

Foundation Principles.

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

VOLUME IV.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, FEBRUARY 1894.

NO. 9.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

TARIFF AND TAXES.

I've been thinkin' of the tariff
Ever since I left my teens;
I hev follered the committee
That pervides fur ways and means.
Though from their actions
Much to cheer us and alarm,
They make no difference to the man
Who does'nt own his farm.

They kin legislate tell Doomsday,
Makin' laws an' likewise jokes,
But they'll never find the means fur
Bringin' ease to tenant folks.
They kin tinker up the axes
Tell they work jes' like a charm—
'Twill make no difference to the man
That does'nt own his farm.

UNCLE EZRA.

Ireland In Iowa.

We do not simply mean that we have Irish people in Iowa, but that we have English landlordism in Iowa, with all the evils attaching to it that attaches to landlordism in Ireland. British landlords have already evicted *one hundred and twenty* families in O'Brien county, this state. *One hundred more* families are to be evicted in a few days.

The facts are, we believe, the C. M. & St Paul R. R. had some kind of a title to the people's homes in that county. This title it sold to an English syndicate, and this English syndicate has commenced proceedings, and set those families and their goods out of their own houses into the street. What the end will be no one can tell; but it now looks as though English landlordism intends to accomplish in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries what King George failed to do in the eighteenth century. Scully, a British aristocrat vampire, has now *four hundred and twenty-four* tenants on his lands in Illinois, whom he rack-rents to support him in his luxurious and extravagant sensuality. There are over *forty thousand* tenant farmers in Iowa today; many of them sending their rent across the ocean to foreign capitalists. How long, oh, Lord, how long?

New Thought.

No use in calling on the "Lord," Moses. Any personality, in this or any other state of existence, who either claims or accepts such a title belongs in grade of development with the titled classes and kings of wealth here, his interests lying in line, to-wit., that of gathering from others to add to his own glory.

The above, with comment, was published in F. P. over five years since. Time has rolled on; thousands, yes, millions have appealed to God, or what they call God, in vain. Things keep on getting no better all the time, and will continue to do so till the people use enough common sense to make the needed changes, God or no God.

The Wherefore Investigating Company.

By L. W.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LAW AND VICARIOUS ATONEMENT.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, after Richard's tragic death, retired more and more from general society, and became somewhat identified with the different reforms that were advocated. Mrs. Lawrence made heredity a study, and from noting effects, was led to investigating causes.

The minister, the Rev. Mr. Dawes, missed her from her accustomed seat in church, and came to ask the cause of her absence.

"I do not feel like going, sir; my heart is too sore," she replied.

"You should go all the more, my sister; where can you find comfort, find a healing balm for all wounds, if not in God's house?"

"I cannot understand, Mr. Dawes, why God has so many good houses in different parts of this and other cities, when so many of his children haven't a decent place in which to stay. It seems to me, sir, if I owned the universe, I would hardly allow so many buildings that were called mine, to stand unoccupied six days of the week while even little children, such as Jesus said were of the kingdom of heaven, must sleep in old barrels, under the sidewalks, or anywhere else that they can find a place to lay their little heads. Were I God, I should spurn such worshipers, should know that they were only seeking my favor selfishly."

The minister looked at her in surprise: "It is our business to obey God's commands, not to inquire into his methods," he said.

"Has God commanded the building of costly churches while the poor go hungry and cold?"

"But for the churches in which the gospel is preached, there would be more cold and hungry ones than now. Mrs. Lawrence, who but the churches are the active promoters of charity?"

"And that is one of the things that puzzle me, Mr. Dawes; it seems to me that they make charity stand in the place of justice."

"Justice, madam, if we had our just deserts where would any of us be?"

"We should be cared for, tenderly, lovingly, as kind parents care for their children,—that is, if there is a personal being who is all-powerful, and who created us. In creating us he became responsible for our well-being, and he owes it to us as a duty to see to it that one child does not crowd upon another."

"Duty! duty from God to us, poor creatures of the dust! How dare you thus arraign the Infinite, and all perfect One? His ways are not like our ways; who by searching can find out God?"

"If he cannot be found out, why search for him? If he cannot be found out who knows anything about him, and if one knows nothing about him, how can he teach others? Come, now, Mr. Dawes, do you really think you know any more about God than I do?"

"My dear Mrs. Lawrence, it grieves me more than I can express to find you in such a state of mind, but it is of no use for me to attempt to talk with you while you feel as you do. I had hoped that God would sanctify your affliction to your soul's salvation, but"—

"You thought that my son's damnation would induce me to seek favor of the one who damns him, for according to your belief, he is damned; no, sir, it does not have that effect."

The minister was startled at this strong application of his own teaching, and did not seem to know what to reply.

"Did you ever think, Mr. Dawes," she continued, "how much law and vicarious atonement are alike?"

"How, in what way?"

"If one keeps within the bounds of the law, obeys its legal requirements, he is all right, no matter what he does, but if he fails to meet the legal demand, he is all wrong."

"In the first place, Mrs. Lawrence, I do not admit the truth of your statement; our law does not sanction wrong doing, nor condemn right doing, and secondly, I see no analogy whatever between the law of the land and vicarious atonement."

"If our law does not sanction, it certainly covers with its mantle of protection all who obey its technical forms, and if you can name many crimes that are not done under its cover, I shall be glad to have you do so."

"Suppose, madam, you name those that are?"

"I can do that, Mr. Dawes, much easier than I can name those that are not, but I will confine my list to four of the most heinous; adultery, perjury, robbery and murder."

"Please name instances?"

"Perjury is swearing to that which is false, is it not?"

"That is the definition the law gives."

"When a man stands up and makes a woman his wife that he does not love, does he not commit perjury? You know, sir, that both men and women do that often."

"But the law cannot read the heart, it can only claim the outward conformity."

"True, but your vicarious atonement will cover the rest if the man or woman gets sorry, which they are pretty likely to do; but another question, is not love the basis of marriage?"

"Most certainly it is, Mrs. Lawrence."

"Then, Mr. Dawes, when men and women marry without love, they commit adultery, and the law not only does not punish such adultery, but it holds the parties to their agreement to live thus. Suppose some woman perjures herself in this way, if she goes and confesses her crime, says, 'I have sworn falsely, I did not love this man, and I had rather go to prison than to live with him,' will it release her from the adultery and punish her for the perjury?"

She looked him squarely in the face, but he answered not a word; he seemed in a sort of dumb amazement at such questioning, and from a woman.

"You know it will not," she continued, "neither would the church free her; the sacredness of the bond must be maintained even though it involves both perjury and adultery. If she continues to live with him, she may remain in the church, but if she leave him the sacramental cup is withheld from her lips. I have seen it done, so know what I am saying."

Again she paused, and Mr. Dawes said something about the sacredness of pledges, and living a loveless life being her punishment.

"That won't do, Mr. Dawes, even though you may claim that the vicarious atonement will cover the continued sin under the circumstances, for we do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles, and children born of such thorny, thistly unions inherit discord and disease, so neither law nor vicarious atonement can cover such cases,—neither, nor both combined are sufficient in efficacy to prevent the consequences of one sin committed against nature's laws."

"Would you do away with law, Mrs. Lawrence?"

"I would find and obey God's laws as expressed through the book of nature, sir; all others are of but little use if not a positive injury."

"You do not believe in God's law as declared in his word, then?"

"If you mean the bible, I do not believe it to be God's word. How can I when it teaches eternal damnation for a large part of the race?"

"But if it is true?"

"But it is not true, Mr. Dawes; it cannot be true."

"I wish I could believe it was not, Mrs. Lawrence, but I dare not dispute my bible."

"Mr. Dawes, would you believe it true if your bible told you two and two made five?"

"Certainly not; that could be demonstrated as false."

Soul Sensing.

DEAR LADY.—I take the liberty and the pleasure of addressing you as I have wanted to do for some time, but have not been well enough. I have seen notices of your books and read your writings in *Lucifer* off and on for several years, with such a mixture of emotions as I cannot give the time and strength to write. One of these emotions is: O to know this woman, to talk with her, for she would understand my thought and feeling about Sex!

When reading in "The Three-fold Powers" it was like constantly seeing myself in a mirror—so many are the ideas and ideals there given that have come to me when deep in "The Silence." I have delved for the truth of this most important of all subjects.

