

# LUCIFER

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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### LUCIFER

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C. H. GILLMAN.

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Valley Falls, Kan.

THOMAS PAINE.  
(January 29, 1757.)  
We had the day that gave thee birth, O Tame! As natal day of one of Freedom's sons Who scorned the beaten track the Goths and Huns  
Of modern life pursue for scolded gain,  
Who sell their pens to swell the loud refrain  
Of adulation, mightier than the guns  
Of "minutemen," or prayers of priests  
and nuns,  
Thy "Crisis" rang of Valley Forge a strain  
That nerved the patriot to daring deed  
In "times that tried men's souls." In  
Freedom's van  
Thy ringing words were heard in hour of  
need  
Proclaiming far and wide the Rights of  
Man—  
The liberty of thought from bond of creed,  
And equal rights for humblest artisan.  
—LUM.

### THE DEMAND OF LABOR—Justice, not Charity.

The Topeka Mail, Jan. 15 contains a letter from "one of the poor," which letter, doubtless expresses the thoughts of thousands, perhaps millions of workingmen and women in this country. The writer says:

EDITOR MATE: I am one of the poor. This is the time of year when the newspapers are full of demands upon the public—to give their cold victuals and old clothes to the poor. I don't want them. No self-respecting poor man wants them. Do you suppose we want to be objects of charity? Do you think we want our wives to go along the street with somebody's old duds on her back, while some fine woman in sealskins points out to her friend and says: "There goes my last winter's circular. I gave it to her, poor thing. She is dreadful poor."

Do you think we want our children to go to the public school wearing the cast-off hats of their wealthy playmates? The baskets of cold victuals which well-intentioned religious people leave to our doors at night, do you think we want them? We would rather have our crusts of bread that we have earned than a basket full of charity turkey and cake.

People of wealth seem to think that our feelings are duller, and that we have less of manly and womanly pride because our houses are colder and our tables poorly supplied. They think because our coats are patched and our shawls faded, that it does not hurt us to offer us old clothes. The Congregational church got up a Christmas tree for "poor children," and they were astonished that no poor children came. Of course not. We do not care to display our poverty. We do not want our children set apart in a public place and designated as the "children of the poor." It is only one degree above calling them paupers.

We don't want charity. We want work, and fair wages. And more than that, we do not believe that it is our fault that we are poor. The old Sunday school and church notion that poverty is the station that God has called us to, is exploded among us. The reason why we have too little, is because others have too much. We work the hardest, out of doors in the coldest weather, or in the house at blazing fires, or at machines which blister and cut our hands and sometimes cut them off, and we do not get enough to be comfortable, while other people sit around in offices, and get ten times as much as we do. They are not creating wealth, while we are at it for ten hours a day for 300 days out of a year. We make all these mighty engines and machinery, all these beautiful things you have in your houses, we build the houses themselves, with their bay windows and turrets, we sew the satin curtains and cut and polish the marble mantels, and we live in shabby houses down in the unhealthy river bottoms, with bare floors, poor clothes, and poor victuals.

We do not think this is right. We think that all the profit on the things we make goes to somebody else. We ought to have it ourselves. We do not want charity. We want justice.

P. R. E.  
"P. R. E." is certainly in the right when he says that the workers ought to have the "profit on the things they make." But he does not seem yet to have learned the first and most important part of his lesson. He does not seem to have made the discovery that the cunning

non-producer could have but little power to defraud the producer out of his earnings, were it not for the power, the "protection" granted by government to the monopolist of other men's earnings. Our brother laborer repudiates the old doctrine that God ordains some to be poor and others to be rich, but he probably worships at the shrine of that other god, called Uncle Sam. The old gods are dying, but they have left at least two successors—Uncle Sam and Madam Grundy—and through fear of these modern gods the cunning and unscrupulous have no difficulty in living at their ease upon the labor of the sifty masses. II.

Notes.  
"Edgeworth" has a good article in the "University," a Unitarian publication of Chicago.

Judge Brewer, of the U. S. circuit court in the case of the State of Kansas, ex. rel. vs. John W. Pratt, recently decided that "any legislation enacted subsequent to the establishment of a brewery or any works not illegal at time of construction, which, for the sake of the public good, rendered such brewery or other improvement of no value, was in violation of the Constitution of the United States, and the property thus rendered useless be paid for by the State." The above is the summary of his decision, as the Emporia Republican reports it. And it is a just decision, as far as it goes.

But here comes Judge Buck, of Emporia, who, in an interview reported in the State Journal, says that Brewer's decision can not stand, that it is not in harmony with "an unbroken line of decisions for a quarter of a century," and he concludes by saying that, "It is too late to consider this question simply in the light of fundamental law and political economy uninfluenced by precedents."

I agree with Judge Buck that "fundamental law and political economy" are of less moment than precedents,—in the eyes of most lawyers, and I will add that precedents are more to them by far than either justice or equity. Judge Buck in effect avers that "an unbroken line of decisions for a quarter of a century," declared that to steal from a liquor manufacturer or seller is perfectly legal and right, and these decisions he holds to be paramount to "fundamental law and political economy."

Of such is the average lawyer's conception of human rights. Law is the science, or rather, the necience, of precedents. Every honest man in the profession feels that he is in an ignoble position, as many have confessed to me.

"The spirits will hold high carnival at the opera house to-night." Such was one of many similar advertisements of Prof. Hume's illustrated lecture at Emporia the other night. The English performer seems to be on very familiar terms with the departed.

Wise, of Virginia, gave Boutell, of Maine, a neat little dressing down in the House last week. It is always a blessed sight to witness the unmasking of a canting hypocrite. W.

Send to Elmira for some of the books she advertises on fourth page of this issue. But few writers of this present generation, especially among women, have the courage of our good Quaker sister, to speak out plainly on a class of subjects ignored and tabooed by fashion's votaries.

Send to this office for the "Prodiga Daughter". Price, only ten cents.

### That Line.

EDITOR LUCIFER: I am now thoroughly convinced that under Equity and Justice a true line can be drawn between Liberty and Justice on one side, and Law and its enforcement on the other. No great amount of mental effort would be required to do this if selfishness, prejudice, and a desire to boss, mold and ho officious did not figure so largely in the game.

If you injure one with his consent I cannot see why a third party should meddle. I have never known a saloon-keeper to leave his premises and force a man to go in and drink. Should he do so, I, with the consent of the injured party, will be a prohibitionist in that case.

If I know of two women mutually consent to live with one man as wives, I should not interfere until one of them denounces polygamy, and demands re-lease.

A slave who has not the manhood to demand freedom, shall not have my aid. I will never help enforce tariff or other law of taxation against the wills of parties concerned, although I may be sure that it would be to their interest to do so. If I would by force, right wrongs inflicted with the consent of the wronged I am a consummate tyrant, and should be restrained.

Mutual co-operation to restrain any one who may inflict a wrong as against the consent of the party suffering, is the only true sphere of government.

FENWICK.  
Most sincerely do we thank Bro. "Fenwick" for this very clear and concise statement of Anarchistic principles. Negatively, as we think, this statement covers the entire ground, and the only objection that we now see to it is in confounding the two ideas of Government and Restraint. Government is directing or impelling power—it is or should be a voluntary force, and as such it belongs to the realm of the Individual alone. Restraint, on the other hand, belongs not only to the Individual himself but also to the Aggregation of individuals called Society.

Thus: While neighbor A. has no right to impel or compel neighbor B. to do anything against his will, it is quite right for A. to restrain B. from taking his (A.'s) corn or horse. Likewise, when C. complains to A. that B. is taking his corn, it is quite right for A. to help defend C. against robbery. And that which is right for the Individual to do is also right for Society to do—and no more. II.

### BRADLAUGH.

The secular British press almost unanimously express relief that Mr. Bradlaugh had been permitted to take the oath, and will now be allowed to die a natural death. The church organs, however, violently attack the policy which has allowed his admission to parliament. They point out, with some bitterness, that, in the event of Church of England reforms, Mr. Bradlaugh will have a voice in church affairs and church reforms.—Dispatch from London.

While it is doubtless true that the news of Bradlaugh's triumph will be welcomed by the friends of over Justice and Liberty the world over, it is not so clear that his long battle for a seat in parliament was really time and labor judiciously spent. If, instead of hampering himself by giving adhesion to the governmental machine, he had made through all these years, a square, stand-up fight for the abolition of the throne and of the House of Lords, and for the radical reconstruction of the Commons, so as to make the latter a truly representative body—if he had come out boldly for Revolution instead of for Reform we think he might have accomplished more good.

While we hope for the best we are not without fear that Bradlaugh as member of Parliament, will find himself shorn of half his strength as a champion of Right vs. Privilege. II.

### Incineration.

There is evidently a growing sentiment in Germany in favor of cremation. A petition for its introduction was recently laid before the Reichstag, containing 29,305 signatures. The petition was signed by 1,042 physicians, 1,044 lawyers and professors, 1,015 government officials, 849 school-masters, 10 Protestant clergymen, 3 rabbis, 301 women, and 6,000 workmen. The remaining names were those of merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, and others.—Boston Index.

### From Wm. Wells.

CURSE: It is not likely I shall ever attend a Liberal League Convention, but wish to say a word in regard thereto. T. P. Lyon in Lucifer of December 23, has some good thoughts in reference to majority rule. Now I feel inspired to say that a convention held on the principles there suggested by our friend can not fail to have a good effect. All majority rules are a curse, and always have been, as I look at the matter now. Our elections, what of them? Very little honesty used. Controlled by party runners and hammers party spirit is the death-blow to purity of motive and of action. And we tamely submit! What else can we do? Our vote is nothing—it is worse—is it a curse!

Now as to our Free Thought conventions. They should be held in various parts of the country to meet the convenience of the labor classes. Look at the cost to send workers in traveling by rail across the country. The money paid by them gets into the pockets of the rich rascals who laugh at our folly. And I guess it is used as an argument against paying better wages. Workingmen and women should have no money to spend in travel, say those bosses. "The poorer they are the easier we can hold them under control," say the capitalists.

Friend Mitchell's ideas are good and liberal, but as our editor says, long-winded talkers are often a bore, and worse, perhaps. Our opponents could find men plenty to send and break up our meetings in this way, and do it at our expense. We must be wise as serpents in these matters.

Now at our various meetings our unanimous decision upon any point would be understood, and would have weight, since a voice from all becomes one union voice! These are my thoughts. Cayhoga Falls, O. Wm. Wells.

### Kissing the Bible.

The Herald of Health thinks that kissing the Bible by jurors and witnesses, when they are sworn, is a very wrong use of the book. It is kissed by all sorts of people, clean and unclean, and soon becomes sodden with grease and foul with filth, and dangerous to the health of those who put their lips to it. "Such a use of it, it seems to us, is unwarrantable. The Bible says, 'Swear not at all; neither by the heaven, for it is the throne of God; nor by the earth, for it is the footstool of his feet; nor by Jerusalem for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your speech be. Yea, yea; Nay, nay; and which ever is more than these cometh of the evil one.'"—Boston Index.

Any person wishing to trade lands in Kansas for property in Southern California can have a chance to do so by addressing B. F. Hinkler, Lawrence, Kan.

# LUCIFER

VALLEY FALLS, KAN., JANUARY 29, 1886.

MOSES HARMAN & E. C. WALKER  
EDITORS.

M. HARMAN AND GEO. S. HARMAN  
PUBLISHERS.

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## RECEIPTS ON PRESS FUND.

