class during the feudal ages.

Witchcraft is the subject of some eighty pages and it would be difficult to find in the same space so large an amount of information in regard to witchcraft and everything pertaining thereto, as is contained in this work. The chapter on wives describes the different forms of marriage under the old Roman law, the sale of daughters in England seven hundred years after the introduction of Christianity, the practice of buying wives with money or cattle, regulated by law, the control of the wife's religion by the husband, the assaulting of wives protected by law, the use of the ducking stool in England and its use even by the Pilgrim Fathers, morганatic marriage, burying wives alive, an English clergyman offering one hundred pounds reward for the capture and return of his wife, etc., and presents a mass of facts not generally known and certainly of deep interest, as showing what the condition of woman was in times less enlightened than these.

In a chapter on Polygamy, the author omits nothing, not even the facts well known to scholars but not known popularly that the first synod of the Reformation which was convened sanctioned polygamy and that it was favored by Luther and other able reformers. There is one very strong and readable chapter on "Woman and Her Work." Another chapter relates to "The Church of To-day," showing how

woman's inability is taught from the pulpit, even in these times, how woman's petitions for ordination have been declined by the Methodist conferences and by other ecclesiastical organizations: how the opposition of the church to woman's education has prevented the rightful prominence which should be given to feminine influences in the affairs of life. Mrs. Gage traces the history of woman through all the various ecclesiastical dogmas and conditions of the last few hundred years and shows how invariably theology has been the enemy of woman, how it has opposed the removal of restrictions, how it has perpetuated old abuses, how it has prevented the opening of new avenues of employment to women and quoted Moses and St. Paul whenever agitators have advocated the enlargement of woman's sphere of activity. This work by Mrs. Gage shows evidence of many years of careful study and collection of facts. It is written not without strong feeling of indignation against the wrongs heaped upon her sex, which may sometimes give coloring to her statements of facts, but generally her authorities are carefully quoted and her statements may be accepted as those of a conscientious and painstaking investigator. The work is written in clear, strong style and it possesses literary merit of no mean order.

Continued from third page.

The Judge here gave Boyle a look which said, I can bear no more, and the subject of conversation was then adroitly changed and Mrs. Wendover soon recovered her composure.

When dinner was over the Judge said: "You will please excuse me now, gentlemen; I have business that takes me from home a few days and I have some matters that I must attend to first."

"Going away!" exclaimed the Col. "I was thinking of asking you and Sarah to go with me to-morrow to see an old friend."

"Sarah can go if she likes, but I must be off, good day gentlemen." Boyle turned to his sister with:

"Will you go, Sarah?"

"If you wish it, what time do you start?"

"Oh about ten o'clock, come gentlemen, we must finish up that little business we have on hand."

As soon as they were by themselves Boyle said: "You see how it is, gentlemen, now what's to be done?"

"No woman in her senses would take the position she does," said Ford.

"And what do you say, Dr.?" asked Boyle, turning to Ashley.

"That is also my opinion, sir."

"And you would not hesitate to pronounce her insane?"

"A temporary aberration only; the excitement produced by the scene attendant upon her father's death has so impressed itself upon her brain that it makes the one idea predominate over all others."

"But the approaching trial is intensifying that action," said Ford, "and it will be a severe strain upon her nervous system, one that she will not soon rally from."

"Then what would you advise under the circumstances," continued Boyle.

Ford turned to Ashley: "What do you think?"

"Temporary restraint in some quiet retreat might not be amiss," he said, after seeming hesitation.

"Dr. Vosburg has a superior place for such patients, and he uses tact in their management," remarked Ford.

"Yes, either there or at Matten's but Matten's is much farther away and you will want her where you can see or hear from her at any time, but how does the Judge feel about this, Col.?" was Ashley's response.

"He knows that something must be done but it hurts him so badly that he has planned to go away; he leaves it all to me. Yes we should prefer to have her near us."

"Does your sister know anything of either of these places?" asked Ford.

"No, she hasn't the least idea there is anything within a hundred miles."

"Such retreats are not made conspicuous," remarked Ashley, and then there was silence. Presently Boyle said: "Well, if it must be done the sooner it is over the better; gentlemen, will you reduce your opinion to writing."

Court was to convene on Tuesday. On Monday there appeared in the county paper the following item:

"Very Sad."

"We are informed that Mrs. Wendover has thought and worried over the circumstances attending her father's death, the appearance at the time of a man claiming to be the son of a former marriage, the unsigned will, etc., till her reason is threatened, and under the advice of physicians skilled in diseases of the mind it has been thought best to remove her from all excitement connected with the coming trial to where she can have such care and treatment as her case requires. It is to be hoped that she will soon be so restored as to be able to return to her afflicted family."