When a young girl, I had a remarkable revelation or vision with regard to the whole subject. Nearly all of what your book tells was shown to me then. Since then—that was 17 years ago, I have had still more such intuitive knowledge and have also read much on the Sex question. And nothing has ever shaken for a moment my absolute surety of the truth of that first great revelation. That is, it was such to me. You and doubtless others had it, but I knew nothing of it, and it was all so utterly at variance with all I had ever been taught, or all that my world held as true and right, that I trembled and held it to myself, determining some time to put it in a book.

I have never done so, for my life has been so crowded, first with other demands, and then with loss of health, and so saturated with sufferings withal, that I have not felt equal to the work. I may do it yet. If I do, so much of it will resemble your writings that I shall have to "preface" with a denial of plagiarism, I think. But truth is truth, and the same wherever found, is it not?

It gave me joy to meet it in your books. I have not read all of "Occult Forces" yet. *Could not*. Why? That would take a long letter to tell. I want the three books, and enclose the price, \$1.00, for them. I want them from you. I want to be in touch with you. Shall be glad of your autograph in them and of a few lines from you. I wish we knew each other.

How true, how true is your expression that Love is the Tree of Life robbed by the two thieves, Celibacy and Christian marriage!

And now, in closing, I want to give thanks to the "Eternal Goodness" for your existence and to you for your books.

"Astounded."

A friend of ours, a man well known in business circles here, and to whom I had given quite a while ago some copies of *Lucifer*, became so much interested that he sent for several books, and among them "The Occult Forces of Sex," and he said the other day:

"It is a wonderful book and it goes right to the bottom of the question, too. I was simply astounded that a woman could write such a book, showing such a complete mastery of the subject and viewing it from so many different sides. Its the best thing I have ever read in that line."

Please send us two copies; one to keep and one to donate to missionary work.
J. F. F.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 30-93.

Slave mothers can never give birth to free children.

"Is it not equally impossible, sir, that the created should be greater than the creator, or in other words, can the creator give to the created a greater degree of any quality than he himself possesses?"

He understood the point she wished to make, colored, but said nothing. She continued:

"You know that such a thing is as impossible as that two and two can make five. Now, sir, is there any earthly parent who would forever damn his own child? But it is not of the future, Mr. Dawes, but of the present that I have been thinking the last few months; not of what God does or will do, but of what we as a people, should do."

"If we as a people, obey God's laws, we shall do well enough, Mrs. Lawrence."

"I think, sir, that practical work is better than theoretical obedience, and while you have been standing in your pulpit preaching about a God of whom you can know nothing, cannot by searching, find him out, I have been to the tenement houses in this great city where the wretched poor dwell; I have been to the prisons, to the hospitals, and to other places of wretchedness that so abound, are a part of our Christian civilization, and I do not hesitate to say that if what is taught from our pulpits is Christianity, then Christianity is a worthless thing, a failure."

"Why, Mrs. Lawrence, how can you say such things when Christians are the only ones who are doing anything to assist those wretched ones! Who give of their time and money to aid the unfortunate but Christians? Who but Christians send hundreds of poor children annually to good homes? Who but Christians call for hospitals where the sick and the suffering can be cared for? Who but Christians care for thousands of homeless waifs of cities in the homes that Christian charity has prepared? and so I might continue to enumerate, and yet you say that Christianity is a failure."

"I beg your pardon, I said if what I had seen was a part of Christian civilization, and if what was taught in our pulpits was Christianity, then Christianity was a failure. You see that the conclusion rests upon two ifs."

"What is your definition of Christianity, Mrs. Lawrence?"

"If I should attempt to define it, I should say it was laying the axe at the root of the tree of evil, instead of lopping off or trying to lop off the most troublesome branches."

"You speak of what is preached in our pulpits, do we not condemn all sin? What more can we do?"

"You preach against sin, but you do not touch the causes of sin, and while these causes remain you might as well preach against children's crying, or against people's groaning when in pain."

"Will you name some of the causes of sin that we do not touch, Mrs. Lawrence?"

"Do you preach against land monopoly, interest, rent and profits, Mr. Dawes?"

"We preach against covetousness, but do you mean to say that interest, lawful interest on money, rent for the use of buildings, and profits on legitimate business, are all wrong, are sins to be preached against?"

"I mean just that; I mean that no one has the right, morally speaking, to live upon the results of another's toil; I mean that profit over and above a fair compensation for time and labor expended, is always at the cost of some one else, takes what belongs to others; and I say further, that one house, one home is enough for any honest man, and will be all that any one will claim when the brotherhood of which Christians talk is carried out in principle; but you do not ask if I believe land monopoly wrong."

"No, because I think myself that the holding of large bodies of land is wrong."

"Yes, it is wrong, Mr. Dawes; but not more so than the holding of large blocks of houses; one man holding a mile or more, and turning a poor widow out upon the street because she cannot pay her rent."

"But we cannot help that, Mrs. Lawrence; we cannot interfere with the property laws of the country."

"It seems to me that you did in regard to chattel slavery, but you had to be stirred up to it first; and you must wake up to the terrible wrongs connected with our present property system if you wish to retain honest thinkers in your ranks, sir."

"Well, it is useless for me to attempt to talk with you, Mrs. Lawrence, and beside, I have no more time to spare now, but where did you get hold of such ideas?"

"I have been mingling with the prophets and teachers of the new gospel, Mr. Dawes, the gospel of bread and butter for all, the gospel of good homes, and good clothes for all; the gospel of equal opportunities for all, not all for one while the ninety and nine go hungry and cold."

As soon as the door had closed upon the minister, Mr. Lawrence came out of a little alcove in which he had been during the time, and said:

"Well, wife, you handled him pretty well."

"I presume I did better," she replied, "for knowing you were in hearing; it stimulated me. But, Henry, I want a change; I want to study other phases of life; why can't we go and live in some country village for awhile?"

"We can, where would you like to go?"

"I am not particular where; you know better about country places than I do," she said.

There was a gentleman in the office yesterday who lives in Glenwood. He wants to sell his place and business and go west, would that suit you, do you think?"

"Glenwood, that is where that great property case is being contested; where Col. Boyle and Judge Wendover live, is it not?"

"The Judge lives there, but the Col. lives about five miles beyond. He has a beautiful place on the Hudson river."

"And the other, the one they call Russell," she asked, sadly, for the name called up the image of her lost boy.

"I am told that the suit has been decided in his favor, and at the request of Mrs. Wendover, he and his granddaughter are residing with them."

"If the place suits you, Henry, I had as soon go there as anywhere."

She did not acknowledge it, even to herself, but still there was a feeling that she would like to see the girl for the possession of whom, her son had lost his life.

CHAPTER XIX.

NEW SCENES AND NEW LESSONS.

"We have new neighbors," said Judge Wendover one day at the dinner table, about a month after the conversation related at the close of the last chapter.

"Have we, who are they?" asked his wife.

"A family of Lawrences from New York city, they have bought the Wells place."

"Not the Lawrence?"—she paused, seeing the flush upon Alice's cheek.

"Yes, it is the same," said Bond Boyle, "the father of Richard, and the husband of the woman the papers made such a fuss about as being a 'nigger'; I have seen her and she is as white as anybody and every inch a lady."

"How many is there of the family," asked the Judge.

"They have a son and a daughter."

Alice shuddered. "You needn't be afraid, puss," said her grandfather, "if looks are any index to one's character, this one is not at all like Richard, and his sister is just lovely."

"How do you happen to know so much about them, grandpa?" she asked.

"I saw them when they came; Mr. Lawrence came two days ago, and the others last evening; they went to the hotel first, and when Mr. Lawrence came for them a few minutes after, they passed me again on their way to their own house."

"We must call on them; Richard's death must have been a sad affliction," said Mrs. Wendover, and Alice thought she would like to know the young lady if she could do so without meeting her brother. Her grandfather seemed to divine her thoughts, for he asked:

"When did you look in the glass last, Alice?"

"Why do you ask that, grandpa?"

"Because if you knew how beauty like yours affects young men who have been brought up among those who would despise one of their set for marrying a poor girl, you would not blame them so much for trying to steal one."

"Oh, grandpa, how can you talk so!"

"Because I know how false society is, how it practically tempts rich young men to crime. You occupy a very different position to-day from what you did one year ago. If Richard Lawrence were living now, he would probably ask me for the hand of my grand-daughter in marriage."

"Ask you!" exclaimed Alice.