The following persons have sent in their subscriptions to the press fund:  
Previously acknowledged \$526.50  
John A. Broadbeck, Pinn, Ariz. 2nd con. 1.00  
Joseph Henry, Salina Kan. 3rd con. 2.00

According to advice rec'd from W. G. Walker, Manufacturers, a No. 1 Prouty Power press was shipped from Madison, Wis., on the 10th inst., for LUCIFER'S office. The press is guaranteed to be of the latest pattern, including a Job fountain, price, \$25. This makes the entire cost of the press at factory, \$540. Add probable freight and charges and the whole footing will be about \$600.

To our recent statement in regard to the needs of this office quite a number of responses have been received. Among these is that of Win. Rowe of Jersey City, N. J., who, notwithstanding the fact that he is a wage-worker and a chronic invalid, writes us that he will add 50 per cent to his "loan" (\$20.) to the press fund, hoping that enough others will do the same or better so that the press can be had without delay, and LUCIFER be placed on a sure and lasting foundation." Elmina D. Slenker promises to add \$5 to her 5 already sent; Joseph Henry sends \$2 in addition to his previous \$3; John A. Broadbeck sends 50 per cent to his former 2.00, and Victor C. Varros promises \$2 in the near future.

Many of the readers and patrons of LUCIFER doubtless feel the pressure of the unusually hard winter, and therefore do not feel themselves able to do anything more for the common cause. To all such we would simply repeat what we have frequently said before, that ours is not a *begging enterprise*. It is only from such as feel that LUCIFER'S cause is *their own* that we ask aid. And we only ask aid from those who feel that they are able to make us a loan without subjecting themselves to inconvenience, or without neglecting prior claims upon their means.

Calvin Simpson, a Union county (Ky.) negro, forced an entrance into Mrs. Graves' residence, an old white lady. She and her two daughters fled out of the front door, followed by the negro. The old lady was overtaken and killed, a husband being the instrument used. The negro claimed to be sent by god to do the deed because Mrs. Graves would not pray. The girls escaped to the neighbors or they would also have been killed. \* \* LATER: The negro Simpson was taken from the jail by a mob and hanged.—Daily Journal.

Here we have the old, old story. Religion produces fanaticism, or unbalanced mind; fanaticism leads to murder; one murder call for another, to make things even. The negro had read in his bible, "Unto Him every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess." The old lady would neither bow nor confess, and therefore the simple-minded African undertakes, like a good servant, to enforce the commands of his divine master. Then when a murder has been committed by a religious maniac, society commits another to avenge the first, on the principle, we suppose, that two wrongs cancel each other or that two wrongs make a right.

## BRIEF COMMENT.

Not only the Supreme Court, but all of the Judges of the District Courts of the State, and the Judge of the United States Court for this Circuit, are in favor of allowing the people of Kansas to regulate their own domestic affairs in their own way.—Martin's Message.

Is this true, Gov. Martin? If so, then what mean all these prosecutions—fines, imprisonments and confiscations of property—now being carried on against liquor dealers and liquor manufacturers? Are not the drinking habits of men and women a part of their "domestic affairs"? And are not these prosecutions an attempt to regulate the drinking habits of the people? What right has the Abstinence to "regulate the domestic affairs" of his neighbor when he himself would very properly resent any such interference from his neighbor who drinks beer or wine?

Judge Brewer has ruled that the state trust reimburse John Walruff for his brewery, if it prohibits him from using it. Walruff has gone to brewing beer on a bigger scale than ever. There is fun ahead for this old sour-mash whelp.—Prohibition Exchange.

While we have not the slightest interest in nor sympathy for the beer business, *as such*, we recognize the fact that there are hundreds of men quite as honest and as honorable as the prohibition "whelp" that penned this ungentlemanly fling, who have invested their money in that business. From their infamy they have used beer and wine as daily drinks. They came to Kansas under the guarantee that their natural right to choose and make their own beverages would be respected and protected. They invested their money and their labor in breweries and vineyards and now to practically rob these men of their labor and their right to make and use their own beverages, is an outrage upon the plainest principles of justice and good faith—an outrage so heinous that for the honor of human nature, we hope it will be manfully resisted.

While we would earnestly co-operate with any one in all proper ways to lessen the evils of drunkenness we would not attempt to cure vice by committing a crime. Better, a thousand fold, an occasional abuse of liberty than a cowardly submission to such invasive despotism as these pseudo-temperance men are now trying to enforce.

## The "Good God."

Apologies of Rev. E. Smith's God whom he so emphatically calls "good!"

Where was this "good god" when scores of people, old and young, were perishing in the snow in Kansas during the late storm? Surely, neighbor Smith, your God must have been asleep! or perhaps the blizzard was a little too tough for even him, and stiffened up his old joints so that he could not get around fast enough to help them all.

The papers say that while the storm was at its worst, a traveler knocked at the door of a settler in Western Kansas and asked shelter and warmth for his wife and child who, he said, were perishing with cold. The request was refused—the man went on, and next day all three were found frozen to death not far from the house whose owner had turned them away. This act is universally denounced as one of inhuman barbarity, but if so, what must we say of a god who having all power, should stand by and see the poor mother perish with her stiffening infant hugged close to her breast? Surely, of the two, God is the most inhuman, for he could not only have saved the family when perishing in the snow, but he could easily have prevented them from starting on their perilous journey.

"God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, He plants his footsteps in the sea And rides upon the storm."

says the devout god-worshipper. Perhaps so, friend Smith, but a god who can do such "wonders" and still refuses to do such a little thing as to save an innocent mother and child from death in the storm upon which he was riding, is a *misericord* fraud and failure, when his goodness is considered, and I would say the same to his teeth, if he should materialize and come round this way. If your god rode on the late blizzard, why the devil didn't he pull the reins, and not let his steed run over and kill so many people and so many thousands of cattle as he did within the past few weeks?

"Flat blasphemy," did you say?—and "making light of sacred things"? Sacred fiddlesticks!! B-a-h! There is nothing sacred but Truth and Nature, and such anti-natural balderdash—such superstitious drivel as you and your brother priests would stuff us with is enough to turn the stomach of honest common sense. Give us a rest! ICONOCLAST.

## Mr. Heywood Criticises.

Editor LUCIFER: Among the many valued exchanges which come to The Word office is your torch of revolt and dagger of "No, Sir," to invasive authority. Lifting the newspaper banner of "No-Intorest" and "No-Blank," here, in 1872, we were glad of even a whisper of response, which came to us in Solon Chase's Chronicle in 1875; after that star in the east went down, your "Liberal" shone in the western sky giving us, now and then, glimpses of fundamental Equity and indicated ones of logical sense of its admonitions to those not dunced by science or damned in support of legalized robbery. To see LUCIFER, weekly; to know that it may soon have a press of its own, are indeed encouraging evidences of progress. But is prosperity to be the intellectual and moral death of you? How can you afford to fire so many blank shots into air when wild beasts of established savagery lurk for prey on every side, and at every turn?

If interest is theft, why not say that *repudiation of so-called debts, the principal whereof has been paid in usury, is right, duty, necessity?* Even the good, old "copperhead democrat," Moses, went that length, logically. (See Dent, 15; 1-3). Ezekiel, (18; 8-9), stood above him, in Equity's spelling-glass, when he said that those who *take any increase, any profit*, though wealthy materially, must suffer spiritual damnation, here and hereafter. To go ploughing with that uncertain, "coy" heifer, "anarchism," which, East, means simply evasion, leads nowhere and to nothing, makes me fear there is weakening in yourselves or stars. Your Junior, Mr. Walker, advertises The Word as "nearly Anarchistic," which is equivalent to saying that we here are foolish or knavish enough to cease proclaiming principles, with logical inferences therefrom, and go off in airy sentimentalism. When Mr. Walker advertises "Yours or Mine" as "anarchistic" does he really mean to blind the farmers of Kansas to the proclamation of freedom from devouring Eastern usurers which that book bears to them? If he is a "light bearer" why kick up "respectable" dust to prevent light reaching persons for whom it has good tidings of deliverance?

"Anarchists" as I know them here, are dress-parade radicals, devotees of that latest device of fools called "science;" back-slidden idealists who have retreated from whatever advanced issues they were ever allied to; once John Baptists shouting Ideas in the wilderness of "culture," sin, now, bond-slaves of Mr. and Mrs. Grundyism, they ride on newspaper ass-coats into Jerusalem "respectability." When Garrison and Phillips, in 1861, hauling down the flag of disunion and peace, "cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war" and subjugation I ceased "anarchistic" drivel, quit blowing rhetorical soap-bubbles, having, thereafter, no breath, or clean or dirty water to waste in that way. Are we brainless tops, spinning on nothing, or men and women who know right and dare incarnate it? When persons have temperate virtue enough to drink of sell Rum, commit "adultery," "fornication," "obscenity," "polygamy," or some otherwise break "law," beneficently, it will be time enough for them to talk anarchy. Until then, chimney's smoke the most where there is least fire. Half-truths are often worse than lies, they are so misleading; sugar-coated with fair-seeming verity, pills of falsehood, are eagerly swallowed by many who suppose that thereby they have "got outside" of a good, square, honest meal.

If, as Carlyle said the object of life is action, deeds, not objections merely, why waste ink and paper on words which mean nothing, and less than nothing? As used by that most brilliant prose writer of modern Europe, Proudhon, "anarchy" is interesting, good rhetoric; but are we so bankrupt in spirit and expression that we must try to live on the recollection of rhetoric? The more alleged reform newspapers chase will-o'-the-wisps named "anarchy" the less I find in their columns worth reading. But, Mr. Harman, "times up" the moving words "All aboard!" remind me that I must stop this telephoning to you and take another train of duty. I need not say that there is nothing whatever of personal feeling in this oriental epistle to an accidental

editor; I have no private griefs to air or utilize, but wish to quicken Growth, to advance Truth, lead where it will and cost what it may. With my kindest regards to, and profound respect for every citizen of Kansas who sells or uses Rum in defiance of State tyranny, now on a temperance-drunk called prohibition.

Truly yours, E. H. Heywood, Princeton, Mass.

## COMMENTS.

I sincerely hope that prosperity, (when and if it comes) will not be the "intellectual and moral death of" us, but in our present state, so far from the goal of our aspirations, we are not much troubled about such possible demise. We have not lowered our flag one inch, but our methods of work differ from those of Mr. Heywood, as the methods of every individualized man differ from those of every other. It is so largely a question of opinion as to what constitutes a "blank shot," that Mr. H.'s assertion regarding the nature of our ammunition and warfare does not trouble us much. You know, friend H., that you and I think that "taste" in literature is something that each individual is to judge for him or herself.

A debt once paid in the form of interest is, in equity, forever paid? Yes, we so believe and teach. Where and when in the columns of LUCIFER have we denied this or attempted to evade the logical deductions therefrom?

I do not think that we are "weakening"; as to our "stars," I confess to the densest ignorance.

It is true that I classify the Word as "nearly Anarchistic" but I will substitute "slightly" for "nearly" if Mr. H. prefers. Why I cannot accord it the honor of being fully Anarchistic is found in the fact that its editor supported one of the political parties in the last campaign, himself voting and advising others to do the same, thus setting an example, not of useful "revolt" against, but one of active participation in, the crime of government. Neither of LUCIFER'S present editors showed any such sign of "weakening," and I have no doubt that the same could with truth be said of many of the Eastern Anarchists of whom Mr. H. has, seemingly, a somewhat poor opinion.

