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FOR LUCIFER.
THIS WORLD'S TRINITY.
Religion, Politics, Economics.
That men can frame the thoughts that man believes
Are righteous, once was stonemason's corner stone;
That man must yield allegiance to the throne
Still longer thrived, but when the mind conceives
Authority o'er man an art of thieves,
Control o'er means of life naught can condone:
For soul and body freedom claims its own,
And thrones and altars lose what man retrieves.
Though conscience reigns as regent o'er the soul
Free in both thought and action from control,
The primal cause of priest and king survives:
Father and Son are Church and State, but Groed
Their Spirit is, and lives whilst human need
Begs economic grace for human lives. —LUM.

Notes.
Postmaster General Vilas refuses the petition of the people of Baltimore for a Sunday delivery of mail, on the ground that such delivery would be repugnant to the "moral sense of the community." Postmaster General Vilas is an ass.

No, he was not now taking any Liberal paper; times were too hard. His wife was receiving a "very moderate" Christian paper, the N. Y. Witness. "Would it permit any discussion of the subjects presented in its columns?" "Oh no, but I like it especially because it is such an earnest advocate of temperance." And then he pulled out an old pipe, filled it with strong tobacco, applied a match, and complacently blew the vile smoke in his visitor's face, the while he decanted upon the great benefits which the prohibitory law had conferred upon the town.

The visitor remembered meeting, as he came into the place, a dray loaded with beer kegs, and as he left the house of the Infidel, who, out of abject fear of his wife, takes no progressive journal, and who regards the Witness very highly because it is a "temperance" paper, he wondered somewhat regarding that strange individual, the prohibitionist individual, and the marvels of that wonderful law which closes the "open saloon" and at the same time loads the drays and express wagons with beer kegs labeled "Good Luck," "Prohibition," "Mineral water," etc., etc.

It was not the first time, unfortunately, that the smoke from the pipe of an ardent prohibitionist had given him a severe headache, and he is forced to remark that the user of tobacco invades the right of others much more frequently than does the drinker of alcoholic liquors.

Speaking of the N. Y. Board of Health, Dr. Gunn is reported by the Truth Seeker as saying, in his report to the Constitution Club:

"It has, however, been my experience that the Board of Health is an expensive and useless institution. Time after time I have notified them of glaring nuisances, and in almost every case my complaints have been treated with supreme indifference. The great majority of my colleagues throughout the city will agree with me that this has also been their experience so far as the Board of Health is concerned."

Bro. Macdonald should be careful about giving his readers such examples of the incapacity of government officials (national, state, municipal) especially when so immolately and sharply con-

trasted with really valuable services of the individual, as in the case of Dr. Gunn, alike in his capacities as physician and as chairman of the investigating committee of the Constitution Club.

Friend R. A. Van Winkle still fires away at the man of straw which he has set up and which he labels "Anarchism;" but his gun scatters so enthusiastically that he scarcely hits that, even. W.

Reply to E. C. Walker.
Editor LUCIFER: Mr. Walker says: "Law has been relied upon as the chief means whereby to make men better, and has proved itself a lamentable failure." While we must admit that there have been many failures in instituting governments among mankind, there have been a great many instances of success.
We will give our own country and England as an example. Mr. Walker's plan of a government without "force" or "an authority" has never been tried that we are aware of in any instance. What are his grounds for concluding that his plan of "Anarchy" would prove to be a "king-cure-all" for the ills of humanity?
The plan of Washington, Webster and Franklin has been tried for a century, and I opine that Mr. Walker must concede that it is more than an ordinary success in the way of a government. While Anarchy, self government or no government outside of individual consent, has never been tried. It might do for a colony of angels, but among men of the average development of today, it is in all reasonable probability would end as a "lamentable failure." As to my "method" being "Christian," it is no more Christian than Mohammedan, Chinese or Hindoo. Governments of force were instituted on earth long before the era of Christianity. Bro. Walker, stand up by the government of Washington; you might possibly do worse. J. W. GIBSON.