When the paper containing the above was handed to

The New Book.

I consider the Fountain of Life, or Threefold Power of Sex, the most scientific and logical presentation of Sex yet written, because it comprehends the whole of human nature. I hope it will strengthen the idea of the dignity and tend to exalt the place of humanity as creative beings. It is my firm conviction that the harmony of society and the growth and development of the individual depend upon right knowledge of the best use of sex, and right adjustment of the sexes.

You have done what may well be a crowning work, and I hope you may see that it is not sent out of season, but has come in the fullness of time to do what needs to be done.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

Heredity.

I am glad to see that the working people are beginning to think upon the laws of heredity. I have been reading an article in the *Union Pacific Employees' Magazine* signed "Student," the ideas of which, if pervading the whole class of workers, necessarily make a radical change somewhere, for certainly, they would not continue to "breed hereditary hirelings," and yet "Student" speaks hesitatingly, does not feel quite sure he is right.

The effect of wage slavery and enforced idleness is visible to all who care to read other than from books.

The elements that go to make up the father's life give character to the germ for the new being, and prominent among these is the ever unconscious feeling of dependence upon some one else for work, thus transmitting a feeling of dependence instead of self-reliance.

But this is not all. The elements that enter into the mother's life nourish the same feeling—she is the dependent of a dependent. The conditions of society provide for her no independent maintenance; her work as mother is not counted of any financial value, (human beings are of no account) and while bearing this burden, in addition to her other cares, she has no encouragement that it may become a blessing but on the contrary, its advent is looked upon with dread rather than with pleasure.

Now add to all this, enforced idleness. Day after day the husband and father searches for work and finds none. Day after day the wife sits at home, if home it can be called, brooding the coming life with anxiety. Perhaps she may have had work at starvation prices by which she has helped to keep the wolf of hunger from the door, but now that is gone, or she is no longer able to do it. If so, all the more anxiously does she desire—not happiness, not the ease and comfort that her situation should have, but work for her husband, work, work, any kind of drudgery to keep them all from going hungry.

She may, or she may not understand that such conditions will affect the babe beneath her bosom during its entire earth life, making it inferior both in body and in mind. I wish all mothers did realize it. Methinks there would be such a current of burning indignation generated as would consume these false conditions, root and branches.

In that case the children would be born with such a hatred of the system which so wrongs them, that they would inevitably destroy it, but now the feeling of dependence, even to abjectness, predominates.

Aroused and intelligent motherhood is the hope of the race. G. E.

DON'T FAIL—to read the offer on third page. Astrology says that 1894 may be the limit of my earthly years. I do not believe it, still it may be true, and I am working as if I knew it was. The astrologer says: "If you pass '94 you will hang on a long time." I think I shall hang on; but still I want to do all that is for me to do, and say all that is for me to say, and so I want to sell my books to get the means to work with."

Blake, Morse was present. The lawyer read the item and then handed the paper to the detective, remarking as he did so: "I wonder how much Tom Boston got for publishing that."

"That is Ed. Boyle's handiwork," remarked Morse when he had read it.

"Yes, and the Judge is his tool; that man will stop at nothing that he thinks will aid him in accomplishing his ends, the scheming rascal."

"That's so, Blake, and if we could only prove"—

"He has money," interrupted Blake.

"Yes, he has money, and our infernal property system makes so many paupers, and so many sneaks who are afraid of becoming paupers, a few dollars will buy them up like cattle. It is next to impossible to convict a rich man of crime," replied Morse in indignant tones.

"Hold on, don't get too wrathful with your bread and butter," said Blake, laughing.

"Bread and butter! well this will put some of the needful to buy it into your pocket, Blake, for it will delay your case and add to your fee."

"I expect they will delay us as long as they can: that's what the insanity dodge means; Mrs. Wendover is no more insane than I am."

That night Edward Bond Boyle and attorney Logan came into town so as to be there the next day at the opening of the court. They called on Blake and found Morse there as they expected. Blake handed Bond Boyle the paper containing the article relating to Mrs. Wendover, and asked him what he thought of it. He read it and passed it to Logan without comment; neither did Logan comment upon that but asked:

"Who is this Jedediah Brown that I hear the people talking of as a witness that can't be found?"

Blake looked at Morse and laughed. Morse gave him a look which said, keep dark, and answered carelessly: "I think Wherefore knows."