My gracious! Is it possible that it has so soon become "respectable" to be an Anarchist? If I understand Mr. H. rightly, that is the idea he intends to convey by his question regarding "Yours or Mine." But I do not think that the "farmers of Kansas" will be greatly enamoured of his really valuable little book by learning that it is Anarchistic; that title will not make it "respectable" in their eyes, even though its author may think that "cultured Anarchism" is already a part of the "aristocracy of Free thought." It is no sure sign that a reformer has "retreated" from "advanced issues" because he puts his thoughts into clear-cut English that is acceptable alike to the miner in his cabin and the scholar in his library, understood and appreciated by both. And no scientific Anarchist is "giving havoc" or clamoring for "subjugation," and certainly not to the extent of voting for a man for President who is now doing his level worst to play into the hands of the enemies of Free Money, and who would "subjugate" the people of Utah by every foul instrumentality of power. The recollection of this should have made Mr. H. a little more careful in his charges against Anarchists who have committed no such folly as was his support of Cleveland. In so voting, he becomes *particeps criminis* in the "subjugation of Utah." "H." and "W." beat no such masterly "retreat" from "advanced issues" as did Mr. Heywood when he marched in the Cleveland procession.

Mr. H. will have no faith in the Anarchy of any who have not in some way violated "law," but I recall the singular fact that when it was charged that certain people had committed such "crime," our critical friend waxed mightily wroth and threatened to appeal to this same demon of "law" for a certificate of character.

Now I say all this in a spirit of fraternal kindness, for I have a very sincere regard and respect for Mr. H. for his unparalleled services and sacrifices in behalf of the liberty of the press and mails in this country, but he must not suppose that we have forgotten these lapses of his, or that we shall permit the Radical public to forget them when he, as above, calls us to account for our alleged "backsliding." I am not at all "put

out" by his kindly criticism, and I have no doubt that he will take any plain words in equally good part. W.

## MISTAKES OF A GOVERNMENT-ALIST.

It must be apparent to all that it is far more easy to make assertions and assumptions than to prove them by argument; more easy to formulate propositions than to demonstrate the truth or falsity of these propositions. The long letter from our Arlington correspondent, the conclusion of which we give in this issue, is made up largely of unsupported assertions, and unproved propositions. If this were all, or the worst, we would not have so much cause for complaint, but when our doctrines are caricatured as they have been by friend Van Winkle, and those caricatures presented as truthful pictures of the principles and tendencies of Anarchism, then it requires something of an effort to preserve one's equanimity or good temper. As to whose fault it is that the position of LUCIFER is thus malign and misrepresented, we will leave our readers to judge. Mr. Van W. has been a subscriber to and presumably a reader of LUCIFER and the Kansas Laborer not less than four years.

As an instance of unsupported assumption our Arlingtonian says, in last issue: "I showed if you did away with the State you left everything in the hands of the local mob," etc. I deny that he "showed" any such thing. Anarchists repudiate the "local mob," quite as much as they do the invasive and paternal State. They believe in co-operative organization for self-defense—the size of the organizations depending altogether upon the needs of this self-defense. If an organization covering as much territory as the state of Kansas be needed for mutual defense, then I would say, by all means, let us have it. We have no objection to organization so long and so far as it is mutual and voluntary, but when any organization arrogates to itself governing powers over its members, and exacts allegiance from them, as a sovereign over its subjects, then this organization soon becomes the grave of liberty, whether it calls itself a kingdom, empire or elective republic.

Again, Mr. Van Winkle assumes that because we oppose the idea of property in the soil that therefore we would deprive the worker of the fruits of his labor—or that we oppose individual ownership of property in anything. Nothing can be further from the truth, as our careful readers well know. We oppose the claims of those who assert a right to property in land because it then becomes an article of monopoly, like money, horses and other movables, and this puts it in the power of the cunning few to make slaves of the many through the despotism inherent in land-lordry.

Instead of wishing to deprive neighbor Van W. of his right to the fruits of his labor, as he strongly insists, we advocate the only principle that can forever make him secure in the enjoyment of those fruits. So long as it is held that land, like money or corn, is an article of merchandise, and so long as the state is allowed to claim and exercise the right of eminent domain, no man is secure against being driven from his home and from objects of his life-long association, by an order from the paternal state; the latter claiming that land, like other property, has a money value and therefore the homestead right can be extinguished by the payment of money. On the contrary we advocate and defend the doctrine of the "INALIENABLE HOMESTEAD,"

for the reason that Nature gives land as a birthright to her children, and therefore it cannot be alienated for money, any more than the right to breathe the vital air can be alienated for money. We have never said that the homestead could not rightfully be "disposed of by will," and therefore we published no "libel" on Jefferson and Paine. We do not claim that those men were perfect in all respects, no more than we claim perfection for ourselves. They were far in advance of their time, but Jefferson held slaves, if we mistake not.

Again we are told that the "world has dejected the case [the land question] against you," [us]. "True, O king," and it is also true that thirty years ago the world decided the case against us on the slavery question. Friend Van W. writes himself down a worshipper of Authority, and as such his rightful place is in the bosom of the church, instead of posing before the readers of LUCIFER as a Free-thinker.

## THE FAMILY.

If LUCIFER'S teachings on the land question have been misunderstood, mis-

represented and maligned, much more honest teachings on the sex question been misrepresented and maligned. We are persistently accused of aiming to destroy the sacredness of the family relation, and seeking to introduce "unbridled license, debauchery, lust and every abomination that can be thought of." Neighbor Van Winkle is a born-and-reared Kentuckian, we believe, and hence he well knows that these are almost the identical charges that used to be made by the slave-holders against the advocates of Freedom for the black chattels. Is it for a like reason that these charges are now made against the advocates of freedom for woman in the sex-relation? viz: that a slave cannot safely be trusted with liberty? But the defenders of statute morality in marriage deny that woman is a slave in this relation. Once more, let us see about this.

ONE INSTANCE:  
While acting as justice of the peace in a neighboring state, the writer of this was appealed to for protection against her husband by more than one oppressed wife. In one instance a delicate and refined young mother came to my wife in great distress, saying that her husband was killing her by sex-abuse; (he had already buried two young wives) and she did not want to die and leave her little children. She thought the law ought to shield her from the brutality of her husband. Alas! poor, deceived woman. The law was made by men and for men, and in the sex-relation the wife has no rights that the husband is bound to respect. Two ways of relief and only two were left her: She could stay, submit and die as her predecessors had done, or she could take her wearing clothes and go out into the unsympathizing world, a homeless, childless outcast! The law in such cases gives the children and the home and other property (earned by their mutual toil) to the husband. Even the *deed*, though she may have made it with her own hands, is adjudged to the husband. The law says she left "his bed and board without cause," and so it allows her nothing! But hold a moment. I said there were but two ways open to the poor woman; there was a third, viz: she could *kill* her husband, or get some one else to do it for her, as thousands of wives, in sheer desperation, have doubtless done.

We shall perhaps be told that the instance just given is an exceptional one, and that a good system must not be judged by occasional abuses thereof. I reply, first: such cases are by no means rare. A physician, well known in this town and Arrington, said to the writer, only a few weeks ago, "In every neighborhood of my acquaintance I can easily pick out women by the dozen who, by their symptoms, show all too plainly that they are the victims of sex-abuse by their husbands." Second: Even if such cases were "exceptional" the system is to blame for them, inasmuch as under the voluntary system the oppressed woman would have her remedy in her own hands—equitable and costless separation.

[The printer says "stop." The forms are full. Next week the subject will probably be resumed. Meantime, Anarchist, Edgeworth and the Junior will be allowed space to reply to the criticisms of our Arrington "Falstaff."]

The Junior lectured at Emporia, Kas., Sunday, January 24th. In the forenoon the subject was, "Why We Work for Freedom." In the evening he spoke upon the "Sabbath Question."

**Practical Anarchism.**  
FRIEND H. E. L.: Your letter, "Practical Anarchism," in LUCIFER, strikes me as a most practical proposition to open the eyes of the people on the most vital question of the age.

I don't know who nor where you are, but I will just say that I am a tinner and have a good set of tools and machinery worth \$200.00 and I am willing to go in with you and do the work at cost. I am just as much of a crank as you are, but I have not the capital to prove it. I am willing to live on plain food and wear cheap clothing in order to show people how cheaply they can get their work done under the co-operative plan. A tin roof which costs 7 cents per foot can be put on for 4 cents.

It will be necessary in order to make a complete success of the experiment, to have all branches of trade represented so I think I have at last found an opportunity to turn the experience and skill I have acquired in the past eight years into practical use in enlightening the wretches of labor and commerce. Like yourself I was an anarchist before I knew what anarchy was. I have always deplored the fact that I had neither ability nor capital to accomplish anything for the cause of freedom; but if I can do anything with my hands to that end, it will be my greatest delight. Yours for Progress  
New Kiowa, Kas. H. W. YOUNG.

Send to the office for the "Prodigal Daughter". Price, only ten cents.

**LABOR VS. CAPITAL.**  
King of giant form and iron hand!  
Who on the brow of this rude earth hath placed  
A starry crown, and who hath richly graced  
Her bosom rude with jewels rare and grand!  
With all the splendors of thy magic wand  
Still like some poor, paltry slave thou'rt bent—  
Starved, naked, trembling to the tyrant's feet—  
Most wretched, abject thing in all the land:  
Rise in thy manhood, lift thy great broad brow!  
This Moloch whose insatiate, ravening maw—  
That never yet had known another law—  
But vie's aggrandizement of Self—Ay now rise—  
Thou'rt earth's king! and dash him from on high  
And rule o'er all as thou shouldst, 'neath the sky!  
EDMUND MONTIMER.

**Marriage.**  
EDITOR LUCIFER: The remarks of A. J. Searl in No. 130, lead me to say a few words. Ample proof that marriage is a divine institution abounds everywhere, and when people talk about it as a civil contract, I would ask if they can name any other "civil contract" where the parties interested and connected by it, cannot dissolve the same without permission from the law or state. If I enter into a partnership with a man or woman to carry on specific business, the power to dissolve that partnership at any time, is possessed by myself and partner; but if I take a partner in wedlock, the so-called "civil contract," once made, is beyond our power to dissolve without legal permission from the state. Here is where your bondage comes in; for the state controls you, and you are no longer free men and free women. You are tied together until natural death or suicide sunders the bonds, if the state refuses so to do when petitioned; and if you dare to exercise the natural right to love and respond to the impulse of nature outside this enforced union, which is often one of mutual torture, you are declared a criminal and subject to harsh penalties if detected. Talk about civil contracts under such conditions! conditions you are unable to break and must submit to. Again, the state forces men and women to marry by placing penalties of sex union not sanctioned by law, so one must either transgress nature's laws by a life of celibacy, become a breaker of man-made laws, or enter a matrimonial hell. The chance to choose lies before the man or woman, but a penalty is attached to each choice. Nature's laws cannot be repressed without physical injury; man-made laws imprison for fornication, and happiness in a matrimonial hell is as scarce as water in the other. But just as long as the church and state can make people believe that legislative enactments alone can insure goodness, justice and morality, just so long will they continue to demand restraining laws to live under. When they attain more intelligence they will begin to realize that each person is and should be a law unto himself, and legal enactments, which are simply other people's opinions or desires embodied with power to compel their acceptance and insure submission, will be rejected and considered as organized tyranny. But intelligence cannot grow and spread if we are denied free speech and a free press, with similar mails, and when both church and state are united to prevent these things it is very evident what they want and desire to do. Freedom is a word that some yet fail to grasp in its true sense, and they seem to think it means license to do anything and everything that is low and degrading; but with freedom based on intelligence, personal responsibility is behind individual action, and not as now entirely unknown among those who accept the vicarious atonement and regard morality as being of less importance than mere belief in Christ and his power to save. The moral man who rejects Christ can't dodge hell, but the one who accepts him, whether moral or immoral, has a sure passport to the realms of endless joy. Such are the views indorsed by public sentiment to-day, and with such pernicious doctrines instilled into the minds of the young, is it any wonder the state feels called upon to legislate morality into the people who believe future happiness can be secured without it. Mr. Searl believes in free speech, but when it comes to free love—that is, the privilege to love in freedom, same as he desires to speak, he says, I don't want that privilege, for I might abuse it; so I insist on having laws made to keep me from going astray through fear of physical punishment. Pharisaical legislators are ever ready to pass such laws and impoachable (?) judges

and juries to impose the penalties, and I expect his wishes for such aids to purity and the regulation morality will be gratified for many years to come, as it is very unpopular to oppose them.