"Yes, ask me; women are never supposed to belong to themselves; they are under the care of their nearest male relative till married and then they belong to the husband."

Mrs. Wendover laughed. "You paint a strong picture, brother," she said, "but we are a good way from that now, when a woman becomes of age, she can marry who she pleases."

"If the one who pleases her asks her to be his wife."

"Of course, but we will not discuss that question now; there are other things to be considered, and the happiness of the Lawrence family is one of them. Think what a terrible sorrow Richard's death must be to them."

The Judge looked at his wife and then at her brother with an expression upon his features which seemed to say: "Isn't she an angel?"

He was one of those natures that is sure to be dominated by some one. Col. Boyle was that one till his suffering at being separated from his wife had caused him to re-act, and though he had done some things under the Col.'s influence, that would not have borne strict investigation, he knew that he could not be hurt except by the Col.'s own testimony, and as such evidence would implicate both, he was no longer held through fear, and now his allegiance was transferred to his wife and her new found brother. The Col. grated his teeth and swore vengeance, but was too politic to implicate himself.

Mrs. Wendover was the first to call on Mrs. Lawrence and the other ladies followed the example. They were all delighted with their new neighbor, but Mrs. Lawrence's heart went out to the Judge's wife and they were soon fast friends. Alice and the young people also became acquainted and were mutually pleased. The embarrassment of their relative positions soon wore off, and Richard became only a sad memory to both families, a memory that drew them together instead of separating them, and soon her son's evident admiration of Alice made Mrs. Lawrence hope that beautiful and gentle girl would yet call her mother.

Mrs. Wendover became more interested in Mrs. Lawrence than in any lady she had ever met. The latter's lines of thought opened up to her a new world.

One day there came to the place an agent of a New York society the object of which was the gathering up of poor children in the city and finding them homes in the country. Mrs. Wendover was visiting Mrs. Lawrence when the lady called there. She began to tell of the good the society was doing, told how many children they had found homes for during the year, solicited the names of such as would be likely to take children, and asked for money, clothes, anything that would aid in the work.

Mrs. Lawrence refused to give anything whatever, and Mrs. Wendover wondered if she had been mistaken in Mrs. Lawrence's character, while the lady seemed very much surprised. "I do not understand this," she said. "I was told that you were people of means and generous. Do you not think the object a worthy one?"

"I think those who are engaged in it believe it to be such," was the reply.

"But what possible objection can you have to it?" persisted the lady, with wide open, wondering eyes.

Mrs. Lawrence did not immediately reply; she was trying to put her ideas into as few words possible. Finally she said:

"I do not know how to best express myself to make you understand just what I mean for the ideas involved and the methods needed to accomplish what I would like to see done one cannot grasp it all at once, but expressed in a few words, my objection to such efforts is, they deal only with effects; there is no attempt made to reach causes."

"But how can we, poor mortals, reach causes? they belong to God."

"Do you mean to say that God holds in his hand the cause or causes of so much misery, and that we are not permitted to find and remove them?"

The lady colored, stammered in her effort to reply, and finally said nothing, and Mrs. Lawrence continued:

"What would you think, madam, of a man who made it his business to go through the country sowing in every field he came to, wheat mixed with pestiferous weeds?"

"But human beings are not weeds; every one of those children has an immortal soul to be saved."

"Soul or no soul, my dear lady, so far as their bodies and brains are concerned a large proportion of them are but human weeds, and by distributing them in country homes you are simply lowering the quality of human life in those homes. Those poor city children are, many of them from their very birth, so familiar with the elements of crime and degradation that ere you are aware one of them may have poisoned the minds of the children of an entire neighborhood."

"Then again, think of inherited tendencies that are kept back for the time because of the better influences of their new surroundings, but of which there is danger of a re-appearance in the next generation causing sorrow that no language can express," and her voice quivered as she uttered the last words.

The lady listened like one amazed. "I have never heard any one talk like that before," she said, "and there seems to be truth in what you say, but can we do nothing; must we stand still and see them perish?"

"Under the present methods of society I fear there is little that can be done for them in this life, but when born into another life I hope and trust they will have an opportunity to outgrow the effects of the false conditions of earth, in the mean time we must not stand still. The same

amount of time, money, and earnestness of purpose as are now expended upon effects, when intelligently directed against causes will remove them, and then there will be no such children to be cared for."

"I see that you believe everybody will be saved; I wish I could believe it," said the lady sadly.

"I do not believe in caring for that life at the expense of this," replied Mrs. Lawrence. "I believe the root of all these wrongs can be traced to the false system of society which has resulted from our ignorance. I believe that every child born upon this earth has a right to a portion of its surface. How many of those children, think you, would need homes if their parents had not been deprived of their natural right to the land?"

"Really? I never thought of it in that light, but I don't know as any of them would."

"Then our best method of work is to educate the people in their rights that they may liberate the land."

"How can the land be liberated when legally owned?"

"By educating public sentiment till the people demand it. But a few years since four million men, women and children were legally owned. Then, the law bound them to slavery, now, the law binds the poor man's acres away from his use. The links of chattel slavery have been broken, and the links that bind the poor man's acres must be broken. Why, but for the blow struck by the rail-splitter with his emancipation hammer, I should now be a slave."

"You!" and the lady looked incredulous. Even Mrs. Wendover though she had known of this before could hardly realize that it could be true.

"Yes, I myself," repeated Mrs. Lawrence, looking as if she really enjoyed the lady's astonishment. Mrs. Wendover had remained silent, but she decided that so far from being mistaken in Mrs. Lawrence's character the woman was even more noble than she had believed.

For some moments there was nothing more said; finally the lady agent sighed and remarked: "I must study this question; I certainly do not wish to aid in efforts that are not for the best, but these ideas are new to me."

"And to me also," said Mrs. Wendover, "but they strike me as being true."

"But if true, what a work we have before us!" said the lady, "for those that hold the land will be no more willing to give it up than were those that held slaves, and it must inevitably bring on a conflict of arms as much greater as is the work to be done compared with the abolition of chattel slavery."

"Yes, it will be terrible," said Mrs. Lawrence, "but not so terrible as the present condition of things. A million of people destroyed in two or three years, and with them the causes that produce such conditions as we now have, would not in fact, be so terrible as the long drawn out agony of twenty, fifty, or a hundred millions stretched over a hundred or a thousand years. How long, my dear lady, would it take to murder by slow torture, a million of our women by forcing them into prostitution for bread?"

"I do not know, madam; a million is a great many."

"True, but statistics give five hundred thousand prostitutes in the United States, and at an average life of five years, this would give us a hundred thousand deaths annually from that cause alone, or a million in ten years. We may safely say that one half of these are forced into that life for bread; that would give us a million in twenty years, now how many of these would die from prostitution, if the land was liberated and they had their natural right to the soil?"

"Why, not one of those who are there for bread. I know I would dig my living out of the ground with a hoe before I would live such a life."

"But those are but a few of the victims of our false system of society, and then, how many mothers through lack of what they need, stamp upon their children before birth, that craving which results in drunkenness, suppose you?"

But the lady did not reply. She seemed to shrink away from what was being presented, the scope and vastness of the ideas overwhelming her, as it were, but Mrs. Wendover said:

"I think a very large proportion of our drunkards must come in that way; I never thought of it before, but it looks entirely reasonable."

"But rich men's sons drink too," ventured the lady.

"True, but do you not know that excess often produces the same or similar results as come from privation? Too much heat blisters the flesh, so does cold, and the sores made by one do not differ so much from those made by the other. Too much land, or its equivalent, injures those who hold it. It is the lack of balance that does the mischief."

Continued on Fifth Page.

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

Our Vitopathic physicians, Drs. E. B., and C. N. Greene, are having fine reports from their patients at a distance, Oregon, Colorado, etc.

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[Parties sending to Dr. Bassette will please name this paper, Jos. M. Wade, editor of *Fibre and Fabric*, and also of *Occultism*, Boston, Mass., says she is the best medium he has ever found.—ed.]

Appreciative.

MRS. WAISBROOKER,
Dear Madam:—I have read your last book, "The Fountain of Life, or the Threefold Power of Sex," with a great deal of interest. I supposed that I was pretty well posted on the subjects of which it treats, but I find that you have opened up a new field to me, one that I had never even dreamed of. It is a work that should be in the hands of every one, and more especially of women. I hope you may succeed in getting a wide circulation for it.

Yours truly,
F. P. BAKER,
Topeka, Kansas.