REPLY.
Mr. Van Winkle said some time since that the Anarchistic conception of human relations had been tried and repudiated by every people on earth; Mr. Gibson says that it has not been put to the test by any nation. This shows that Mr. G. is the better posted of those two foes of Anarchism. But in making this candid admission, Mr. G. has involved himself in a logical dilemma. If no nation has attempted to apply the principles of Anarchism—self rule—how can he determine that any government has been a success? Is not the essential element of comparison entirely lacking? The least criminal of all governments have only attempted in a feeble way to recognize and respect some of the rights of man; how, then, can you say that they have achieved success, in the face of the scientific hypothesis that the best form of society will be one in which all human rights shall be respected, and when you admit that this hypothesis has never been given an opportunity for verification?

If the governments of England and America are really regarded Mr. G. as successful, I respectfully submit that the lexicographers should give us a new definition of the word "success," after consultation with our so easily satisfied friend. I will ask Mr. G. if he, as a freethinker, regards Christianity as a success. Should he answer no, I will ask him further, if it has not existed longer than any European or American government, and whether the element of duration does not enter as a factor into this problem of the success or failure of institutions? More than this, I wish to know if there is any evil which the church has inflicted upon the race, which some or all of the governments associated with her have not also inflicted, and whether the Christian is not just as reasonable in his laudation of his church as Mr. G. is in his panegyric upon the State?

At the present writing, I am not fully enlightened as to Mr. Webster's part in the founding of this government, nor as to the particular details of that "plan" which are his, although I remember

reading some stern denunciations of him by prominent founders of what is now the Republican party, the party to which, if I am not mistaken, Mr. G. belongs. As a matter of history, I was not previously aware that Mr. Webster had any part in the founding of this government. As to the principles of Paine, Jefferson and others of their school, it is very certain that their plan has not been tried for a century," and I think that it would very much puzzle Mr. G. to point to much, if anything, in the present policy of this government or in the principles of the parties, for which those worthies would be willing to be sponsors.

I have several times previously had occasion to thank the opponents of Anarchism for their candid confession that were men better than they are supposed to be, Anarchism would probably work all right, and now I must thank Mr. G. for the same acknowledgment of the superiority of our principles. But there is one little peculiarity about these doubters of the beauty and utility of liberty, which always attracts the attention of the observer, and that is that they have not the least doubt of their own ability to get along without the State, it is for "the masses" that they clamor for the restraints of a strong government. In this respect they resemble the educated, intelligent priest, who confidently assures you that superstition is imperatively needed to keep "the people" within the bounds of decency.

Mr. G.'s pathetic appeal to me to "stand by the government of Washington," or I "may do worse," is on an exact level with that of the Christian who tells me that I had better cling to the Bible, for, if I reject it, I "may do worse." Yes, and I may do better, and, as "Until doubt began, progress was impossible," I prefer to accept no system of government as the best that may be realized, and so I shall continue to point out the imperfections of even this "best government on earth," and to indicate, as I see them, the merits of self-government. No plea could be more out of place in the mouth of a freethinker than this last of Mr. G.'s. As investigators, we have no right to accept any suggestions of human relations as final and unimprovable. There is no duty more imperative upon us than is this of perpetual interrogation and experiment. We can not be worthy of the heritage we have received from the men of one hundred years ago, save as we zealously seek to till thoroughly and to improve to the utmost the field which they planted. The noblest reverence which we can accord to worthy parents is to ever seek to do better than they.

That last sentence of Mr. G.'s was amply sufficient, in itself, to show his close affinity with Christian thought and method. It was the ages-old final appeal of the priest.

Allow me to recommend to the readers of John Swinton's Paper J. K. Ingalls' recently published book, "Social Wealth." As one who has for years made a special study of political economy, having waded through the principal writings of most of the more noted authors, American and foreign, it is my opinion that Mr. Ingalls has, in this little volume, set forth more sound sense, more bed-rock truth, more real economic science, than is contained in all the dismal volumes written by the regular orthodox school of political economists from Adam Smith down, down to that jiggery of political economy, Prof. Sumner, who wrote about "What Social Classes Owe to Each Other," and demonstrated therein how much he doesn't know.

As an earnest and honest essay toward the coming political economy, or, rather, social or industrial science, which shall harmonize with justice and ethics (which the orthodox political economy does not), "Social Wealth" is worthy of a place in every social reformer's library, side by side with Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." I hope it may have a great circulation, for it is worthy.—J. C. UNDERHILL, in John Swinton's Paper.