Now what is prostitution and where are our prostitutes? We have two kinds among females, and legal and illegal are the terms applied to the same. Public sentiment indorses the legal kind but condemns the illegal, while free lovers denounce both. Whether a woman sells her person for a home under sanction of law, or for cash in defiance of it, it is the same thing, and prostitution is the word that expresses the act performed.

Not two weeks ago, in conversation with a woman who had fasted two days from stern necessity, I learned that her daughter, a young, fresh and physically attractive maid, had sold herself legally to secure a home and the comforts of life which she and her mother could not get by honest labor. Public sentiment utters no protest against such sacrifices, but if the daughter had gone into the street to find a cash customer for her charms, society would have viewed the act with holy horror. How much better is one than the other, and how much more common is the latter than the former? Will some one familiar with these things impart the desired information. I claim the legal prostitutes far outnumber the illegal, and when I see frequent advertisements in our great dailies of a man who wants to form the acquaintance of such and such a woman who would appreciate a good home and be willing to marry to secure it, it strikes me that the "holy" institution of marriage has a business basis. Again I read of women who express a desire to gain a home through marriage, and offer all they have, their person, for that privilege. It is really a fine condition of affairs, and I should think intelligent men would defend the institution as essential to human welfare and happiness. Did evil effects which result from loveless unions confine themselves to the parties who formed one, it would still be bad enough, but when we consider that fools, brutes and criminals, come as the offspring of unhappy and mismatched parents we see terrible effects that must in turn produce their own results. Woman must be emancipated from the slavery of man, given equal rights and a chance to earn an honest living before we can hope for beneficial changes in sex and social relations, and when freedom reigns under the guide of love and reason, the person or the quire will not be needed to unite those who truly love. Then tender delicate women will not sacrifice health, and life itself, to gratify the lust of a brute, as many now do because society don't approve of divorce and separation, and they lack the courage to strike for freedom. No sane person will claim that a man has a right to abuse his wife, but we know many take and use that privilege, and always will, while the legal owner of her person. Most Liberals have discarded God entirely, and the next thing to do is to treat his institutions, one and all, in a similar manner. San Francisco, Cal. C. SEVERANCE.

**From H. A. Van Winkle.**  
(Concluded.)

As to land as I before stated, the world has decided the case against you, but that amounts to nothing with Anarchist, and even LUCIFER intimates I have become an offender in that respect; would like to know how it can be possible. I squatted on a quarter section in the winter of A. D. 1853, built the first claim cabin in this township, bought it at the land sales, paid for it when it was worthless, fenced and broke it up, built a house and barns, dug wells and made cisterns, raised orchards; indeed it is now valuable; a town has been laid off and ten acres of the same is laid off in lots, and I have sold the most of them. Wherein have I done wrong? Do you and Anarchist propose to rob me of my home and labor? if so say so. Anarchist has made a grand discovery that by the law of marriage a husband cannot commit a rape on his wife. Is that not horrible? And yet women will marry by the thousands and millions and thus refute the pet complaint made by Anarchist. Is the gentleman sincere? Not a bit of it. Under the law are not love and lovers free to make their own contracts, no compulsion whatever, they are simply barred from setting aside said contract except from just cause, that is all. What hypocrisy! Under the law Anarchist and his crowd of free lovers cannot exhibit with one or two or more women, as the case may be, until too many children get on hand to suit his taste, occurs, and then walk off to pastures new and fields that are green, and leave his dupes or dupes to raise and educate the children. LUCIFER gets into a terrible rage about the law against polygamy in Utah. There exists a cruel despotism there, headed by a lecherous crowd of priests and officers of the Latter Day Saints who determine who shall go with them into a state of polygamy. It is not voluntary by any means, and they must obey the mandate of this crowd of old reprobates or the men and women can never go to heaven. And to break up this infamous despotism is a crying wrong in the eyes of LUCIFER. Edgeworth seems to be a favorite author with LUCIFER from the space allowed him in its columns, a man of large pretensions and disgusting vanity. His criticisms of Gen. Grant were low, vulgar and nauseating. Does he imagine he can pluck a single laurel that the civilization, intelligence and patriotism of the whole world have crowned the worthy and deserving brow of that distinguished soldier and patriot? The venom of such creatures effects no one but themselves. D. C. Walker puts himself to the forefront in calling a convention in the West and serves notice that it must not be hampered by the ideas and thoughts of middle-aged and older liberals, but that it must represent advanced and radical thought. I presume it must take in Anarchism, no taxes, no marriage laws, free love, free land, no individual ownership of land, free money, no government, no interest on money loans, no rent, and destruction to corporations; that E. C. Walker, M. Harman, Edgeworth, J. H. Cook, E. H. Heywood, Seward Mitchell, et al, are to run the machine. If so it will be a tremendous fizzle. The legitimate results of their teachings are treason, arson, murder, indiscriminate robbery, theft and unbridled license, debauchery, lust and every abomination that can be thought of; an open bid for every cut-throat, robber and scoundrel in the land to make common cause with you. I call a halt. If you ever make an attempt to put your infamous principles in operation utter destruction will be your doom, and you will be classed in history with the Thugs of India. Yours truly, R. A. VAN WINKLE.

**G. S. Wood to B. Smith.**  
A few words to Bro. Smith. Yes, we "are like the troubled sea" or "rippling brook," we cannot rest. To rest is to become sluggish, polluted, miasmatic, death-dealing poison, noxious gases. Again you say, "in the name of a good god, I call your undivided attention." Well, I am listening. I know of but one good god and that is the good contained within myself and all humanity, and in fact in all life. First, the devil has deceived you." Yes, I know it; he was a Christian devil, but I found him out, and said, "got thee behind me Satan." "Again, "you must declare that the lord our god is true, and that every last man of his opponents must be liars." Please define your God. I never saw him. Mine is true to me; of yours I do not know. Your third paragraph is too long to quote entire. You say, "stop your foolishness." Please take a little of that advice yourself. "Return to God and be pardoned." Pardoned from what? pray. After we have learned that there is no forgiveness for sin we are careful about sinning, and so don't need a pardon, but if we did we could not get it, as there is no forgiveness for sin. You say "there is a god in Israel"—there may have been; I hope so, but from their cruelty and blood-thirstiness I think they had more of devil. Again you say, "I know Jesus can save you." Well, so do I, but not one who has been dead nearly two thousand years, and we don't know even if he existed then. Bro. Smith, the god of our own goodness, the Christ of our own determination must save us if we saved. Whosoever saves himself is saved—whosoever will not, or cannot save himself God can not save. Come again, Bro. Smith. Sioux City, Ia. C. S. WOOD.

**The Interests of Labor.**  
Professor Chevallier said on the proposition to demonetize silver in Europe, "Such a change will benefit those who live upon the fruits of past labor, the fundholding interest income classes, but it will injure those who live by current labor and enterprise." The governments of nearly or quite all the civilized nations on the globe are founded and administered on the theory that the idle, aristocratic, predatory classes, require protection against the just demands and righteous indignation of the industrial classes. It costs three times as much property and labor to get a dollar now, as it did when this was "a government for the people" in 1868, but when obtained, the dollar will only pay a dollar of debt, taxes or interest. Ex-

**A Monument to Grant.**  
Patriotism cryeth aloud and will not be comforted short of a monument! In this age of spectacular liberty, where gilt and spangles overlay honesty and worth, why not the toy? The senior member of the Wall street firm of sharks, of whom, as Don Quixote says, "two were sent to prison and one to heaven," stands in sore need of a monumental certificate of character in the form of a lying inscription for monumental hypocrisy. The patriotic zeal displayed in offering his sword for rank and pay to render women widows and children fatherless—the civic ardor in haste to sustain coercion in a republic, his heartlessness in the matter of exchanging prisoners of war—his sordid egotism in making his fame a sluice for gifts from aspirants for favors—his unblushing nepotism in office and devotion to jobbers and "ring" plunderers—all call for generous offerings from the banditti who profited by "Black Friday."

Let the "freemen" contribute, for have they not been "emancipated?" For through the influence of the conqueror's sword the "freemen" owe the economic change from the selling of the worker to the highest bidder to selling of his work to the lowest bidder! Let the veterans of the north contribute, who like the writer served three years for an abstract freedom, and have since served twenty to secure existence, and are sentenced for life. Let them contribute from "the golden drops of blood wrung from their finger ends," to salute the last of greed of a bond-holding, slunkoy-admiring, aristocracy, ennobled by the patent of an army contract!

Let the shops and mines contribute to the memory of him who booted and spurred by government established the truth of the golden rule of Economics—free labor is cheaper than slave labor; and who glory in their liberty to jostle with and be jostled by their fellow freemen of the south emancipated from plantation labor! Let the farmers contribute to him who guarded their homes—saved for the benefit of extortionate usurers, who through the crucible of the mortgage converted their greenbacks into solid wealth as "vested interests." And let the pen that records their gift be the one that forged their legal shackles, and be dipped in the blood of their sons and brothers who died that they might live to pay usury!

Let the women contribute; the maidens who lost lovers, the wives who lost husbands, the children bereaved of fathers, the mothers whose sons expired on southern fields unwept and unnoticed—their last look resting on an empty and pitiless sky! From the manseloum of the slain collect those scattered and mouldering bones—sculls grinning in the ghastliness of death at the delusion of northern patriotism, and bones yet eloquent with mournful pathos—as the fittest monument for the heartless and bloated plunderer to Fisk's great and Wall street knavery. Over it place a model of Barthold's brass statue of counterfoit liberty to commemorate his brazen virtues, and let the world's royal Chaplain Parson Newman, invoke the blessing of a *bourgeois* providence, on his fasturing memory. DYER D. LUM.

**NEWS NOTES IN GENERAL.**  
BY THE INFANT.  
Thomas Paine's birthday.  
The Era and Register are at sword-points again.  
Masquerade ball at the opera house to-night (Thursday).  
Mr. N. H. Harman made this office a pleasant call Thursday.  
"Wonder" what makes the New Era loom up so bright this week?  
They say that A. J. Bond was married recently. How is that A. J.?  
Ed Farrar makes his four-horse team and sleigh very useful these nights.  
A dramatic company would strike a bonanza by coming to this city. Don't all come at once.  
Died: At the residence of J. A. Morgan, on January 21, Mrs. Mary J. O'nealey, aged 47 years.  
A cry of "fire!" created quite an excitement on the streets Thursday afternoon. Come to find out it was only a wood shed in the rear of Mr. Kremer's residence.