"And I think he will have to be produced before this matter is settled," replied Logan.

"He can be found, no doubt, when he is really wanted" said Morse, and then commenced talking on another subject.

Russell saw that there was something connected with Brown that he did not understand but he asked no questions. Presently he went out but Logan remained.

"Is it possible, Morse," said Blake as soon as Russell left, "that Russell don't know you are Brown?"

"Not a word, and I don't want him to know yet. If the conspiracy dodge is to be played they shall not implicate Bond Boyle; the Col. would be only too glad to shut him up as he has his sister."

"But who put you up to that kind of detective work," asked Logan.

"Wherefore is at the bottom of it, or Wildermere his true name is; Mr. Logan, you ought to know that man."

"Is it John Wildermere?"

"The same, you are acquainted with him then?"

"I have met him a few times when in the city; his sister married a cousin of mine; a shrewd man."

"That he is, I'm glad you know him; how soon do you suppose our case will be called?"

"No telling, perhaps not till next week."

It was really reached the third day. A few minor matters were attended to in the morning but the first thing in the afternoon was the case of Boyle, vs. Boyle and Wendover. The plaintiff's counsel were asked if they were ready for trial. "Ready, your honor," responded Blake, but when the same question was asked of defendants' counsel more time was desired.

Reasons given: one of the defendants was unable to be present and an important witness not yet found. Judge Wendover looked very sad and people whispered their sympathy one to another. After a few questions and a little deliberation the case was put over till the next term of court and both parties were at liberty to retire.

"With expenses and delays what chance would I have had but for my father's money?" said Bond Boyle as they left the court-room.

CHAPTER XII.

MEETS HIS FATE.

"Alas, my son! to see thee lying cold and still; but better thus than living on possessed of that dire madness which seeks, insanely seeks to drink the brightness out of other lives to minister to self."

Such, as nearly as can be put into words, were the feelings of Mrs. Lawrence as she gazed for the last time upon the face of her first born, but we anticipate. In saying this, John had no thought of the story

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence soon rallied from the effects of the shock caused by the discovery of her unfortunate parentage on her mother's side; but the effect upon Richard intensified with time while the very worst elements of his character were called into action by the bitterness thus engendered. He had from childhood manifested a disposition which gave his parents much anxiety as to his future, but now he seemed worse than ever.

Both his parents were generous in their natures, and thoughtful for the happiness of others. To those dependent upon them as well as to those in their own rank in life they were courteous and kind. Richard was scrupulously exact in rendering to those he considered his equals all that the rules of society required, but why was he so regardless of the rights of those who stood below him? why did he seem to regard them as servants of his will or objects of his pleasure? Their other children possessed no such disposition and why should he?

These were the questions the anxious parents often asked themselves and each other, but they found no satisfactory answer. After the experience that tested her friends Mrs. Lawrence did not go into general society as much as before. Though never thoughtless, her mind took a more inquiring turn, and she began to attend scientific lectures, and to frequent places where questions [that are of widespread interest to the race were discussed by thinkers in the advance ranks of reform. One evening after having listened to a very intelligent speaker upon hereditary laws and tendencies, she said to her husband on her return:

"I know now why Richard is so different from us, and from the rest of the children; I wish you could have gone with me to-night, I know you would have been interested."

"I wish so, too; I always go with you when I can, my dear, but what particular thing did you learn to-night that throws light on this vexed question?"

"The disappearance of parental traits in one generation and their re-appearance at a later period. My white ancestry, with the exception of my father, were slave-holders who held the poor whites as even beneath their slaves."

"The surroundings of my mother before my birth, were such as tended to hold that element in check, but it re-appears in Richard. He has no more regard for those in his own station in life, than the slave-holder had for the rights of his slave, and as much contempt for the poor as the slaves were taught to feel for what they called 'poor white trash,'" then, dropping on her head on husband's breast, she wailed:

"Oh, my poor boy, it would have been well had you died at birth."

"I would not feel like that, Helen; Richard is no worse than scores of others," said Mr. Lawrence, soothing her tenderly.

"It is the fact that there are so many like him that makes me feel still worse. Oh, what would have been the fate of my poor mother and myself if my father had not been an honorable man! I tell you, Henry, Richard, with his disposition, and his attractiveness, when he chooses to please, will be the ruin of many a poor girl, and I had rather see him dead."

Her husband could not gainsay her, so he was silent.

John Wildermere, alias Wherefore, had relatives in the city who were as high upon the social ladder as were the Lawrences, but he had a feeling of contempt for what is called society, coupled with an intense desire to know the why of everything.