[Mr. Baker is one of the leading men of Topeka.—Ed.]

Dr.'s 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 or \$1.00.

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.

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.

The story, the continued chapters of 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.

Now and then one in sending money says apply the balance on another year's subscription. Don't do it friends. I do not know as yet that I shall publish another year. I feel a something ahead which prompts me to issue the 12 No's. of F. P. in 10 months. It may be transition, it may be change of work, it may be such conditions as will enable me to publish twice a month. Time will tell, but don't calculate on next year's paper till you know there is to be one.

IS IT TRUE?

T. D. Curtis in his "Resurgam," says:

"All institutions called benevolent
Are insults to the living and the dead."

and yet, a "Christian" people pride themselves upon such institutions—such insults. All such institutions are at best but monuments to our ignorance, show how little we understand the causes which make such institutions a necessary part of our enlightened (?) savagery. Burgh, the friend of animals, is, as I understand, to have a monument.

A complete unveiling of effects might reveal several that would not be very flattering to the man who desired to do good but because of his ignorance produced evil. One case:

A man has a large family, is poor, has to pay his rent or be turned into the street. He is very tired but rent day is near and he must keep to work, so to brace up he takes a glass of beer. But his horse is overworked as well as himself. Both are in a condition to be easily irritated. The man speaks sharply; the horse gets stubborn. The man loses all patience and commences beating the brute. Along comes Burgh, arrests, and has the man fined.

The time lost, the fine paid, and the last straw has broken the camel's back. The rent is not paid, the man must seek other and poorer quarters for his family, and the horse and cart have to be sold for

half they are worth. The child his wife is gestating takes into its being the elements of bitterness which forty years after ripen into murder.

St. Paul said, when I would do good evil is present with me. You are not the only one, Paul, who has had that experience. The same effort that Burgh put forth directed against the causes of poverty, against special privileges, against the injustice which makes, and keeps the toiler poor while others live upon the products of his toil—the same amount of effort in the field of human welfare would have been an enduring monument that needed neither brick nor stone as a reminder.

EXTRACTS

FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

On, cheerily on, sister, in your grand work, for when invisible intelligences can express through human lips and pen Nature's divine developing agencies and laws, as are embodied in all your works, it must be a sure prophecy that this grand old earth is to be developed into the beautiful Eden of peace and plenty, into the fraternal harmony which I have seen in prophetic vision. Isolated as I am from congenial society, I could still be happy if I could do ever so little to aid you. My sympathy is ever with you. . . .

MRS. M. HANSON,
Spencerburg, Mo.

Your favor of Nov. 24th received. Thanks. I have read much of your writings the past few years, and well know you must have had a struggle to do the work you have done. Yes, I have read your last book, and wish to say I am truly glad some one has "set the gates ajar," within which are to be found the finer forces of sex life, but which only a very few have as yet even begun to be cognizant, and for this reason I fear your book will be as Greek to the many, but I think a blessed ray of light to the few. . . .

L. W. HOUGHTON,
Madison, Me.

The postal and package of papers at hand. The latter shall be distributed, if nothing unforeseen arises, at my lecture to-morrow eve. I am—it goes without saying—deeply interested in the cause of all these dreadful ills that afflict the race, and I know it rests solely in the sexual relations, therefore I continually, like yourself, "cry and spare not." You are doing a good work, and it is and must be felt. Of course the odds are terribly against us, but "one with God is a majority"—this is what I say when the dark waves of sorrow and struggle surge over me. I know that, somewhere, there is an All Power for Good, into the flow of which we may get, by and by.

Later—Papers distributed, and more called for. H. L.

Your little sheet is at hand, and have read its strong, ringing articles with pleasure and profit. I do want your scientific work on sex, but must wait a wee, for I also want this paper, F. P., and *Lucifer*, and Wayland's New Nation and oh, dear, so good are they all, and so cheap, but the many littles make a goodly sum at last, and hence must deny myself, but in all the present chaos, confusion and troubles, I can hold my soul in peace, serenely and lovingly, for I know we are in the throes that will bring forth a new nation and best and grandest of all Woman's kingdom will be ushered in, though I stand awed into silence as I contemplate the crashing that is coming—thrones, nations, and empires shall share in the general havoc—and then must go down forever the robbing systems that curse the race.

MARY W. BARR,
Grant, Ind.

Those books are too-too-too magnificent, that is all I can call them. The

long years of longing, yearning, hunting for the "Elixir of life," the "Fountain of youth"—to think of the answer coming at last—that it is From Generation to Regeneration.

For my part, my very soul has been aching, dying for the knowledge—the wherefore of it, the bread of life.

Indeed, you must feel good over it, and rejoice for the hearts brimfull of thankfulness that are overflowing toward you. I might say the great flood, tide returning ought to be large enough to bear you up to the very door of heaven, but please don't go in but come back here to the rest of us who need you so much. I'm afraid if you should go there—we should all settle down into clams again and not have energy enough to push on. I wish I could send you vitality enough—cheer, brightness, love, to inspire you to tell the thousand and one other things about it, yet to be known. . . .

MARY R. WHITSON,
Oak Hill, Pa.

Your paper so far has been a success. Yes, I read, and with pleasure, your open letter to Spiritualists, and also Mr. Vincent's letter, and I heartily endorse every word contained therein, for they express exactly my own sentiments upon the subject of religion. Yes, religion has been more of a curse to humanity than a blessing, and the world to-day would be better without it, and every progressive, intelligent Spiritualist will heartily approve of your well timed criticisms upon the N. O. of Spiritualists.

ROBERT GREER,
Chicago, Ill.

Your books and card came duly to hand. Thanks. I have always admired your writings, but I like your F. of L. best of all. Your lamp illustration is timely and forcible. There is quite a difference in Christian Science and Mental Science. I am still very much interested in the latter. Best wishes and success to you in spreading your views on monogamy.

W. H. PILCHER,
Chandlerville, Ill.

My DEAR LOIS:—Yours of the 8th and 10th both duly received, also F. P. How grandly you are crowning your Life work, I congratulate you. F. writes he considers the outlook very dark, and every thing being arranged to protect the plutocrats; says plutocracy is massing its forces. The present Secretary of War has consented to give national military instructions to all the High Schools in our great cities when the request is made; says arsenals and armories are being built everywhere, and a friend writes that ironclads are being built at Pittsburg for inland use, to protect plutocracy against the people. The battle is on. May we be guided by the highest wisdom.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER,
Dansville, N. Y.

Woman must be free, and unless she has the misfortune to be born in pollution, she will not want variety in the nuptial relation, neither will she want to live in a harem, but the dear ties of family relations and home sweet home will be hers and his. Let her free, and let her have her own room and bed, the husband the same, let Nature have its perfect work, then the weakness of men and women will vanish away, and the tears will be wiped from all eyes when a true, good woman's wants and wishes are respected, as regards her personal requirements. How I do want to see your last book and sell and lend it, and I will soon, if I live, and I am not going to die in a long time. I want to do so much work first. . . .

MRS. H. M. ASPINWALL,
Henderson, N. Y.

I have thought much about your two books. [The Occult Forces of Sex and The Fountain of Life.] I have often thought that a congenial marriage and rightly managed sexual relation would preserve health till very old age, even till the end of life, but you can get no couple to think alike on these matters. Even the best of men, you cannot get their interest stimulated to study this question and practice what they learn. It keeps a woman living with a lash on her tongue to stand any chance for nature to come to her aid, and in that way all harmony

of thought and feeling is destroyed. This reacts on the nerves and the physical function is destroyed. With best wishes from

MRS. J. SMALL,
Stockton, Cal.

Your favor of the 15th inst. just received, and that no time be lost I hasten to reply. None the less interest have I in your works for your being your own publisher. Indeed, more, if such can be. For years I have been deep in the mystical world, and while I know of a truth, "The Kingdom of God is within," still a few books have spoken of the truth to me, and your advertisement attracted me greatly.

Enclosed find one dollar, for which please send me the first three books you quoted in your kind letter. Hoping to hear from you again through the pages of your monthly, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
MRS. C. M. G.
Chicago, Ill.