**DARED AWAY.**  
On last Saturday afternoon Mrs. S. C. Gephart was stricken with paralysis, and died this morning (Thursday). She had the best of attention, but to no avail. Mrs. Gephart was one of the oldest female inhabitants of this city. She was born in Maryland, July 4th, 1813, and was 54 years, 6 months and 24 days of age. Her husband, Mr. Simon Gephart, died of the same disease two years ago last October.

# LUCIFER

VALLEY FALLS, KAN., January 29, 1886.

MOSES HARMAN & E. C. WALKER  
EDITORS.

M. HARMAN AND GEO. S. HARMAN  
PUBLISHERS.

## OUR PLATFORM.

Perfect Freedom of Thought and Action for every individual within the limits of his own personality.

Self-Government the only true Government Liberty and Responsibility the only Basis of Morality.

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Leavenworth, Kan.—H. H. Hutchinson.  
Weir City, Kan.—Dr. J. B. Cooper.  
Scammonville, Kan.—J. McLaughlin.  
Omaha, Neb.—James Griffith, 1712 Dodge St.  
Carthage, Mo.—Watson Heston.  
Joplin, Mo.—T. Henrichs & Bro.  
Joplin, Mo. (East)—Geo. H. Hutchinson.  
Humboldt, Kan.—Wm. Roth.  
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Cedar Junction, Kan.—J. C. Collins.  
Burlington, Iowa.—Werner Becklin.  
West Burlington, Iowa.—James Toff.  
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Salina Kan.—J. M. Hiten.  
Scranton, Kan.—John P. Young.  
Carbondale, Kan.—James F. McDaniel.  
Preston, Iowa, John Durant.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Jewell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 100 Broadway, New York. Advertising contracts may be made for IN NEW YORK.

## RECEIPTS ON PRESS FUND.

The following persons have sent in their subscriptions to the press fund:  
Previously acknowledged \$526.50  
John A. Broadbeck, Pinn, Ariz. 2nd con. 1.00  
Joseph Henry, Salina Kan. 3rd con. 2.00

According to advice rec'd from W. G. Walker, Manufacturers, a No. 1 Prouty Power press was shipped from Madison, Wis., on the 10th inst., for LUCIFER'S office. The press is guaranteed to be of the latest pattern, including a Job fountain, price, \$25. This makes the entire cost of the press at factory, \$540. Add probable freight and charges and the whole footing will be about \$600.

To our recent statement in regard to the needs of this office quite a number of responses have been received. Among these is that of Win. Rowe of Jersey City, N. J., who, notwithstanding the fact that he is a wage-worker and a chronic invalid, writes us that he will add 50 per cent to his "loan" (\$20.) to the press fund, hoping that enough others will do the same or better so that the press can be had without delay, and LUCIFER be placed on a sure and lasting foundation." Elmina D. Slenker promises to add \$5 to her 5 already sent; Joseph Henry sends \$2 in addition to his previous \$3; John A. Broadbeck sends 50 per cent to his former 2.00, and Victor C. Varros promises \$2 in the near future.

Many of the readers and patrons of LUCIFER doubtless feel the pressure of the unusually hard winter, and therefore do not feel themselves able to do anything more for the common cause. To all such we would simply repeat what we have frequently said before, that ours is not a *begging enterprise*. It is only from such as feel that LUCIFER'S cause is *their own* that we ask aid. And we only ask aid from those who feel that they are able to make us a loan without subjecting themselves to inconvenience, or without neglecting prior claims upon their means.

Calvin Simpson, a Union county (Ky.) negro, forced an entrance into Mrs. Graves' residence, an old white lady. She and her two daughters fled out of the front door, followed by the negro. The old lady was overtaken and killed, a hindoo being the instrument used. The negro claimed to be sent by god to do the deed because Mrs. Graves would not pray. The girls escaped to the neighbors or they would also have been killed. \* \* LATER: The negro Simpson was taken from the jail by a mob and hanged.—Daily Journal.

Here we have the old, old story. Religion produces fanaticism, or unbalanced mind; fanaticism leads to murder; one murder call for another, to make things even. The negro had read in his bible, "Unto Him every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess." The old lady would neither bow nor confess, and therefore the simple-minded African undertakes, like a good servant, to enforce the commands of his divine master. Then when a murder has been committed by a religious maniac, society commits another to avenge the first, on the principle, we suppose, that two wrongs cancel each other or that two wrongs make a right.

## BRIEF COMMENT.

Not only the Supreme Court, but all of the Judges of the District Courts of the State, and the Judge of the United States Court for this Circuit, are in favor of allowing the people of Kansas to regulate their own domestic affairs in their own way.—Martin's Message.

Is this true, Gov. Martin? If so, then what mean all these prosecutions—fines, imprisonments and confiscations of property—now being carried on against liquor dealers and liquor manufacturers? Are not the drinking habits of men and women a part of their "domestic affairs"? And are not these prosecutions an attempt to regulate the drinking habits of the people? What right has the Abstinence to "regulate the domestic affairs" of his neighbor when he himself would very properly resent any such interference from his neighbor who drinks beer or wine?

Judge Brewer has ruled that the state trust reimburse John Walruff for his brewery, if it prohibits him from using it. Walruff has gone to brewing beer on a bigger scale than ever. There is fun ahead for this old sour-mash whelp.—Prohibition Exchange.

While we have not the slightest interest in nor sympathy for the beer business, *as such*, we recognize the fact that there are hundreds of men quite as honest and as honorable as the prohibition "whelp" that penned this ungentlemanly fling, who have invested their money in that business. From their infamy they have used beer and wine as daily drinks. They came to Kansas under the guarantee that their natural right to choose and make their own beverages would be respected and protected. They invested their money and their labor in breweries and vineyards and now to practically rob these men of their labor and their right to make and use their own beverages, is an outrage upon the plainest principles of justice and good faith—an outrage so heinous that for the honor of human nature, we hope it will be manfully resisted.

While we would earnestly co-operate with any one in all proper ways to lessen the evils of drunkenness we would not attempt to cure vice by committing a crime. Better, a thousand fold, an occasional abuse of liberty than a cowardly submission to such invasive despotism as these pseudo-temperance men are now trying to enforce.

## The "Good God."

Apologies of Rev. E. Smith's God whom he so emphatically calls "good!"

Where was this "good god" when scores of people, old and young, were perishing in the snow in Kansas during the late storm? Surely, neighbor Smith, your God must have been asleep! or perhaps the blizzard was a little too tough for even him, and stiffened up his old joints so that he could not get around fast enough to help them all.

The papers say that while the storm was at its worst, a traveler knocked at the door of a settler in Western Kansas and asked shelter and warmth for his wife and child who, he said, were perishing with cold. The request was refused—the man went on, and next day all three were found frozen to death not far from the house whose owner had turned them away. This act is universally denounced as one of inhuman barbarity, but if so, what must we say of a god who having all power, should stand by and see the poor mother perish with her stiffening infant hugged close to her breast? Surely, of the two, God is the most inhuman, for he could not only have saved the family when perishing in the snow, but he could easily have prevented them from starting on their perilous journey.

"God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, He plants his footsteps in the sea And rides upon the storm."

says the devout god-worshipper. Perhaps so, friend Smith, but a god who can do such "wonders" and still refuses to do such a little thing as to save an innocent mother and child from death in the storm upon which he was riding, is a *misericord* fraud and failure, when his goodness is considered, and I would say the same to his teeth, if he should materialize and come round this way. If your god rode on the late blizzard, why the devil didn't he pull the reins, and not let his steed run over and kill so many people and so many thousands of cattle as he did within the past few weeks?

"Flat blasphemy," did you say?—and "making light of sacred things"? Sacred fiddlesticks!! B-a-h! There is nothing sacred but Truth and Nature, and such anti-natural balderdash—such superstitious drivel as you and your brother priests would stuff us with is enough to turn the stomach of honest common sense. Give us a rest! ICONOCLAST.

## Mr. Heywood Criticises.

Editor LUCIFER: Among the many valued exchanges which come to The Word office is your torch of revolt and dagger of "No, Sir," to invasive authority. Lifting the newspaper banner of "No-Intorest" and "No-Rent," here, in 1872, we were glad of even a whisper of response, which came to us in Solon Chase's Chronicle in 1875; after that star in the east went down, your "Liberal" shone in the western sky giving us, now and then, glimpses of fundamental Equity and indicated ones of logical sense of its admonitions to those not dunced by science or damned in support of legalized robbery. To see LUCIFER, weekly; to know that it may soon have a press of its own, are indeed encouraging evidences of progress. But is prosperity to be the intellectual and moral death of you? How can you afford to fire so many blank shots into air when wild beasts of established savagery lurk for prey on every side, and at every turn?

If interest is theft, why not say that *repudiation of so-called debts, the principal whereof has been paid in usury, is right, duty, necessity?* Even the good, old "copperhead democrat," Moses, went that length, logically. (See Dent. 15; 1-3). Ezekiel. (18; 8-9), steep above him, in Equity's spelling-glass, when he said that those who *take any increase, any profit*, though wealthy materially, must suffer spiritual damnation, here and hereafter. To go ploughing with that uncertain, "coy" heifer, "anarchism," which, East, means simply evasion, leads nowhere and to nothing, makes me fear there is weakening in yourselves or stars. Your Junior, Mr. Walker, advertises The Word as "nearly Anarchistic," which is equivalent to saying that we here are foolish or knavish enough to cease proclaiming principles, with logical inferences therefrom, and go off in airy sentimentalism. When Mr. Walker advertises "Yours or Mine" as "anarchistic" does he really mean to blind the farmers of Kansas to the proclamation of freedom from devouring Eastern usurers which that book bears to them? If he is a "light bearer" why kick up "respectable" dust to prevent light reaching persons for whom it has good tidings of deliverance?

"Anarchists" as I know them here, are dress-parade radicals, devotees of that latest device of fools called "science;" back-slidden idealists who have retreated from whatever advanced issues they were ever allied to; once John Baptists shouting Ideas in the wilderness of "culture," sin, now, bond-slaves of Mr. and Mrs. Grundyism, they ride on newspaper ass-coats into Jerusalem "respectability." When Garrison and Phillips, in 1861, hauling down the flag of disunion and peace, "cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war" and subjugation I ceased "anarchistic" drivel, quit blowing rhetorical soap-bubbles, having, thereafter, no breath, or clean or dirty water to waste in that way. Are we brainless tops, spinning on nothing, or men and women who know right and dare incarnate it? When persons have temperate virtue enough to drink of sell Rum, commit "adultery," "fornication," "obscenity," "polygamy," or some otherwise break "law," beneficently, it will be time enough for them to talk anarchy. Until then, chimney's smoke the most where there is least fire. Half-truths are often worse than lies, they are so misleading; sugar-coated with fair-seeming verity, pills of falsehood, are eagerly swallowed by many who suppose that thereby they have "got outside" of a good, square, honest meal.

If, as Carlyle said the object of life is action, deeds, not objections merely, why waste ink and paper on words which mean nothing, and less than nothing? As used by that most brilliant prose writer of modern Europe, Proudhon, "anarchy" is interesting, good rhetoric; but are we so bankrupt in spirit and expression that we must try to live on the recollection of rhetoric? The more alleged reform newspapers chase will-o'-the-wisps named "anarchy" the less I find in their columns worth reading. But, Mr. Harman, "times up" the moving words "All aboard!" remind me that I must stop this telephoning to you and take another train of duty. I need not say that there is nothing whatever of personal feeling in this oriental epistle to an accidental

editor; I have no private griefs to air or utilize, but wish to quicken Growth, to advance Truth, lead where it will and cost what it may. With my kindest regards to, and profound respect for every citizen of Kansas who sells or uses Rum in defiance of State tyranny, now on a temperance-drunk called prohibition.