A Woman's Warning to Reformers.
Can man be free if woman be a slave?
Chain one who lives, and breathes this boundless air,
To the corruption of a closed grave!
Can they whose mates are beasts condemn'd to bear
Scorn heavier far than toll or anguish dare
To trample their oppressors? In their home,
Among their babes, thou know'st a curse
would wear
The shape of woman—hoary Crime would come
Behind, and Fraud rebuild Religion's tottering dome.

Another instance that no wrong can be done to any class in society without part at least of the evil reverting to the wrong-doers is furnished in the fact that women always have been, and still are, one of the most important factors in the counter-revolution.

Men for some purpose of their own, which they probably best understand, have always denied to women the opportunity to think; and, if some women have had courage enough to dare public opinion, and insist on thinking for themselves, they have been so beaten by that most powerful weapon in society's arsenal, ridicule, that it has effectually prevented the great majority from making any attempt to come out of slavery. Woman, entirely deprived of all intellectual enjoyment, and all the opportunities for mental growth, has been forced back upon the emotions for all the pleasure there is in her life, and it is in this that the church always had, and always will have, its strongest support. If you men are so constituted that you are satisfied to meet daily in the most intimate relationship persons who have no sympathy with any thought, hope, or aspiration of yours; if you are satisfied that your own homes are just the places where you are least understood; if you have no interest in the emancipation of woman for her own sake,—you ought to have some for the sake of your sons, for the sake of the cause to which you profess to be attached.

Look around you, and see how many of the children of reformers enter the reform movement. Scarcely one in a hundred; and why? Because the influence of the mother has been acting in a contrary direction. The church is wiser than you; it knows the influence of the mother on her children; it knows what a great force is needed to shatter the ideas formed in early life; it knows that its power can never be broken as long as the women are within its folds, and consequently exerts all its influence to have the future mothers entirely under its control. Do you know that there is a large society of working-girls, directed by philanthropic ladies of New York, Yonkers, and Hoboken, and probably in other cities, in which the girls are given lessons in embroidery, art, science, etc., and are incidentally told of the evils of trades-unions, the immorality of strikes, and of the necessity of being "satisfied with the condition to which it has pleased God to call them?" Do you know that it is the very best and brightest of the working-girls that are being entrapped into those organizations, the girls with a yearning for higher culture, greater growth, than the narrow conditions their life afford them?

How long are you going to be blind to the fact, which the backward Russian long ago recognized, that, unless you convert the women you are engaged in but a Sisypus labor, that what you gain in one generation is lost in the next, and all because women are supposed to have no intelligence to which you can appeal. You do not know whether they have intelligence or not, for you have never tried to find out. There are even Anarchists of my acquaintance who, when their wives or sisters enter the room, immediately change not only the serious topics of conversation, but change the very tone, in order to come down to the level of the supposed inferiority. Well, I give you warning of what persistence in this line of action will lead to, what you build up, the women will pull down. On your own heads be the penalty, if you fail to heed it.—Gertrude H. Kelly in Liberty.

The Utah Bill.
Senator Edmunds' new Utah bill is the most infamous measure ever introduced into our infamous senate: It strikes down every principle of civil and religious liberty and local government upon which a former generation of Americans prided themselves. It combines in the president the powers of the pope of Rome and of the emperor of Russia, both to be exerted over a people of which he was never within 2,000 miles and of whom he knows nothing. Burn the house to get rid of the rats; is nothing to this bill, which is both foolish and wicked.—Anti-Monopolist.

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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THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. F. Howells, 100 Broadway, New York City, where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

RECEIPTS ON PRESS FUND.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes entries for 'The following persons have sent in their subscriptions to the press fund' and 'Previously acknowledged'.

AT LAST.

After many months of delay and disappointment, we are glad to be able to say to all who have kindly taken an interest in this matter, that the new press has at length arrived, and is now set up and in running order in the office of LUCIFER. We are also glad to say that, so far, the "Improved Prouty" has not fallen below our expectations.

When we first asked for loans to buy a press the offer was made to give chattel mortgage on the press to secure the creditors to this loan. We still make this offer to all who may want security. Quite a large percentage, however, of those who have sent us money, have been so kind as to say they want no security—many of them offering to take the amount of their loans in subscription to the paper, for themselves or friends.

We still owe \$70 on press and material now in office, and so will be glad to receive aid from those who feel able to help lift this obligation and stop the gnawing of interest's tooth.