I now send two dollars. I have not been able to increase my list of subscribers for the present, but must to yet send you in some more names. I am giving Dr. Clark time to examine your books, and I hope from his decision to be enabled to get you a few orders. Send me two of "Sex Revolution," I think I will be able to sell them. Your "Open Letter" is excellent. If Spiritualism has no other use than to puff up the cramped animal soul of Humanity, then there is no need for it; but my impression is, that it has come to give battle here on our plane, and that portion of Spiritualism which elevates the human soul to speak and act for the oppressed and seek for truth, will remain; but the council of those spirits who have not yet reached the border land of spirit life, will come to nothing.

MRS. M. A. BYRNE,
Springfield, Mass.

Your postal just received. Evidently you are fighting an uphill battle, but for a woman of sixty-eight, you certainly don't lack courage. Please find P. O. order for one dollar enclosed, for which you will kindly forward all the books you mention, at your earliest convenience. I don't, of course, know whether I am likely to agree with your views, but I do agree with any one who believes that it is high time for women to consider the question that occupies you, and consider it from their own standpoint. Did you ever read Lawrence Oliphant's last book, *Scientific Christianity*?

ELIZABETH G. MARTIN,
St. Paul, Minn.

Your paper and books are doing more good for humanity than all the old bibles that could be crowded into a forty-foot barn. Your book ought to be in the hands of every married and unmarried man and woman in the world although it is ahead of the times many years. When you have passed on, I hope there will be some other good martyr to take up your pen and wield it for humanity as you have. If you have never worn diamonds in this life, you will on the other side of life.

MRS. L. B. CHILDS,
Council Bluffs, Ia.

Light Wanted.

DEAR MADAM:—I have just finished, in the last *Arena*, a review of your work on the Threefold Power of Sex. It has been a deep and vital question for me from my early childhood. I am a daughter of a physician, a man wise in giving reverent knowledge of life to women, as few physicians do. And now I am an ordained minister, coming constantly again this problem of sex relations and its regenerative influence. So I venture to reach out to you as another woman who has dared to find independent conclusions in these matters. I have never spoken out the growing conviction in me, because it is so contrary to common ideas, and as yet is only a question. But I would like to put a case before you, and see what you would make out of it. It is only one variation of the same problem that is constantly recurring.

Just about fifteen months ago I took a nineteen year old girl from a Shelter in Syracuse, in which she had been confined with more or less freedom for over five years, under the best moral, religious and manual training. She had as a child been addicted to evil sex habits, but all trace of that seemed overcome, and no further apparent development. She was mild, affectionate and inoffensive, as a general rule, but after being with me a short time, as I afterward learned, during my brief periods of absence from home, she was out with low men, indulging her instincts. Her spiritual expression, love of flowers and animals, seemed to grow more and more perfunctory: that I noticed, but did not understand. Before she could obtain the freedom for license, I noticed at certain times a feverish, animal restlessness. . . . To cut the recital short, after I had returned her to the Shelter, having found out her untrustworthiness, I could not help reflecting upon this awful curse to our society. What can we do with such natures? Choke them out utterly? Is there no way to bring their instincts to logical development, and so open the way for intellect and spirit to work harmoniously?

Then again, among even educated, well-to-do classes, many daughters, seemingly fair and pure, are sex maniacs, unfit for mothers and wives until their natures are readjusted and made harmonious. Medicine cannot do it, nor can will or faith. It is a horrible thing to wonder if there could not be men so trained in the spiritual understanding of life laws that they could bring about the readjustment of that power in an ignorant girl, without danger of cursing a new life into the world, because they knew the physical to be only the symbol and gateway into the spiritual? I am speaking of no licensed prostitution, believe me, but only speculating as to what might be a God-given function of the exceptionally spiritual physician, trained to read the very mind of man—as many unconsciously, even brutally, read that mind now, and take no account of it.

I trust you will not misunderstand or misjudge me. I would not write in this way had you not given "thirty years of earnest study" to this problem. I hope I am not trespassing upon you. I write only in the interests of our common sisterhood, upon a topic of which I have never spoken to as many as half a dozen people, and yet longed and prayed to find one who had studied into it. May I hope your life is not so busy but that I may receive an answer.

Yours sincerely, * * *

"Near The Door."

. . . . Having been quite near the door to this life, thought is active in regard to what might have been my status now. Curiosity would tempt me to take a peep, were it not for large interests at stake here. Of one thing I feel confident, that picnics are the exception. A life of lolling ease and pleasure would soon prove a torture. I have some hatred to gratify, some revenge to seek. But they are vices! should be exorcised! Nay! They are virtues! should be cultivated! The uncultivated sort is rather repugnant, but yet necessary; they are and will be, until change renders them dormant, and

Extracts From Ingersoll.

. . . . Is it not possible that the tyranny of governments, the injustice of nations, the fierceness of what is called the law, produce in the individual a tendency in the same direction? Is it not true that the citizen is apt to imitate his nation? Society degrades its enemies—the individual seeks to degrade his. Society plunders its enemies, and now and then the citizen has the desire to plunder his. Society kills its enemies, and possibly sows in the heart of some citizen the seeds of murder.

Is it not true that the criminal is a natural product, and that society unconsciously produces these children of vice? Can we not safely take another step, and say that the criminal is a victim, as the diseased and insane and deformed are victims? We do not think of punishing a man because he is afflicted with disease—our desire is to find a cure. We send him, not to the penitentiary, but to the hospital, to an asylum. We do this because we recognize the fact that disease is naturally produced—that it is inherited from parents, or the result of unconscious negligence, or it may be of recklessness—but instead of punishing, we pity. If there are diseases of the mind, of the brain, as there are diseases of the body; and if these diseases of the mind, these deformities of the brain, produce, and necessarily produce, what we call vice, why should we punish the criminal, and pity those who are physically diseased?

. . . . Of course, society has the right to protect itself, no matter whether the persons who attack its well-being are responsible or not, no matter whether they are sick in mind, or deformed in brain. The right of self-defense exists, not only in the individual, but in society. The great question is, How shall this right of self-defense be exercised? What spirit shall be in the nation, or in society—the spirit of revenge, a desire to degrade and punish and destroy, or, a spirit born of the recognition of the fact that criminals are victims? The world has thoroughly tried confiscation, degradation, imprisonment, torture and death, and thus far the word has failed.

. . . . Think for a moment of what man has suffered in the cause of crime. Think of the millions that have been imprisoned, impoverished and degraded because they were thieves and forgers, swindlers and cheats. Think for a moment of what they have endured—of the difficulties under which they have pursued their calling, and it will be exceedingly hard to believe that they were sane and natural people possessed of good brains, of minds well poised, and that they did what they did from a choice unaffected by heredity and the countless circumstances that tend to determine the conduct of human beings.

The other day I was asked these questions: "Has there been as much heroism displayed for the right as for the wrong? Has virtue had as many martyrs as vice?" For hundreds of years the world has endeavored to destroy the good by force. The expression of honest thought was regarded as the greatest of crimes. Dungeons were filled by the noblest and best, and the blood of the bravest was shed by the sword or consumed by flame. It was impossible to destroy the longing in the heart of man for liberty and truth. Is it not possible that brute force and cruelty and revenge, imprisonment, torture and death are as impotent to do away with vice as to destroy virtue.

. . . . If we are to change the character of men, we must change their conditions. Extreme poverty and crime go hand in hand. Destitution multiplies temptations and destroys the finer feelings. If the body is clothed in rags, the soul is generally in the same condition. Self-respect is gone—the man looks down—he has neither hope nor courage. He becomes sinister—he envies the prosperous—hates the fortunate, and despises himself.

. . . . There is also another side to this question. A punishment that degrades the punished will degrade the man who inflicts the punishment, and will degrade the government that procures the infliction. The whipping-post pollutes, not only the whipped, but the whipper, and not only the whipper but the community at large. Wherever its shadow falls it degrades. . . . Those who are not affected by the agonies of the bad will in a little time care nothing for the sufferings of the good. . . . Those who are the fiercest to destroy and hang their fellow men for having committed crimes are, for the most part, at heart, criminals themselves.—*Crimes against Criminals.*

Continued from third page.

"What you propose would bring the millenium, if it could be accomplished, but I must be going, I have staid much longer than I intended now," said the lady rising to her feet.

"Please wait a few minutes till I can get you some statistics," said Mrs. Lawrence, and turning to her desk she took from it a paper and read:

"Ten thousand homeless children in New York city. Men and women sleeping under piers till the police drive them away. Women and children sleeping on wisps of dirty straw, or bundles of filthy rags, in mere rat holes, huddled together like pigs; the tenement houses in which the very poor live are unspeakable; now, madam," continued Mrs. Lawrence, "the conditions which produce such children as your society is finding homes for, are not removed by such efforts. While you are finding homes for a few, the wretched numbers are continually on the increase; is it not time that something else was tried?"