Truly yours, E. H. Heywood, Princeton, Mass.

## COMMENTS.

I sincerely hope that prosperity, (when and if it comes) will not be the "intellectual and moral death of" us, but in our present state, so far from the goal of our aspirations, we are not much troubled about such possible demise. We have not lowered our flag one inch, but our methods of work differ from those of Mr. Heywood, as the methods of every individualized man differ from those of every other. It is so largely a question of opinion as to what constitutes a "blank shot," that Mr. H.'s assertion regarding the nature of our ammunition and warfare does not trouble us much. You know, friend H., that you and I think that "taste" in literature is something that each individual is to judge for him or herself.

A debt once paid in the form of interest is, in equity, forever paid? Yes, we so believe and teach. Where and when in the columns of LUCIFER have we denied this or attempted to evade the logical deductions therefrom?

I do not think that we are "weakening"; as to our "stars," I confess to the densest ignorance.

It is true that I classify the Word as "nearly Anarchistic" but I will substitute "slightly" for "nearly" if Mr. H. prefers. Why I cannot accord it the honor of being fully Anarchistic is found in the fact that its editor supported one of the political parties in the last campaign, himself voting and advising others to do the same, thus setting an example, not of useful "revolt" against, but one of active participation in, the crime of government. Neither of LUCIFER'S present editors showed any such sign of "weakening," and I have no doubt that the same could with truth be said of many of the Eastern Anarchists of whom Mr. H. has, seemingly, a somewhat poor opinion.

My gracious! Is it possible that it has so soon become "respectable" to be an Anarchist? If I understand Mr. H. rightly, that is the idea he intends to convey by his question regarding "Yours or Mine." But I do not think that the "farmers of Kansas" will be greatly enamoured of his really valuable little book by learning that it is Anarchistic; that title will not make it "respectable" in their eyes, even though its author may think that "cultured Anarchism" is already a part of the "aristocracy of Free thought." It is no sure sign that a reformer has "retreated" from "advanced issues" because he puts his thoughts into clear-cut English that is acceptable alike to the miner in his cabin and the scholar in his library, understood and appreciated by both. And no scientific Anarchist is "giving havoc" or clamoring for "subjugation," and certainly not to the extent of voting for a man for President who is now doing his level worst to play into the hands of the enemies of Free Money, and who would "subjugate" the people of Utah by every foul instrumentality of power. The recollection of this should have made Mr. H. a little more careful in his charges against Anarchists who have committed no such folly as was his support of Cleveland. In so voting, he becomes *particeps criminis* in the "subjugation of Utah." "H." and "W." beat no such masterly "retreat" from "advanced issues" as did Mr. Heywood when he marched in the Cleveland procession.

Mr. H. will have no faith in the Anarchy of any who have not in some way violated "law," but I recall the singular fact that when it was charged that certain people had committed such "crime," our critical friend waxed mightily wroth and threatened to appeal to this same demon of "law" for a certificate of character.

Now I say all this in a spirit of fraternal kindness, for I have a very sincere regard and respect for Mr. H. for his unparalleled services and sacrifices in behalf of the liberty of the press and mails in this country, but he must not suppose that we have forgotten these lapses of his, or that we shall permit the Radical public to forget them when he, as above, calls us to account for our alleged "backsliding." I am not at all "put

out" by his kindly criticism, and I have no doubt that he will take any plain words in equally good part. W.

## MISTAKES OF A GOVERNMENT-ALIST.

It must be apparent to all that it is far more easy to make assertions and assumptions than to prove them by argument; more easy to formulate propositions than to demonstrate the truth or falsity of these propositions. The long letter from our Arlington correspondent, the conclusion of which we give in this issue, is made up largely of unsupported assertions, and unproved propositions. If this were all, or the worst, we would not have so much cause for complaint, but when our doctrines are caricatured as they have been by friend Van Winkle, and those caricatures presented as truthful pictures of the principles and tendencies of Anarchism, then it requires something of an effort to preserve one's equanimity or good temper. As to whose fault it is that the position of LUCIFER is thus malign and misrepresented, we will leave our readers to judge. Mr. Van W. has been a subscriber to and presumably a reader of LUCIFER and the Kansas Laborer not less than four years.

As an instance of unsupported assumption our Arlingtonian says, in last issue: "I showed if you did away with the State you left everything in the hands of the local mob," etc. I deny that he "showed" any such thing. Anarchists repudiate the "local mob," quite as much as they do the invasive and paternal State. They believe in co-operative organization for self-defense—the size of the organizations depending altogether upon the needs of this self-defense. If an organization covering as much territory as the state of Kansas be needed for mutual defense, then I would say, by all means, let us have it. We have no objection to organization so long and so far as it is mutual and voluntary, but when any organization arrogates to itself governing powers over its members, and exacts allegiance from them, as a sovereign over its subjects, then this organization soon becomes the grave of liberty, whether it calls itself a kingdom, empire or elective republic.

Again, Mr. Van Winkle assumes that because we oppose the idea of property in the soil that therefore we would defraud the worker of the fruits of his labor—or that we oppose individual ownership of property in anything. Nothing can be further from the truth, as our careful readers well know. We oppose the claims of those who assert a right to property in land because it then becomes an article of monopoly, like money, horses and other movables, and this puts it in the power of the cunning few to make slaves of the many through the despotism inherent in land-lordry.

Instead of wishing to deprive neighbor Van W. of his right to the fruits of his labor, as he strongly insists, we advocate the only principle that can forever make him secure in the enjoyment of those fruits. So long as it is held that land, like money or corn, is an article of merchandise, and so long as the state is allowed to claim and exercise the right of " eminent domain," no man is secure against being driven from his home and from objects of his life-long association, by an order from the paternal state; the latter claiming that land, like other property, has a money value and therefore the homestead right can be extinguished by the payment of money. On the contrary we advocate and defend the doctrine of the "INALIENABLE HOMESTEAD,"

for the reason that Nature gives land as a birthright to her children, and therefore it cannot be alienated for money, any more than the right to breathe the vital air can be alienated for money. We have never said that the homestead could not rightfully be "disposed of by will," and therefore we published no "libel" on Jefferson and Paine. We do not claim that those men were perfect in all respects, no more than we claim perfection for ourselves. They were far in advance of their time, but Jefferson held slaves, if we mistake not.

Again we are told that the "world has dejected the case [the land question] against you," [us]. "True, O king," and it is also true that thirty years ago the world decided the case against us on the slavery question. Friend Van W. writes himself down a worshipper of Authority, and as such his rightful place is in the bosom of the church, instead of posing before the readers of LUCIFER as a Free-thinker.

## THE FAMILY.

If LUCIFER'S teachings on the land question have been misunderstood, mis-

represented and maligned, much more honest teachings on the sex question been misrepresented and maligned. We are persistently accused of aiming to destroy the sacredness of the family relation, and seeking to introduce "unbridled license, debauchery, lust and every abomination that can be thought of." Neighbor Van Winkle is a born-and-reared Kentuckian, we believe, and hence he well knows that these are almost the identical charges that used to be made by the slave-holders against the advocates of Freedom for the black chattels. Is it for a like reason that these charges are now made against the advocates of freedom for woman in the sex-relation? viz: that a slave cannot safely be trusted with liberty? But the defenders of statute morality in marriage deny that woman is a slave in this relation. Once more, let us see about this.

ONE INSTANCE:  
While acting as justice of the peace in a neighboring state, the writer of this was appealed to for protection against her husband by more than one oppressed wife. In one instance a delicate and refined young mother came to my wife in great distress, saying that her husband was killing her by sex-abuse; (he had already buried two young wives) and she did not want to die and leave her little children. She thought the law ought to shield her from the brutality of her husband. Alas! poor, deceived woman. The law was made by men and for men, and in the sex-relation the wife has no rights that the husband is bound to respect. Two ways of relief and only two were left her: She could stay, submit and die as her predecessors had done, or she could take her wearing clothes and go out into the unsympathizing world, a homeless, childless outcast! The law in such cases gives the children and the home and other property (earned by their mutual toil) to the husband. Even the *deed*, though she may have made it with her own hands, is adjudged to the husband. The law says she left "his bed and board without cause," and so it allows her nothing! But hold a moment. I said there were two ways open to the poor woman; there was a third, viz: she could *kill* her husband, or get some one else to do it for her, as thousands of wives, in sheer desperation, have doubtless done.

We shall perhaps be told that the instance just given is an exceptional one, and that a good system must not be judged by occasional abuses thereof. I reply, first: such cases are by no means rare. A physician, well known in this town and Arrington, said to the writer, only a few weeks ago, "In every neighborhood of my acquaintance I can easily pick out women by the dozen who, by their symptoms, show all too plainly that they are the victims of sex-abuse by their husbands." Second: Even if such cases were "exceptional" the system is to blame for them, inasmuch as under the voluntary system the oppressed woman would have her remedy in her own hands—equitable and costless separation.

[The printer says "stop." The forms are full. Next week the subject will probably be resumed. Meantime, Anarchist, Edgeworth and the Junior will be allowed space to reply to the criticisms of our Arrington "Falstaff."]

The Junior lectured at Emporia, Kas., Sunday, January 24th. In the forenoon the subject was, "Why We Work for Freedom." In the evening he spoke upon the "Sabbath Question."

**Practical Anarchism.**  
FRIEND H. E. L.: Your letter, "Practical Anarchism," in LUCIFER, strikes me as a most practical proposition to open the eyes of the people on the most vital question of the age.

I don't know who nor where you are, but I will just say that I am a tinner and have a good set of tools and machinery worth \$200.00 and I am willing to go in with you and do the work at cost. I am just as much of a crank as you are, but I have not the capital to prove it. I am willing to live on plain food and wear cheap clothing in order to show people how cheaply they can get their work done under the co-operative plan. A tin roof which costs 7 cents per foot can be put on for 4 cents.

It will be necessary in order to make a complete success of the experiment, to have all branches of trade represented so I think I have at last found an opportunity to turn the experience and skill I have acquired in the past eight years into practical use in enlightening the wretches of labor and commerce. Like yourself I was an anarchist before I knew what anarchy was. I have always deplored the fact that I had neither ability nor capital to accomplish anything for the cause of freedom; but if I can do anything with my hands to that end, it will be my greatest delight. Yours for Progress  
New Kiowa, Kas. H. W. YOUNG.

Send to the office for the "Prodigal Daughter". Price, only ten cents.

**LABOR VS. CAPITAL.**  
King of giant form and iron hand!  
Who on the brow of this rude earth hath placed  
A starry crown, and who hath richly graced  
Her bosom rude with jewels rare and grand!  
With all the splendors of thy magic wand  
Still like some poor, paltry slave thou'rt bent—  
Starved, naked, trembling to the tyrant's feet—  
Most wretched, abject thing in all the land:  
Rise in thy manhood, lift thy great broad brow!  
This Moloch whose insatiate, ravening maw—  
That never yet had known another law—  
But vie's aggrandizement of Self—Ay now rise—  
Thou'rt earth's king! and dash him from on high  
And rule o'er all as thou shouldst, 'neath the sky!  
EDMUND MONTIMER.