In this connection we wish to say that much of the credit of the good work on first issue with the new press, is due to A. H. Grandall, proprietor of the Valley Machine Works, of this city. Mr. C. superintended the setting up of the press.

Erratum.

In second paragraph of "W's" reply to J. W. Gibson, third line, the word by was omitted between the words "regarded" and "Mr. Gibson."

If we look wider, things are all alike; laws and letters and creeds and modes of living seem a travesty of truth. Our society is encumbered by ponderous machinery, which resembles the endless aqueducts which the Romans built over hill and dale and which are superseded by the discovery of the law that water rises to the level of its source. It is a Chinese wall that any nimble Tartar can leap over. It is a standing army, not so good as a peace. It is a graduated, titled, richly appointed Empire, quite superfluous when Town-meetings are found to answer just as well.—Emerson.

AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

The Families of Starving Workmen Turned Out to Freeze.

Some of LUCIFER'S contributors persistently maintain that our laws protect the laborer against the oppression of employers. To show how much truth there is in such statements let any one read the current history of the coal mining operations in Pennsylvania. The lands in the coal regions are held by companies or syndicates who combine to reduce wages of employes to the point of bare subsistence, while at the same time they raise the price of coal in order to pay 20 per cent dividends on their watered stocks.

Uniontown, Pa., Feb. 3.—Twenty writs of ejectment of as many families from houses of H. C. Freck, at Leith, were placed in the hands of the sheriff up to noon. But three families have been evicted. A number of others were allowed to remain, promising to yield possession this evening. The sheriff and his posse have gone to the Trotter works, where they will eject a number of families this evening. The weather is intensely cold and the sufferings of those already ejected are painful to witness. Some have been taken into the houses of neighbors, while others are huddled together with their effects in the snow, the only protection being a few bed clothes.

The same dispatch states that the "operators" will not allow the men to mine coal enough to keep them and their families from freezing, expecting in this way to starve and freeze them into submission. And when these miners assert and defend their natural right to coal enough to keep themselves and children warm, and also their right to the shanties they may have built as a shelter from the storm, then the law steps in to protect the—laborer? Oh no! The laborer, the miner, is the aggressor! It is the much-abused capitalist that needs the protection of law!

The most noticeable feature of our American Civilization at the present time is the rapidity with which it is taking on the vices and crimes of the old-world civilizations. Instead of the Honesty, Simplicity and Equality of the early days of the American Republic, we have all the corruptions, the enormous accumulations, of wealth on the one hand, and the extreme poverty and destitution on the other, that characterize the European civilizations. The "evictions" by English landlords in Ireland have called forth indignant protests from justice-loving men everywhere, but these evictions of Pennsylvania miners by the mine owners, are not exceeded in barbarity by anything we have yet read of, in Ireland or Poland. H.

SINCERITY.

E. 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.

In the article from which the above is an extract, R. A. Van Winkle says, emphatically, that I am not sincere. Does he measure my regard for truth and candor by his own? I have little inclination to bandy words with him, but in the above quoted sentence he embodies such a glaring misstatement of fact that it is my duty to set the seal of positive denial and complete disproof upon it.

Mr. Van W. well knows that I said nothing in my call for the organization of a Western League, that could be fairly construed into the expression of a desire to exclude "middle aged and older" Liberals, or their ideas and thoughts. So far was such from my wish or intention, that no one desiring to represent me fairly, could be induced to make the statement that Mr. Van W. does. In my article, reprinted as a leaflet, which appeared in Lucifer of Dec. 4th, I made especial mention of several old men and women, veterans in the army of human freedom, whose services in behalf of a Free Press and Mails have been almost inestimable in value, and who were whole-sphered persons, fearful of no truth, and honest in their treatment of opponents. Among those named were Parker Pillsbury, Amy Post, Lucy Colman, M. Farrington, Geo. Lynn, Dr. Severance and T. C. Leland, and my appeal was especially to such as these and to the young men and women whose aspirations for right had not been smothered in

the hot house atmosphere of our modern Sodom, wherein wealth rules, justice is denied, and Liberty is a stranger. I appealed to men and women of ideas and principles; Mr. V. W. seems to think that he is excluded; well he should know best, perhaps he is right.