There was no reply, and Mrs. Lawrence continued: "From twenty to thirty thousand girls in New York city forced to sell themselves for bread; three hundred thousand working for less than living wages!"

"Don't," said the lady, putting her hands to her ears with a shudder, "what are our rich people thinking of that they can be indifferent to such a state of things!"

"The love of the power that wealth gives makes them blind to all else, even as the master became blind to the love of freedom in the heart of the slave, and hunted him down with blood hounds when he ran away. If the land was set free, if the links of the law did not bind it round, if all men had their share, then no one man could pile up wealth to the ruin of thousands.

"The wealth of the city comes from the country, the most of it, and then it is used to crush the poor. Then such societies as you represent bring back to the country as many of the children of those wrecks as they can to be cared for, and to help lower the tone of country life and morals."

The woman dropped her face in her hands and burst into tears. "Oh, what shall I do," she said as soon as she could speak. "You have spoiled me for this work; I cannot conscientiously go on. I shall lose my place, and with it my bread and butter."

"If that is the way you feel," said Mrs. Wendover, "come home with me, and stay as long as you please, or till some other way opens. If you have others dependent upon you, I'll see that they do not suffer."

"Oh, a thousand thanks, madam," she sobbed, "and now," she said, when she had dried her tears, "it is but right you know should my name," handing her at the same time, a slip upon which was written "Mrs. Cora Bond Leslie."

Mrs. Wendover started; "have you relatives by the name of Bond?" she asked.

"Bond was my father's name," she replied, and he had a cousin Cora, after whom I was named."

CHAPTER XX.

PLOTTING AND ITS RESULTS.

When Col. Boyle reached his home after the decision of the court in his half brother's favor, he shut himself in his room and sat down to think. He could but acknowledge to himself that had he known all the evidence that could be brought to sustain Bond's claim, he would have consented to the equal division proposed in the unsigned will and have taken his share without demur, but now to sit down like a whipped cur—the thought was not to be entertained for a moment.

"And then," he said to himself, "his offering to take one-third looks dark after having won the whole, or at least I can make it look so if I can devise any scheme by which I can circumvent him."

After pondering for hours, he started up with: "He's just the man; I wonder I did not think of him before," and turning to his desk, he began to write. After covering two sheets of note paper, he read over what he had written, shook his head, tore it up and commenced again. The second time he read, pondered awhile, and then tore that up. The third effort appeared satisfactory, for he folded it, placed it in an envelope and directed it to Joseph Jackson, Att'y, San Francisco, Cal., then, gathering up the pieces of rejected manuscript, he carefully burned them, and took the letter to the office himself, instead of sending it by the boy. In about three weeks from that time his sister received the following:

"MRS. WENDONER, Madam: You have succeeded in proving yourself as well as myself, a bastard. So long as I cannot help myself, I must submit, but perhaps it will not be considered out of place if I ask for something that was

love ascendant. When Love dies they die, being a part of her retinue of attributes.

There is much foolish sophistry on this subject. It is easy to think in a straight line, but to take in meanderings, it requires care not to cross lines and get astray.

Col. Ingersoll says: "Strike the Czar not the man." Fine sentiment, but Czar is in the man. Fear only causes abdication. What will produce fear? Tyranny obeys no other impulse or emotion.

Let A. B. Westrup go to Wall street with his monetary science. He will be informed that it is old. "How could we have evolved the colossal power of wealth, being ignorant of the true principles of money?" "To conceive and accomplish what we have, required false, not true principles." "Then, Messrs Bankers, you will, of course, forego further efforts in this line as it brings ruin, poverty, despair, woe and crime to the many and retards progress."

"Not much! An Imperialism of capital to rule the world is our ultimatum. To do this, we must possess the wealth of the world."

He has "carried coals to New Castle" to warm and excite sympathy in hearts of steel for humanity.

But a wild-eyed nondescript with a spherical mass of metal appears, followed by a multitude. Pallor, fear, phrensy ensue and the colossal scheme is forgotten. Safety is the thought, mercy the cry. Mercy, a word not in wealth's vocabulary, is now the only one. To show mercy would be a crime equal in magnitude to theirs.

Yes, they were effects of anterior causes &c, &c, but be it known that humanity is awake and on the scene. The fittest has survived, its name is Humanity and its family of rights. Love would not have accomplished this. Its mission is now opened to active work and the redeemed spring with joy to their labors. Hatred, revenge, are useless tools, stored in cellar or garret inert, to rust perhaps, and the world has moved on. Industry, home, comfort, friendship, once more has meaning.

Was good done?

G. W. MARKLAND,
Ocala, Fla., 1-2-'94.

All New.

Just as soon as I am able I shall try to sell some more of your books. We must get them before the people. They are doing such good work here. Mine have been going till they are most worn out, shall have to get all new ones in the spring, when work gets more plentiful. Take good care of yourself this cold weather. R. A. EARLE,
Abilene, Kan.

Spiritualism will begin to build when the incumbrances of the ages have been removed from the soil of human love, liberty and justice. That era is a long way ahead. As long as labor stands dejected at the plow with starved horses in the farrow, while greed and affluence sit enshrined on the coffers of stolen wealth, there is work for every Spiritualist, and he need not worry about his character if he should happen to be a little aggressive about it.

—WILLARD J. HULL.

Light of Truth.

my father's, his writing desk, book case, some of his books, or something of the kind. Obediently yours,

COL. EDWARD BOYLE.

"How bitter he is," she said as she read the note, "but he shall have what he asks for, certainly," and the next day the books with their case, and the writing desk were both sent over to the Col.'s residence.

From then on but little was known of Col. Boyle till about two weeks before the opening of the spring term of court; then the community was startled by a report that a will had been found, one executed by Major Boyle about three years before his death, that lawyer Jackson who had been on the Pacific coast for nearly two years, had drawn it up, and that Charles Billings and his wife, who were living on Judge Wendover's place at the time, had signed it as witnesses.

Following right after this report, Bond Boyle, John Wildermere, lawyer Blake and detective Morse were arrested on the charge of conspiring to get an estate under false pretenses.

The public mind was all excitement. Where did the conspiracy come in? They certainly did not know of the will; these and other remarks were made, and other questions asked, on all sides. Finally the public curiosity was in part satisfied by the following statement, to-wit, that Major Boyle's first wife had died at the time stated, and that, basing their efforts upon the likeness between the two men, they had substituted, and knowingly, the child of a brother of the Major's and a cousin of his wife's who bore the same name. That Col. Boyle, remembering of hearing his father speak of this brother, his marriage and early death, had been up to Vermont and learned the facts of the case.

At the preliminary trial, both Morse and Wildermere testified that if searching for facts could be called conspiracy, they alone were guilty, as neither of the others knew anything of the matter till just before the Major's death, and to the chagrin of the Col., both Blake and Russell, as he persisted in calling the latter, were set free. The others were bound over to be tried at the approaching term of court, but were set at liberty on bail till the time of trial.

"What about the will?" was the question that people were asking. The Col. only shook his head and said, wait, but Mr. Jackson was not so reticent. His story was:

"You know I have been in the far west for the last two years. I have been so occupied that I have known but little of what was being done here. I did not hear of the Major's death nor of the new claimant to the property till about five months ago; I then wrote to Col. Boyle and told him I knew there was a will, that I had drawn it up, and who were the witnesses. It seems that his sister had given him the books and their case and the writing desk, so he went to searching."

"And where was it found?"

Jackson laughed: "You will not think the Col. very pious when I tell you, but it was in the old family bible."

"Don't think it looks well for the piety of any of the family," said the interlocutor.

"That don't prove anything; they all had bibles, and this was an heirloom, and was kept for its associations," replied Jackson.

"But what about the conspiracy?" asked another.

The Col. came up just then, and Jackson replied: "That will be shown at the trial," but at another time, he so far forgot himself as to go into details. "Who'd a thought that Morse was such a villain," said his listener after hearing all about the so-called plot.

"A fortune like that, or a share of it, has tempted better men than Morse," was the reply, but Mr. Gleason, I have told you this in confidence and I hope you will not repeat what I have said; time enough for the public to know when the facts are brought out in court," said Jackson, beginning to think he was talking a little too freely.