**Marriage.**  
EDITOR LUCIFER: The remarks of A. J. Searl in No. 130, lead me to say a few words. Ample proof that marriage is a divine institution abounds everywhere, and when people talk about it as a civil contract, I would ask if they can name any other "civil contract" where the parties interested and connected by it, cannot dissolve the same without permission from the law or state. If I enter into a partnership with a man or woman to carry on specific business, the power to dissolve that partnership at any time, is possessed by myself and partner; but if I take a partner in wedlock, the so-called "civil contract," once made, is beyond our power to dissolve without legal permission from the state. Here is where your bondage comes in; for the state controls you, and you are no longer free men and free women. You are tied together until natural death or suicide sunders the bonds, if the state refuses so to do when petitioned; and if you dare to exercise the natural right to love and respond to the impulse of nature outside this enforced union, which is often one of mutual torture, you are declared a criminal and subject to harsh penalties if detected. Talk about civil contracts under such conditions! conditions you are unable to break and must submit to. Again, the state forces men and women to marry by placing penalties of sex union not sanctioned by law, so one must either transgress nature's laws by a life of celibacy, become a breaker of man-made laws, or enter a matrimonial hell. The chance to choose lies before the man or woman, but a penalty is attached to each choice. Nature's laws cannot be repressed without physical injury; man-made laws imprison for fornication, and happiness in a matrimonial hell is as scarce as water in the other. But just as long as the church and state can make people believe that legislative enactments alone can insure goodness, justice and morality, just so long will they continue to demand restraining laws to live under. When they attain more intelligence they will begin to realize that each person is and should be a law unto himself, and legal enactments, which are simply other people's opinions or desires embodied with power to compel their acceptance and insure submission, will be rejected and considered as organized tyranny. But intelligence cannot grow and spread if we are denied free speech and a free press, with similar mails, and when both church and state are united to prevent these things it is very evident what they want and desire to do. Freedom is a word that some yet fail to grasp in its true sense, and they seem to think it means license to do anything and everything that is low and degrading; but with freedom based on intelligence, personal responsibility is behind individual action, and not as now entirely unknown among those who accept the vicarious atonement and regard morality as being of less importance than mere belief in Christ and his power to save. The moral man who rejects Christ can't dodge hell, but the one who accepts him, whether moral or immoral, has a sure passport to the realms of endless joy. Such are the views endorsed by public sentiment to-day, and with such pernicious doctrines instilled into the minds of the young, is it any wonder the state feels called upon to legislate morality into the people who believe future happiness can be secured without it. Mr. Searl believes in free speech, but when it comes to free love—that is, the privilege to love in freedom, same as he desires to speak, he says, I don't want that privilege, for I might abuse it; so I insist on having laws made to keep me from going astray through fear of physical punishment. Pharisaical legislators are ever ready to pass such laws and impudently (?) judges

and juries to impose the penalties, and I expect his wishes for such aids to purity and the regulation morality will be gratified for many years to come, as it is very unpopular to oppose them.

Now what is prostitution and where are our prostitutes? We have two kinds among females, and legal and illegal are the terms applied to the same. Public sentiment indorses the legal kind but condemns the illegal, while free lovers denounce both. Whether a woman sells her person for a home under sanction of law, or for cash in defiance of it, it is the same thing, and prostitution is the word that expresses the act performed.

Not two weeks ago, in conversation with a woman who had fasted two days from stern necessity, I learned that her daughter, a young, fresh and physically attractive maid, had sold herself legally to secure a home and the comforts of life which she and her mother could not get by honest labor. Public sentiment utters no protest against such sacrifices, but if the daughter had gone into the street to find a cash customer for her charms, society would have viewed the act with holy horror. How much better is one than the other, and how much more common is the latter than the former? Will some one familiar with these things impart the desired information. I claim the legal prostitutes far outnumber the illegal, and when I see frequent advertisements in our great dailies of a man who wants to form the acquaintance of such and such a woman who would appreciate a good home and be willing to marry to secure it, it strikes me that the "holy" institution of marriage has a business basis. Again I read of women who express a desire to gain a home through marriage, and offer all they have, their person, for that privilege. It is really a fine condition of affairs, and I should think intelligent men would defend the institution as essential to human welfare and happiness. Did evil effects which result from loveless unions confine themselves to the parties who formed one, it would still be bad enough, but when we consider that fools, brutes and criminals, come as the offspring of unhappy and mismatched parents we see terrible effects that must in turn produce their own results. Woman must be emancipated from the slavery of man, given equal rights and a chance to earn an honest living before we can hope for beneficial changes in sex and social relations, and when freedom reigns under the guide of love and reason, the person or the quire will not be needed to unite those who truly love. Then tender delicate women will not sacrifice health, and life itself, to gratify the lust of a brute, as many now do because society don't approve of divorce and separation, and they lack the courage to strike for freedom. No sane person will claim that a man has a right to abuse his wife, but we know many take and use that privilege, and always will, while the legal owner of her person. Most Liberals have discarded God entirely, and the next thing to do is to treat his institutions, one and all, in a similar manner. San Francisco, Cal. C. SEVERANCE.

**From H. A. Van Winkle.**  
(Concluded.)

As to land as I before stated, the world has decided the case against you, but that amounts to nothing with Anarchist, and even LUCIFER intimates I have become an offender in that respect; would like to know how it can be possible. I squatted on a quarter section in the winter of A. D. 1855, built the first claim cabin in this township, bought it at the land sales, paid for it when it was worthless, fenced and broke it up, built a house and barns, dug wells and made cisterns, raised orchards; indeed it is now valuable; a town has been laid off and ten acres of the same is laid off in lots, and I have sold the most of them. Wherein have I done wrong? Do you and Anarchist propose to rob me of my home and labor? if so say so. Anarchist has made a grand discovery that by the law of marriage a husband cannot commit a rape on his wife. Is that not horrible? And yet women will marry by the thousands and millions and thus refute the pet complaint made by Anarchist. Is the gentleman sincere? Not a bit of it. Under the law are not love and lovers free to make their own contracts, no compulsion whatever, they are simply barred from setting aside said contract except from just cause, that is all. What hypocrisy! Under the law Anarchist and his crowd of free lovers cannot exhibit with one or two or more women, as the case may be, until too many children get on hand to suit his taste, occurs, and then walk off to pastures new and fields that are green, and leave his dupes or dupes to raise and educate the children. LUCIFER gets into a terrible rage about the law against polygamy in Utah. There exists a cruel despotism there, headed by a lecherous crowd of priests and officers of the Latter Day Saints who determine who shall go with them into a state of polygamy. It is not voluntary by any means, and they must obey the mandate of this crowd of old reprobates or the men and women can never go to heaven. And to break up this infamous despotism is a crying wrong in the eyes of LUCIFER. Edgeworth seems to be a favorite author with LUCIFER from the space allowed him in its columns, a man of large pretensions and disgusting vanity. His criticisms of Gen. Grant were low, vulgar and nauseating. Does he imagine he can pluck a single laurel that the civilization, intelligence and patriotism of the whole world have crowned the worthy and deserving brow of that distinguished soldier and patriot? The venom of such creatures effects no one but themselves. D. C. Walker puts himself to the forefront in calling a convention in the West and serves notice that it must not be hampered by the ideas and thoughts of middle-aged and older liberals, but that it must represent advanced and radical thought. I presume it must take in Anarchism, no taxes, no marriage laws, free love, free land, no individual ownership of land, free money, no government, no interest on money loans, no rent, and destruction to corporations; that E. C. Walker, M. Harman, Edgeworth, J. H. Cook, E. H. Heywood, Seward Mitchell, et al, are to run the machine. If so it will be a tremendous fizzle. The legitimate results of their teachings are treason, arson, murder, indiscriminate robbery, theft and unbridled license, debauchery, lust and every abomination that can be thought of; an open bid for every cut-throat, robber and scoundrel in the land to make common cause with you. I call a halt. If you ever make an attempt to put your infamous principles in operation utter destruction will be your doom, and you will be classed in history with the Thugs of India. Yours truly, R. A. VAN WINKLE.

**G. S. Wood to B. Smith.**  
A few words to Bro. Smith. Yes, we "are like the troubled sea" or "rippling brook," we cannot rest. To rest is to become sluggish, polluted, miasmatic, death-dealing poison, noxious gases. Again you say, "in the name of a good god, I call your undivided attention." Well, I am listening. I know of but one good god and that is the good contained within myself and all humanity, and in fact in all life. First, the devil has deceived you." Yes, I know it; he was a Christian devil, but I found him out, and said, "got thee behind me Satan." "Again, "you must declare that the lord our god is true, and that every last man of his opponents must be liars." Please define your God. I never saw him. Mine is true to me; of yours I do not know. Your third paragraph is too long to quote entire. You say, "stop your foolishness." Please take a little of that advice yourself. "Return to God and be pardoned." Pardoned from what? pray. After we have learned that there is no forgiveness for sin we are careful about sinning, and so don't need a pardon, but if we did we could not get it, as there is no forgiveness for sin. You say "there is a god in Israel"—there may have been; I hope so, but from their cruelty and blood-thirstiness I think they had more of devil. Again you say, "I know Jesus can save you." Well, so do I, but not one who has been dead nearly two thousand years, and we don't know even if he existed then. Bro. Smith, the god of our own goodness, the Christ of our own determination must save us if we save. Whoever saves himself is saved—whosoever will not, or cannot save himself God can not save. Come again, Bro. Smith. Sioux City, Ia. C. S. WOOD.

**The Interests of Labor.**  
Professor Chevallier said on the proposition to demonetize silver in Europe, "Such a change will benefit those who live upon the fruits of past labor, the fundholding interest income classes, but it will injure those who live by current labor and enterprise." The governments of nearly or quite all the civilized nations on the globe are founded and administered on the theory that the idle, aristocratic, predatory classes, require protection against the just demands and righteous indignation of the industrial classes. It costs three times as much property and labor to get a dollar now, as it did when this was "a government for the people" in 1868, but when obtained, the dollar will only pay a dollar of debt, taxes or interest. Ex-

**A Monument to Grant.**  
Patriotism cryeth aloud and will not be comforted short of a monument! In this age of spectacular liberty, where gilt and spangles overlay honesty and worth, why not the toy? The senior member of the Wall street firm of sharks, of whom, as Don Quixote says, "two were sent to prison and one to heaven," stands in sore need of a monumental certificate of character in the form of a lying inscription for monumental hypocrisy. The patriotic zeal displayed in offering his sword for rank and pay to render women widows and children fatherless—the civic ardor in haste to sustain coercion in a republic, his heartlessness in the matter of exchanging prisoners of war—his sordid egotism in making his fame a sluice for gifts from aspirants for favors—his unblushing nepotism in office and devotion to jobbers and "ring" plunderers—all call for generous offerings from the banditti who profited by "Black Friday."

Let the "freemen" contribute, for have they not been "emancipated?" For through the influence of the conqueror's sword the "freemen" owe the economic change from the selling of the worker to the highest bidder to selling of his work to the lowest bidder! Let the veterans of the north contribute, who like the writer served three years for an abstract freedom, and have since served twenty to secure existence, and are sentenced for life. Let them contribute from "the golden drops of blood wrung from their finger ends," to salute the last of greed of a bond-holding, slunkoy-admiring, aristocracy, ennobled by the patent of an army contract! Let the shops and mines contribute to the memory of him who booted and spurred by government established the truth of the golden rule of Economics—free labor is cheaper than slave labor; and who glory in their liberty to jostle with and be jostled by their fellow freemen of the south emancipated from plantation labor! Let the farmers contribute to him who guarded their homes—saved for the benefit of extortionate usurers, who through the crucible of the mortgage converted their greenbacks into solid wealth as "vested interests." And let the pen that records their gift be the one that forged their legal shackles, and be dipped in the blood of their sons and brothers who died that they might live to pay usury!