There are those who ever remain young in thought and purpose; whose brains do not deteriorate and whose hearts do not ossify in the trial and battle of life. It was such as these among the Liberals that I hoped would come forward and help form a Radical society from which no one should be excluded who did not exclude himself because of the broadness of our platform. If Mr. V. W. thinks that he has no place with us, all right, I, for one, am perfectly satisfied, only he has no right to say that the door is shut in his face, when he knows perfectly well that nothing except his own narrowness can keep him out of a free society, such as I desire to see organized in the Mississippi valley. He has had the opportunity to air his total ignorance of and to deliberately misrepresent our principles, and to defame our writers, through the columns of LUCIFER, and his liberty upon the platform of our League, should one be organized, will be no less.

I respect old age—where it is worthy of my respect—and I have found that our most earnest workers, many of them, are very old. But there are those among the old who carry the flippancy, vulgarity, and obtuseness of their adolescence to the last moment of their dotage.

I must confess that I have not in my nature quite so much of long-suffering generosity as has "H." Such men as the "Arrington Sleeper" certainly do not belong in the category of courteous disputants. Let no one misapprehend me; I do not mean to convey the impression that our correspondent is to be blamed as one who does a wrong without cause, for I am certainly aware that we are all what our organizations, our education and our environments have made us. Mr. V. W. is precisely what the various causes contributing to his life and partial development made inevitable that he should be, and it would be very foolish—as well as very unjust for me to harshly blame him for those limitations which he cannot help; arrested development, though very unfortunate, is not a crime. Our aged friend has my very sincere pity, though I am compelled to say that I am not quite sure that it is right for the readers of LUCIFER to be compelled to pay for the printing of matter that any sporting paper would reject with indignant scorn, but which we admit to our columns simply from a sense of fair play. W.

LUCIFER BOUND.

An esteemed friend and earnest worker in LUCIFER'S behalf writes us, "I wish the KANSAS LIBERAL and LUCIFER had been bound in yearly volumes from their first issues. I would like to have bound volumes of them. Would it not be a good thing to commence now and have them bound hereafter? I only suggest it for you to consider."

What say our friends to this? How many would like to have bound volumes of LUCIFER? If any considerable number of our subscribers have kept files of the paper and wish them bound, we will make arrangements to do the work for them, or have it done, on a cost basis.

If any of our friends would like to own bound volumes of the paper for the year just commenced, and do not want to save their own copies for that purpose, if they will notify us at once, we will save extra copies, from this time forward, and get them bound for all such as send an order to that effect.

"SOCIAL WEALTH."

On first page we reproduce from John Swinton's paper a notice of the new work with the above title. From a hasty perusal of the book we endorse every word of this commendatory criticism, unless it be the implication that the work of Mr. Ingalls should be placed on a level with that of Henry George. To our thinking, Mr. Ingalls takes much higher and truer ground on many of the controverted points, than does Mr. George in "Progress and Poverty."

"Social Wealth" is for sale at this office, price one dollar. H.

Setting up the new press has caused a delay of two days in getting out this issue of LUCIFER.

The LUCIFER Publishing Co. has just received its new seven-column Prouty power press, price \$640. The LUCIFER folks have many warm friends and supporters, and the entire fund, with some to spare, to purchase the press has been donated by them. Some other poor printers would be glad to be fixed in the same way.—Valley Falls Register.

While the "LUCIFER folks" are glad to know that they "have many warm friends" we must correct our neighbor when he says the "entire fund to purchase the press has been donated." We did not ask for donations but for "loans" to get a new press for LUCIFER'S use; and as loans we have received the various sums sent us by friends and patrons in nearly every part of the United States.

OWNERSHIP IN MARRIAGE.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 31.—Alfred Smith, a sailor on the lakes, murdered his wife and her companion, Louisa Jane Wilson, some time last night, and then attempted suicide by cutting his throat. The razor failed in its work, however, and he will recover. Mrs. Smith is a clairvoyant, and for two years occupied rooms in the Crocker block, on Superior street. She and her husband came from Oswego, N. Y., where they were born and reared. She was 35 years old and quite a good looking woman. The pair had two children, a girl 16 years old, and a boy 10. Smith has been a worthless fellow, and has compelled his wife to support him. Lately he has been very brutal, and his wife, on Friday, applied for a divorce. Last night or early this morning, he entered the room through a window and killed the women by beating them over the head with a carpenter's hammer.