The will that Col. Boyle claimed to have found was pronounced genuine. The signature was the same as that of other papers which the Major was known to have signed, and lawyer Jackson testified to having written it at the time dated. There was also the names of the witnesses together with their sworn statement taken by Jackson while in California, the Billings' living in Oakland. Jackson testified that having learned where the witnesses were he had sent for the will and had them identify their signatures before he left the coast.

Col. Boyle was now the legal heir of one half his father's estate minus a few bequests, but the peace that conscious integrity brings was not his. Neither could he take from the man he hated the love of the Judge and his wife. They still

called him Bond, and brother, thus showing that they had no faith in the genuineness of the will which made him their cousin if a relative.

"Time will prove all things" said Mrs. Wendover, while Bond and the Judge said nothing.

"Strange" said deacon Gray, "that two men should conspire to help another man to a fortune and he know nothing about it."

"You may depend upon it he did know; men can be as deep as—as hades when they have an object to accomplish," replied elder Brown.

"But I never supposed that either of them were that kind of men," persisted Gray.

"Never can tell what men'll do when there's money in sight; you know St Paul said it was the root of all evil."

"Not money, but the love of it, elder."

"If it didn't exist we couldn't love it, deacon, so the difference is the odds," replied Brown.

"For one I hope everything will be unearthed," remarked banker Ketchem, "those labor agitators will do anything to rob an honest man of his wealth; we are none of us safe."

"Which of them are labor agitators?" asked Gray.

"Oh they all are more or less tinged. They held a public meeting after old Russell and this Wildermere came back from Kansas, and they talked of shooting laws out of existence if they couldn't be got rid of any other way."

"All laws?" asked a stranger who was sitting back a little from the others.

"Yes, all laws; they are nothing less than anarchists."

"I was present at that meeting, sir, and I am happy to tell you that you are mistaken. There was nothing said of shooting all laws out of existence, nor even of bad laws unless all other means for correcting them failed and to save the country to genuine freedom no other way was left."

"It is easy to twist such utterances so as to make them appear fair, but I would like to see all such men hung; we shall never have any peace in this country so long as they are permitted to go about ranting as they do," replied the banker in a pompous tone.

"Suppose you commence with me sir," said the stranger, "I am a labor agitator, was made such by the facts I heard that night; not that I had not thought upon the subject before but it was then that I decided to make it my business. As to the men called Russell and Wherefore, I have known them for years, and I know them to be honest and true men, and utterly incapable of such conspiracy as you talk of." This outburst was so unexpected that no one said a word in reply, and the stranger continued:

"You condemn people because they protest against being robbed; well, go on as you have commenced, but for every one that you hang, ten will rise up and confront you, for we, the people, have sworn that we will not much longer be robbed of our right to mother earth. If you do not take the links of law off the land unjustly held we will break them as Sampson broke the wythes with which Delilah bound him."

"Stage is ready," called the driver, and the stranger, bowing to those present, said: "My name is Reed, at your service; I live in Mandaville," and the next minute he mounted the seat beside the driver.

"One of Jim's acquaintances; he's getting his head too full of those fanatical ideas; I must see that a better man is put in his place," said the banker as the stage moved away.

"Must be going somewhere to lecture," said Brown.

"Yes, they are like the lice of Egypt, everywhere."

"But, Mr. Ketchem, the Lord sent the lice because the Egyptians would not let his people go."

The banker picked up his gold headed cane and walked out, muttering something as he went that the others did not quite understand. Gray laughed and Brown said:

"He'll see that a better man fills your place next."

"He doesn't happen to have the power to do that in my case, and ought not to have in reference to any one else. This is called a free country but where is the freedom if one can't have an opinion and express it without losing bread and butter?"

"But about this conspiracy case, how do you think it will come out, Gray?"

"Can tell you better when the trial is over, and I think they'll get to it by to-morrow afternoon, or so the sheriff told me."

"The case came on the next day as Gray had said. The indictment was read, and witnesses were called. But little was elicited from the first two that had any bearing on the case. Corienne Bond Boyle Renshaw was next called. She was so feeble because of her years that a chair was given her and much of her testimony was taken in the form of replies to questions the first of which, after she gave her name,

was "What was your first husband's name?"

"Edwin Boyle."

"Was he a relative of Major Edward Boyle?"

"He had a brother Edward."

"Please tell us of your marriage?"

"Yes sir; soon after my seventeenth birthday there came to our place two young men calling themselves Edward and Edwin Shelton. When we became a little acquainted Edwin began to pay attention to me and Edward to my cousin Cora."

"You say those young men were brothers?"

"Yes, sir, that is what they said."

"Were they much alike?"

"They were, might have been mistaken one for the other by those not well acquainted with them."

"Did Edward Shelton, as he was called, marry your cousin Cora?"

"He did, and about three months afterward Edwin and I were married."

"Was there anything unusual connected with your marriage, Mrs. Renshaw?"

"Nothing only it was kept secret for awhile because of a young man by the name of Russell who was very angry because I would not marry him and had sworn revenge."

"Did your husband's brother know of this marriage?"

"He and Cora knew, and so did my parents, but no one else except the minister who married us."

"How long was your marriage kept a secret?"

"Till my husband's death four months after. It became necessary for my protection because of my expected child."

"Is that child living?"

"I do not know; he disappeared when about two years old and I have always believed that Russell stole him."

"How did you learn your husband's name was Boyle?"

"He told me himself, and said Edward would tell Cora as soon as the real criminal was found and he was cleared of that of which he was accused."

"Was Edward Boyle present when his wife died?"

"He was not; he had been summoned home to his father's death bed."

"So she never knew that his name was Boyle?"

"She never did."

"Were you ever called Cora for short?"

"Not before cousin Cora's death; often after that; indeed, in time I came to be called that altogether."

Just then the old lady turned very pale and the counsel for the plaintiff asked that she be excused till she had taken time to rest. Lawyer Jackson was next called.

His evidence went to prove that Morse had learned when up in Vermont that Russell was the son of Major Boyle's brother, but had purposely perverted the facts to the Major, said that he himself had been to Vermont and had made diligent and critical inquiry, first to ascertain the correctness of Mrs. Renshaw's story, and also to find what Morse had done and learned. The cross-examination was deferred till the next day, as the hour for adjournment had come.

The next morning when the court convened all were in their places but Mr. Jackson. No one knew the cause of his delay but it was supposed he would be in soon. The old lady, Mrs. Renshaw, was called forward for further questioning; soon after she had taken her seat word was brought that Mr. Jackson had been thrown from his carriage and badly hurt. The counsel for the prosecution requested that the case be adjourned but the Judge ruled that they finish what could be done without Mr. Jackson first.

Col. Boyle asked where they had taken him.

"He is at Wendover's" was the reply, "he was thrown against their gate when his horse took fright."

"My God, there!" burst involuntarily from his lips. Soon afterward the sheriff was called out, and when he returned he took a seat near the door. Just as they were done with Mrs. Renshaw a note was brought to the Judge; upon reading it he arose and said, "The confession of a dying man makes it unnecessary to go on with this case."

The report of a pistol rang through the room and Col. Boyle fell dead. As all eyes were on the Judge no one saw Boyle take the pistol from his pocket and place it to his temple.

The room was immediately cleared of all except such as were needed to look after the dying or dead man. How effective the ball had been was yet to be ascertained. A physician present made an examination and pronounced life extinct. Next a coroner was summoned and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts. Then the body was taken to his sister's

and word sent to his family of the sad, the more than sad, the terrible news.

It seemed like retribution that Col. Boyle's dead body should lie there in the same room where his inebriated and violent action had prevented the signing of the will, and hastened his father's death, but so it was.

Jackson lay in an adjoining room; he was still conscious but his minutes were numbered. His deposition had been taken and the minister was now with him. It was not thought best to tell him of the tragedy that had resulted from his confession, but a few seconds before he breathed his last he raised his hand and said: "Take him away."

"Take who away?"

"The Col., see that hole in his head; he—shot himself—he says." They were his last words.

The confession of Jackson was in substance as follows: Boyle had written to him, telling him the trouble, and asked what could be done to defeat the usurper, as he called Bond; said if it could be accomplished he, Jackson, should be well paid.