Let the women contribute; the maidens who lost lovers, the wives who lost husbands, the children bereaved of fathers, the mothers whose sons expired on southern fields unwept and unnoticed—their last look resting on an empty and pitiless sky! From the mansolom of the slain collect those scattered and mouldering bones—sculls grinning in the ghastliness of death at the delusion of northern patriotism, and bones yet eloquent with mournful pathos—as the fittest monument for the heartless and bloated plunderer to Fisk's great and Wall street knavery. Over it place a model of Barthold's brass statue of counterfoit liberty to commemorate his brazen virtues, and let the world's royal Chaplain Parson Newman, invoke the blessing of a *bourgeois* providence, on his everlasting memory. DYER D. LUM.

**NEWS NOTES IN GENERAL.**  
BY THE INFANT.  
Thomas Paine's birthday.  
The Era and Register are at sword-points again.  
Masquerade ball at the opera house to-night (Thursday).  
Mr. N. H. Harman made this office a pleasant call Thursday.  
"Wonder" what makes the New Era loom up so bright this week?  
They say that A. J. Searl was married recently. How is that A. J.?  
Ed Farrar makes his four-horse team and sleigh very useful these nights.  
A dramatic company would strike a bonanza by coming to this city. Don't all come at once.  
Died: At the residence of J. A. Morgan, on January 21, Mrs. Mary J. O'nealey, aged 47 years.  
A cry of "fire!" created quite an excitement on the streets Thursday afternoon. Come to find out it was only a wood shed in the rear of Mr. Kremer's residence.

**DARED AWAY.**  
On last Saturday afternoon Mrs. S. C. Gephart was stricken with paralysis, and died this morning (Thursday). She had the best of attention, but to no avail. Mrs. Gephart was one of the oldest female inhabitants of this city. She was born in Maryland, July 4th, 1813, and was 54 years, 6 months and 24 days of age. Her husband, Mr. Simon Gephart, died of the same disease two years ago last October.

TIME CARD.

Table with columns for destination (California & Mexico, Atlantic Express, etc.), time, and agent (H. D. BORTS).

TO A PRESIDENT: All you are doing and saying is to America dangled mirages. You have not learned of Nature...

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY THE LATE HUGH CONWAY.

Horace and Herbert, each armed with his horned-rimmed eyeglasses, and with looks of utter consternation and bewilderment upon their faces, were bending down and inspecting the child.

"To Mr. Mordie's imaginative mind, the group suggested a picture he had once seen of the Brobdignagians taking stock of Gulliver; nor could the picture have been any way spoiled when he himself, a tall man, went to one end of the table, whilst Whitaker, another tall man, stood in a becoming distance from the other end, and joined in the scrutiny of the diminutive stranger.

"This is a most extraordinary thing!" said Horace. "The child is sent by rail address, etc."

"Where did you say it came from?" asked Herbert, turning to the stolid-faced porter. "Let us hear all about it again."

"Guard of five o'clock down, gentlemen; he says child was left in first-class carriage. Mother got out at Dilcot, and missed the train or didn't come back. Guard told me to go and find the child here. Said I'd be paid well for my trouble. Cab was three and six, gentlemen."

"They took it off. The label was a piece of writing-paper gummed on to a plain card which had been torn or cut irregularly. No letter was concealed beneath it. Then they searched the pockets of the child's little coat, but found nothing. Their perplexity increased.

"I'll wish you good-evening, gentlemen," said the porter. "Cab was three and six. The 'Tabbies' were on the horns of a dilemma. The eyes which could detect the discrepancy in the unfortunate Mrs. Jenkins' stockings were able to see that the baby was well, even very well clad. It was just possible that a letter had misraveled—possible that some one was coming to Hazlewood House without invitation or notice—that she had really missed the train at Dilcot; that she would arrive in the course of an hour or two and explain matters. The safest plan was to keep the child for a while.

the stomach," he said, as the youngster deserted his first friend for the sake of the sweets. Horace eyed these advances disinterestedly. "But what is to be done?" he said.

Just then the muffled strains of a piano passed through the closed door of the drawing-room. "I should think," said the curate, "you had better take Miss Clauson's advice on the subject."

CHAPTER IV. BEATRICE'S PROPOSAL. In describing Hazlewood House and its belongings, no mention has been made of Miss Clauson, for this reason—her position in that well-regulated establishment was, as yet, scarcely defined. She was neither mistress nor guest. She was, in short, the only daughter—indeed, the only surviving result of that brilliant marriage made by Miss Talbert when she allied herself with Sir Malngay Clauson, Bart.

There is no reason for enlarging upon the admirable way in which Lady Clauson filled the position which her own merits had gained, or to which Fate had assigned her. Socially and domestically—in the outward as well as the inward life—she was all a baronet's wife should be—all save that she presented her husband with no heir to his title and estates. This was a sad omission, but, for the sake of her many other good qualities, Sir Malngay overlooked it, and made her a very good husband as husbands go. When Lady Clauson died, some twelve years after the birth of the daughter who lived, Sir Malngay wept copiously. He even opened his Bible—the first time for many years—and by the aid of Cruden's "Concordance," looked out a text appropriate to her many virtues. Moreover, for her sake, or his own, he remained single for five long years. Then he went the way of all middle-aged, titled, wife-less flesh, and married again.

Beatrice Clauson, just about to leave school, a romantic young lady, whose head for the present was, however, only occupied by pretty, filial dreams of looking after her father, ministering to his comforts, ruling his house, and generally doing the best she could to fill the place of her dead mother, found herself without a word of warning presented to a new mother, one, moreover, but four years older than herself. It was a crushing blow! It was a girl's first lesson in the vanity and instability of mundane expectations.

She ought, of course, to have anticipated it; but she was young, and like most young people, considered her middle-aged father abnormally old and staid. Besides, she could remember her own mother well enough, and remembered also Sir Malngay's sincere grief when death claimed his wife. She remembered the way in which the weeping man threw his arms around herself, and told her that she was now his ALL—his treasured moments of his wife—his one tie to life. Recalling all this, she was sanguine enough to fancy that memory was even more vivid, that grief had given his lines deeper wither than his father than with herself. So the bolt came from the bluest of the blue!

At seventeen Beatrice Clauson was still a spoiled child. All distracted widowers, until they marry again, spoil an only child; therefore, if only on salutary grounds, a second alliance is to be recommended. We will, then, take it for granted that at the time of Sir Malngay's second marriage, Miss Clauson was spoiled. Moreover, we may at least suspect, that she was both impetuous and stubborn, headstrong and romantic; also in her own way as proud as Lucifer.

The second Lady Clauson was a beauty, and nothing more. Her family was what is called respectable—a term, the signification of which no man or woman has as yet been able exactly to define. Like the libbie, we interpret it as we choose.

When the enforced meeting between Lady Clauson and her step-daughter took place, the young lady, by means of those signs and tokens, the masonry of which women alone fully comprehend, showed the state of her mind so clearly, that war to the knife was then and there declared.

And civil war in families—baronets or otherwise—is a deplorable thing; doubly deplorable for the neutral parties, who lack the excitement of the internecine combat. For a while Sir Malngay's life was anything but a happy one. It matters little who was most to blame—the girl for her unreasonableness and stubborn spirit, and want of resignation to the inevitable—Lady Clauson for retaliating with all an injured woman's pettiness and spite—Sir Malngay for the thoroughly manlike conduct in letting things drift. They did drift with a vengeance! The breach between the two ladies soon became too enormous to be bridged over by any family diplomatic engineering.

ways behaved prettily. She was very fond of him, although the remembrance of the tears, the text, the distracted vow, when contrasted with his second marriage for nothing but good looks, made her look upon him with a little contempt. She did not know that man is so gregarious a creature that it is not meet for him to live alone. She heard his remarks in silence, then gave him her opinion on the matter.

"I don't want to be a nuisance to you, papa. I am eighteen now—too old to go back to school. It's nonsense, of course, to say I should like to earn my own living, because when I come of age I shall have some money. May I go and live at Fairholme?"

Fairholme was Sir Malngay's seldom-used seat in one of the southern counties. "But you can't live there alone," he said. "Yes, I could. Mrs. Williams could take care of me. I shall be happy enough."

"My dear girl, why not be reasonable and make friends with Lady Clauson? Then we could all go abroad together."

Lady Clauson, who was by no means a fool, had by this time found out that she needed something more than mere good looks to go down, or go up, in the society her heart longed for. She had, therefore, made up her mind to become a traveled woman, and had arranged that Sir Malngay should take her to a variety of foreign countries. The proposed tour was to be an affair of years, and her ladyship had a firm idea of writing, or of getting some one else to write, a book, describing the well-worn pathways she meant to tread. She hoped to take the world by storm as a literary woman.

"I can't go abroad with you," said Beatrice. "I shall be miserable myself and make you miserable."

"But if you stay in England you must be presented and come out and all that sort of thing."

"If ever I do get married," said Beatrice drily, "I will be presented as Lady Clauson, on my marriage."

Sir Malngay's cheek reddened. He was much hurt by the sarcasm. Poor old King Lear found a fitting simile for an ungrateful child, but the sharpness of a satirical child is more painful than a whole jawful of serpents' teeth. He did not reply; but the worthy baronet was at his wit's end. What could he do with this girl? He had very few relations—no cured for none of them. Old Mr. Talbert, of Hazlewood House, was a confirmed invalid; Horace and Herbert were men without homes or wives. Sir Malngay was willing enough that Beatrice should remain in England. He had suffered much during the last few months from the dissensions of his wife and daughter. But where to bestow Beatrice?

At last he remembered an aunt of his own who lived in quiet retirement in one of the suburbs of London. It was of course absurd for Beatrice to think of living at Fairholme, in a half-closed house with a housekeeper and one or two servants. So it was arranged that her great-aunt should take her while Sir Malngay and Lady Clauson were on the Continent. So to Mrs. Erskine's she went, and as that lady was very old, very deaf, and saw no company, it may be presumed that Miss Clauson had scarcely a merry hour of it during her father's absence—an absence, which from one reason or another lasted quite four years.

Hazlewood House and the two bachelors. She was no longer a schoolgirl, so at once broadly hinted that she was willing to regard late their household matters. The stout horror with which the proposal was received told her, at once, that her place was to be a sneer. She saw that her uncle was to be no account dream of intrusting their researches into domestic economy to any hands save their own, and the surpassing capability of those hands was deeply impressed upon her, when, the day after her arrival she found Uncle Horace bending over the maid who did the plain sewing, and in the patientest and gravest way teaching her the most approved fashion of handling a needle and thread.

After having lived at Hazlewood House for a week Miss Clauson must have been ready to welcome any event of interest. It is no wonder that when Horace Talbert, at Mr. Mordie's suggestion, walked into the dining-room and told his niece what had happened, her curiosity and excitement rose to a high pitch.

"Is it a pretty child?" she asked. "Wonderfully so. Mordie and Herbert are petting it like a couple of women." Beatrice did not run at once to see for herself. "What do you mean to do about it, Uncle Horace?" she asked.

"I don't know. I suppose we must keep it till to-morrow and see if the mystery is explained. You had better come out and give us your advice." Beatrice walked into the hall. The child had made great progress during Horace's absence. The curate was tickling him and making him laugh. Herbert was stroking his bright hair in quite a paternal way. Even the respectable Whitaker was smiling pleasantly.

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