He was not a garbage gatherer; he did not peer into other people's business, nor seek for the facts of their lives, but when facts, or distorted reports of facts came to his knowledge, he sought the correct version in order to learn the "wherefore of such things."

There had come to him from New York glimpses of matters that appealed to his ruling trait of character, so, when Russell and Alice had gone to Pennsylvania, and nothing further could be done in that line till the spring term of court, he decided to pay his city relatives a visit.

The second day after his arrival there, Richard Lawrence was startled by hearing some one repeat in a low, but distinct tone:

"Piecemeal to students and rats."

Turning quickly, he found himself face with Wildermere. "Are you a rat catcher?" he asked.

"No, sir, but my dog is," was John's reply.

The next second he lay prostrate upon the pavement. Richard's motion was so quick there was not an instant in which to dodge the blow. He picked himself up as quickly as he had been knocked down, remarking as he did so: "That was Southern chivalry."

In saying this, John had no thought of the story

connected with Mrs. Lawrence's birth, but Richard was so sensitive on this point, he understood it as a taunt because of that, and as quick as thought drew his pistol and fired, and but for the fact that his arm was knocked aside by a policeman who had seen the knock down, and hastened to the spot, would have shot John directly through the heart.

Richard was marched off to the police court, John and those who had been attracted hither by the sound of the pistol, following.

There happened to be no other business on hand just then, so the case was investigated at once. Richard would have given a false name, but he dare not with Wildermere's eye upon him, so he would have to devise some other method to keep the knowledge of his arrest from his parents.

The policeman testified as follows:

"I was standing on the corner, watching a man whose movements looked suspicious, when this man Lawrence, passed me, and right behind him this other man; they passed on a few steps, and the one behind said something, I did not hear, when the prisoner turned and said something, to which the other replied, and then the prisoner knocked the other man down. The man arose to his feet, made some remark, but no aggressive movement, then the prisoner snatched his pistol from his pocket and fired. I was near enough to knock his arm aside and the ball lodged in the lamp post."

"Prisoner at the bar, why did you strike this man?" asked the police judge.

"He insulted me, sir," was the crest-fallen reply.

"Will you please tell the court what he said."

"Your honor, the words of themselves did not constitute an insult; it was through their connection with other matters which I cannot well explain."

"With your permission, sir, I will tell you what I said."

"Your name, sir?"

"John Wildermere."

"Residence?"

"Mandaville, this state; I am at present staying at my sister's at —, Blank street."

"We will now hear your statement."

"Well, your honor, I was repeating to myself a bit of poetry of which the words: 'Peacemeal to students and rats,' are a part. I have lived much by myself and have contracted the habit of thinking aloud, and I repeated those words just as I came up with the gentleman at the bar. He turned and asked me if I was a rat catcher; I replied I was not, but my dog was."

Wildermere, while telling this, kept a perfectly sober face, but managed to assume such a comical expression as well as tone of voice, that the Judge himself could with difficulty repress a smile, while an audible titter among the crowd forced him to call for order.

"Was that all?" he asked when quiet was restored.

"All, your honor, till after he knocked me down; I remarked, when I had recovered my feet: 'That is Southern chivvry,' then he drew his pistol and fired."

A man who had stood by the lamp post as they passed, was next questioned: "Did you hear what was said," asked the Judge.

"I did not catch quite all the poetry, your honor, but the last word was rats; what the gentleman says of the conversation is correct, word for word," was the reply.

The Judge sat awhile as if in thought. He looked first at Richard and then at Wildermere. Judging from his countenance, he was saying to himself: "They are gentlemen; same old grudge I presume, and the young man has a quick temper; I must give him a talking to."

Finally putting this last thought into words, he said: "Mr. Lawrence, let this be a warning to you to control your temper. But for a fortunate interference, you would now be a murderer. Think of the sorrow it would have been to your friends, and of what would have been your own fate. As it is, you have broken the public peace, and must pay your fine as well as bearing the disgrace, but I hope never again to see you a prisoner in a police court."

Richard was then given the lowest fine that the law would allow, which was promptly paid, and he was free to go where he pleased. He did not, however, seem in any haste to leave, but when the crowd which always gathers in such places, had dispersed, dropped a five dollar gold piece into the hands of Judge, and another into the hands of the police-

man. "For my mother's sake," he said, and the report of that trial did not appear in the *Police Gazette*.

Richard walked a square with the enforcer of the public peace, and as he turned to leave, he remarked: "I would give as much more for the chance to knock that puppy down again." The policeman laughed and went his way.