"In reply to this letter," said Jackson, "I advised him to get hold of some of his father's old letters and papers. I did this that he might practice imitating his father's signature. I suggested that he ask for something that had been his father's, his secretary, book case, or both, as they would furnish a good place in which to find a will. I also advised him to go to Vermont, and not to let anyone there know his object, nor here that he had gone there, but to learn all he could. I testified that I had been up there. It was false. I only knew of matters through the Col. He had heard his father speak of the brother who was accidentally shot but nothing of that brother's marriage."

"The Col. learned that from an old resident there, and also that Cora Shelton, as she was called, had at her death given her child to Edwin's widow, so he laid his plans accordingly. When he found that Corienne Bond was yet living in Kansas, he knew at once that she must be the grandmother of whom David Renshaw had testified, thus doing such good service for Bond Boyle, and he learned further that Corienne was often called Cora after her cousin's death."

"This, had he been content with it, would have established his legal right to one third of the property, but in his hatred of his half brother he determined to dispossess him of everything, and imprison him and all who had aided him if possible, and with the prospect of being well paid, I became his tool."

"The Col. sent me the will prepared as he desired it; I copied and sent it back to him to be signed in an exact imitation of his father's handwriting. When it was returned to me I found the Billings' and made them believe the old man had really signed it, had spoken of them as witnesses but, on account of the return of the family sooner than he expected and his desire for secrecy they were not then called, and was neglected ever afterward. I told them that unless some way could be devised to prevent it Mrs. Wendover and the Col. would lose their father's property and asked them to sign the will as was first intended."

"At first they refused, but they were very poor; Mr. Billings was sick and their rent was so far behind they were afraid of being put into the street. I told them there would really be no wrong done but instead, a wrong prevented; that if they would sign the will as witnesses and then testify to their signatures I would pay up their rent and give them two hundred dollars."

"Finally Billings said: 'Well, wife, the money will help us now and if we should have to go to prison it can't be worse than the street; you will die if you have to go through much more hardship.' This accomplished, I sent the will to the Col. and then came to Kansas to find Mrs. Renshaw."

Here he held his breath in his struggle with pain but as soon as he could speak again he said:

"I assure you upon my oath as a dying man, that the will is a forgery and the witnesses suborned." Here he had another spasm of pain and when it was over he affixed his signature to his statement as it had been written down and then motioned away those who had been summoned to take his deposition.

Mrs. Renshaw was taken from the court room to Judge Wendover's and when she saw the bodies of the two men she wept bitterly. When she became quiet they told her of Jackson's confession and asked to tell her own story, to say why she had testified that the child was hers instead of her cousin Cora's.

"I did not feel right about it" she said, "but that

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man told me that as she had given me the child he was mine."

"But you said that your cousin Cora's child died."

"Yes, and he told me it did die to her when she gave it to me."

"What became of your child?"

"My child?"

"Yes, you said it became necessary for your protection before the birth of your child that your marriage should be known."

"Did I, well, when one starts out to do a wrong they are sure to get all mixed up, but I can't help it now."

"No, but you can tell us what prompted you to do such a thing," said Mrs. Wendover.

"Well, you see, we had been in Kansas over twenty years, had suffered all sorts of hardships, had to give up once and start anew, had lived in a sod house till a part of the roof fell in and killed one of the children. My son had just got his title to his land, but when little Ben was killed he borrowed money to build a house and put a mortgage on the place, thinking he could pay it by the time it was due. And so he could, had things gone right, but there was sickness, bad seasons, and so many things to put us back.

"When the railroad came we thought it would be better but it was really harder to get along than before. Freights were so high, our crops brought so little, and the price of cattle went down instead of up, so it took all we could raise to pay the interest on that mortgage, and I tell you, after so long a struggle it was hard to think of going out into the world again homeless," and the tears began to roll down the poor old lady's cheeks.

As soon as as she could control her voice she continued: "He said he would pay off the mortgage and my expenses if I would come out here as a witness. I have a daughter in Ohio that I have not seen in all these years and I thought I could stop there on my way back and visit and rest.

"My son did not know as I was to tell anything but the truth and he looked upon the money as a God-send but I knew it was a devil-send. Still I promised what they wished; saw the mortgage paid, then came here to do my part, but I have not seen a moment's peace since. I expected to suffer, was willing to if I could save those I loved so well from being turned into the street homeless."

She told the story with such pathos that it brought the tears to their eyes, "and now," said the sobbing woman, "I suppose I must go to prison for swearing falsely, but my boy has got his home secure."

"I rather think not" said Bond Boyle, "I am the only one who would have been injured, and I shall make no complaint. You dry your eyes and be as happy as you can till after the funeral, and then I will take you back to Kansas."

When Morse had heard Mrs. Renshaw's story he said: "It is easy to see how things got mixed up, Cora and Corienne's experiences confounded as one. The major was informed that his wife was dead, which was true. The other part of the story, or the most of it, belonged to Corienne. The Major, having never heard her called Cora, did not think of her, and believed he had been deceived. However, the child was his; there was no mistake about that.

CHAPTER XXI.

REASON V. S. RIOT.

Glenwood, like other towns that are not so situated as to become centers of trade, had those among its inhabitants who would like to make it appear to have so as to facilitate the sale of their land at prices that would make them wealthy. Booming is one of the lawful ways of robbing people. One Caleb Johnson was the would-be boomer of Glenwood, and he had his adherents. Judge Wendover, Mr. Lawrence and other right thinking citizens opposed the proposed measures, claiming that a slow, steady growth was better for the permanent interests of a place.

This created a division of feeling. Caleb had talked the matter up with the working people, told them how much better it would be to have business brisk, the place growing, manufactories established, etc., till he had quite a following among that class, who were made to believe that he was their particular friend.

It was upon Johnson's land that the new growth was to be established, and there were three or four others whose land was so situated as to make them

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hope, if there could be a boom gotten up, that they too might reap a golden harvest. These also stood with Johnson, but the larger portion of the inhabitants were indifferent. They had their settled methods of business, and their circle of friends, and they did not care to make any effort to change things. If there was a boom, all right, if not, they didn't care.

Caleb Johnson was particularly bitter toward labor agitators, and he watched with eagle eye to see that nothing of the kind got a footing in Glenwood; consequently, when about a month after Frank Reid and the banker had their tilt at the hotel, bills were posted in various parts of the town announcing a lecture at Liberty hall the next evening by Mr. Reid, of Mandaville; subject, "Land and Labor," Caleb and his adherents were immediately in arms.

The next morning counter bills were scattered calling people to beware of the anarchist, Reid, mixed with sundry hints of a new coat and a free ride, should he dare to make his appearance.

Judge Wendover and Mr. Lawrence immediately issued another set of circulars calling upon the people to remember that free speech was one of the bulwarks of American liberty, that a mob would give the town a bad name from which it would not soon recover, that of all others, those who were desirous of building up the place, and adding to the population by selling lots, should be careful that no violence was offered the speaker, that it was their privilege to stay away and leave the man to speak to empty benches if they chose, or they could go and listen and judge for themselves of the tendency of his teachings, that if he had a truth to present, that truth would live, even though they killed the man but if his teachings were false, they could be put down more easily by reason than by force.

This had the effect to allay the excitement somewhat, but Caleb took up the opposite line of argument, told the people that if the idea went abroad that they favored anarchism, capitalists would not invest money there and the prosperity of the town would be at an end, and thus matters stood when Frank Reid arrived in town about three hours before the lecture was to commence. Judge Wendover, Bond Boyle and Mr. Lawrence met and escorted him to Mr. Lawrence's house, Bond Boyle walking arm and arm with him.

"That is the way with some poor men if suddenly made rich, it makes fools of them; no doubt they are old chums," growled Caleb.

He had spoken a little louder than he intended. Mr. Boyle turned and said: "You are right, Mr. Johnson; I have known Mr. Reid from his boyhood; his father and I were friends, and I shall stand by and defend the son."

When the hour for speaking came, the Judge, his wife, Bond Boyle, Mrs. Leslie, Alice, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, together with their son and daughter, came in with the speaker and accompanied him to the platform upon which Morse and Blake were already seated, keeping an eye upon the crowd. The house was filled till even the steps of the platform were taken, but the Judge, owning the hall as he did, could command seats for himself and friends.

At first there were no ladies except those who came with the speaker, and their presence was an annoyance to those who had planned mischief. But there were ladies who had been on the watch, and when they saw Mrs. Wendover and the others going, they put on their things and went also, so there were some fifteen ladies in all. This crowded the rough element back that had purposely gone to the front.

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