The above, taken from the daily news, is only one instance among many, showing the working of the legal-ownership principle when applied to the sex-relations of men and women. From particulars furnished by the same papers we learn that Smith had tried hard to induce his wife to withdraw her application for divorce. Failing in this he resolved to kill the chattel he could no longer hold, just as the old slaveholders used to shoot their run-away slaves. Regarding Miss Wilson as a counselor of his wife in this rebellion against his conjugal authority, he killed her too. Then seeing no chance of escape he tried to kill himself.

Under Anarchism—that is, under self-ownership, none of these murders would have been possible. H.

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKER'S ALMANAC

for 1886 (E. M. 286) is to hand, and a splendid "annual" it is. Printed on superior paper, finely illustrated with numerous engravings—chiefly of foreign Freethinker's and Scientists—this publication deserves an extended circulation among the Liberals of America. The work contains, among other noticeable articles,

"Freethought in the United States in 1885." "How the Church Pilches from the State;" "The Religion of Crime;" "How Voltaire Died," etc.

Not the least of the attractions, doubtless, for the young as well as old, is the story called "The Curate of Churnside." Price 25 cents. For sale at this office, and by the publishers, 33 Clinton Place, N. Y.

WOMAN IN OUR WORK.

I desire to call the especial attention of all readers of LUCIFER, and of Freethinkers generally, to the able and timely article by Gertrude B. Kelly found in another part of this paper, and which is reproduced from Liberty. I know of no particular in which male Freethinkers are so remiss in their duty as in that indicated by Liberty's contributor. In my active missionary work, I have met thousands of men who have no faith in the old fables, but whose homes are the last places where a word or line of Freethought enters. They take no progressive journals, but their wives almost invariably subscribe for sectarian papers, send their children to Sunday school, attend church, support the minister, take part in the fairs, etc., conducted by the church, and in every other possible way train their children in the superstitions and despotisms of theology. And in this work the fathers always give their passive when they do not their active assistance.

There is one paragraph of Gertrude B. Kelley's which I must quote here, and make it the text for a few additional remarks. To these careless, cowardly, Freethinkers, she sternly says:

"If you men are so constituted that you are satisfied to meet daily in the most intimate relationship persons who have no sympathy with any thought, hope or aspiration of yours; if you are

satisfied that your homes are just the places where you are least understood; if you have no interest in the emancipation of woman for her own sake,—you ought to have some for the sake of your sons, for the sake of the cause to which you profess to be attached."

Touching this, it is my deliberate and long-held conviction that these men may be divided into three general classes. The first of these divisions includes a multitude of mean cowards,—who make the alleged or real orthodoxy of their wives a cloak to cover their own craven fear of Mrs. Grundy, their cent-per-cent apprehension that their business interests would suffer did they stand out manfully for their convictions, and their trembling subservency in the presence of clients and patients and voters. Of course, very many of them are intellectually lazy, as well as cowardly, and their reluctance to make "discord" in their families by being morally honest is but a make-shift excuse to avoid mental exertion. There are large numbers of such men who have wives who might long since have been enlisted as active workers in the cause of human brotherhood, liberty and justice, had their husbands had the courage of their convictions and the slightest zeal in behalf of that cause. All that was necessary was to place in the way of these women the arguments and facts that support Freethought principles. But this has not been done, and the lamentable result is that these women, as mothers, instead of helping to raise a generation of young men and women inspired with a generous devotion to Humanity, are training them to act in support of every time-sanctioned and legalized iniquity. And right here I wish to say, in justice to woman, that she, as a Freethinker, rarely, if ever, is open to the charge made against so-called Liberal men. She is ever eager to have her children grow up in the light and liberty of the principles in which she herself has faith.

The second class of the men who are the objects of our criticism, do not carry their Freethought into their families because the only bond of sympathy between them and their wives is a purely mercenary one; so long as those wives aid, or, at least, do not hinder, them in their race for wealth, it is all they care. They never feel the need of home appreciation of anything above the gold measure of societal stratification. They never climb to the regions of healthful air and sunlight, where bloom the flowers of poetry and art, and is gathered the ripe fruit of literature and mental and moral culture. Lost in the mazes of business cares and perplexities, the world in which their wives live is one almost unknown to them, save as they go with more or less regularity to church that their social and business standing may be kept up to that of their neighbors and rivals in the same stratum of society.