Wildermere went about his business as serenely as if nothing had happened, but the more Richard thought of the matter the more angry he became. He felt that he would stop at nothing that promised revenge, and as he turned over various projects in his mind, he thought of Alice.

"I wonder where she is," he said to himself. "I will write to Golder and find out; no, I will go myself. I can learn from the postmaster where the old man is; she, no doubt is with him."

About two weeks after this, Wildermere was visiting at the house of a friend, when a young girl who lived in the next house, came in and remarked in his hearing:

"Lucy Perkins was at our house yesterday, and she says Richard Lawrence has left the city."

"Richard Lawrence, who is he?" was the response.

"Why, that young man whose mother is a nigger, and he is black enough, mercy knows."

"I think you mistake, Miss," remarked Wildermere.

"Mistake about what, sir?"

"About Mrs. Lawrence being a nigger."

"It was in all the papers, sir, and they wouldn't dare to publish such stuff if it wasn't true," she replied defiantly.

"It is true," said Wildermere, that her grandmother was an octaroon and a slave, do you know what an octaroon is, Miss?"

The girl stared at him as if astonished, and he continued: "if you do, please tell me?"

"Octo means eight," she said at length, "but I don't see how it can apply to a person; octagon means eight sided, but octo, or eight-aroon is beyond me."

"It means one-eighth negro blood."

"Oh!"

"Mrs. Lawrence's grandmother was an octaroon, and her grandfather was a white man; that made her mother one-sixteenth negro blood. Mrs. Lawrence's father was a French gentleman of pure blood, and that makes her one-thirty-second part negro blood, and as Mr. Lawrence is a white man, that makes his son but one sixty-fourth part negro, do you think that spoils him?"

"Yes, sir, I do; I wouldn't marry him if only one drop in a thousand was negro blood."

"Of course you will not be compelled to do so, but did you learn where Richard Lawrence has gone?"

"Some where up the country, to some ville, I can't remember the name."

"Was it Mandaville?"

"Yes, sir, that's the name."

"Thank you, Miss, but permit me to advise you to get the pedigree of all your gentlemen friends for at least ten generations back, or you might possibly make a mistake and marry the thousandth part of a negro."

The girl turned away with an angry toss of the head, and soon after she left the house; but as she went out, she confided to one of the family the information that that was the queerest man she ever did see.

"Gone to Mandaville, has he; bent on mischief, of course; I wonder if he is not trying to find Alice; I must look after this," such were Wildermere's cogitations upon returning to his sister's that night, and he decided to go home the next day, and if Richard had gone, his next move must be to go where Alice was and help to watch over her.

The next morning, before he was out of bed, he heard the news boys crying on the street: "Great sensation; attempted abduction and murder." He dressed and went down as soon as possible, for somehow, he felt that he had an interest in that sensation. Securing a paper, he read:

"Attempted abduction of a young girl; the abductor pursued and shot."

Such were the headlines of an article in the special news column, which stated that near the town of Goshen, Penn., a young girl named Alice Russell, had started to visit a friend a mile away, and that at a turn in the road she was seized, a cloth saturated with chloroform thrown over her face, taken to a carriage in waiting and driven rapidly away.

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You have succeeded in condensing a large volume of thought into 61 pages. That of itself, in this busy age, is commendable. The principal characters, Lovella, "the embodied Spirit of Motherhood," and Selferedo, "the embodied Spirit of Selfishness," are drawn with a master hand; and your plea that love, guided by wisdom, shall take the place of brute force in the government of mankind, is so logically sustained as to be irresistible.

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Your illustrations proving the futility of enforced morality and the uselessness of surface reforms, putting a plaster on the outside while the cancerous roots are penetrating the vital parts, show a profound study of our false economic system, and the radical treatment that must be applied for the purification of the body politic. I was particularly struck with the aptness of this expression: "If our earnest workers for reform would only try to trace the reaction as well as the action of the forces they set in motion, they would work to better purpose, because they would work more wisely than they now do. No statement more truthful, or suggestive than this has been written in the entire body of our reform literature.

There are suggestive gems of thought, condensed and clear, on almost every page; and I only hope this grand little book may have, as it deserves, a million readers.

Very sincerely yours,

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That the parties were seen by a young man on horse back who had just come to the crest of a hill in an opposite direction. Others joined in the chase; when they came up with the carriage the horses were seized by the bits. The driver jumped from his seat and fled, and upon forcing open the door, a young man had held the unconscious girl in front of him with one hand and presented a pistol with the other.

To be continued.

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Cincinnati, Ohio.

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