The third class of do-nothing Liberals, who do not carry their Freethought into their homes, is composed of the men who care only for their wives as sexual associates and the breeders of their children. They may love them in a certain way and in certain brief moments, but so far as intellectual sympathy and the exalting love of equals is concerned, there is none of it. They live in one world, their wives in another. The subjects of conversation that interest one have no attachments for the other. They do not read the same books, they have no common hopes and purposes in life. So far as he is concerned, it is simply a physical union, and too often, alas! it is no more to her.

Into these three classes naturally fall most of those "Freethinkers" whom Gertrude B. Kelly so finely and justly criticises and warns. If many of them are worth trying to save, I am much mistaken.

It is impossible for me to conceive how any man with brains enough to be a Freethinker, can be "satisfied to meet daily in the most intimate relationship" a woman who has no knowledge of or sympathy with his thoughts, hopes, and aspirations, or how he can abstain from doing all possible to convince her of the truth and beauty of the sublime principles of liberty and justice and fraternity as they are in Freethought, to be realized on earth only when men and women shall work together hand in hand, free and equal partners. W.

It is said Senator Evarts offers, for a fee of \$250,000, to prove all the bond and financial legislation since the war to be unconstitutional and void. That such is the case there is no question, but what cares Congress for the constitution and what good would it do to prove what no sane man questions.—Anti-Monopolist.

ESSAYS ON DEATH AND FUNERALS.

Part III.—The Respect for the Dead, What it is, and How it is Secured in our Days.—Requiem, De-funition, Profrunitions, etc., etc., etc.

By JOSEPH HENRY, SALINA, KANSAS

[Continued.]

[Note IV. continued.]

Those who "know," or profess to know so much about "another world" are always those who know the least about this world. They know there is a "future life" but they don't know what is life, death, or even the rights of the individual man or woman, in this world. They do not care so much for the wrongs or abuses of Liberty—such as seduction avoiding the payment, of debts, oppressing the poor, and general lines of double-dealing and treachery—as they do for the effusion of long and loud prayers, the leadership in society regulations, whereby the eye and the ear become witnesses to this man's so-called labor in the "Master's cause"—that is, they aim to place their leader in the front ranks of fame as a reformer and a fit subject for the celestial abode.

While we admit that all men are not bad and unworthy of trust, who preach and write on morality and reform, yet it is certainly true that many of them are positively vicious. The country is overrun with "reformers"—men who preach and pray and proclaim themselves heralds of the most high ruler of the universe, but while announcing their superiority or qualifications in terms of boundless self-laudation their hearts and brains are busy with deep-laid schemes of villainy. The church denounces what are called profane writers, that is, men who are endeavoring to teach wisdom by reasoning from nature, showing by logical induction the fallacies of the doctrines set forth by the exponents of the Bible. This latter class are denounced as liars, felons, men who consort with the vilest and lowest orders of humanity, simply because they have the courage to combat the conventional forms of religious observance. The cool and well-poised investigator in the fields of thought and of current events, is the proper judge as to which is the safest class of the two just named.

Heaven, also—i. e., the heaven of mythology, is highly praised by these men, for its superior advantages as an abode for the blessed. Speaking of a temperate and rational exercise of the functions of mind and body Epicurus says: "Well-regulated pleasure is the chief object of life." Christianity, on the other hand, sets a check upon such pleasure by prohibiting the use of natural methods. The habits of those who embrace or practice intemperance and unclean debauchery are contrary to the laws of nature. Those that wallow in the mire of priestcraft and narrow-minded bigotry are no better than the blind wretches who have embraced the opposite extreme. Men to be happy and enjoy nature must be free. Their income must be sufficient to live with a degree of ease—to be free from debt, to be free from disease—their surroundings must be such as to secure pleasure in all pursuits they may undertake. To secure happiness men must be just and forgiving; they must lend a helping hand to a fellow-being in distress, lighten the load of the cast down sufferer in mind or body, enlarge the sphere of their affection, cast a halo of sunshine and good nature in the wake of their slip of life, so that all who come in contact with them may feel that life is worth living. Such a nature lends a full measure of joy to fellow natures, by reason of living in the world, and when death comes, the arrival of that event is not shrouded with the melancholy pall that brings terror instead of happiness at the thought of leaving this world of trial, turmoil and strife.

The preacher tells us that Christianity is increasing every day with a wonderful stride. This is only an additional evidence of a narrow and bigoted mind, for we have the plain evidence from ordinary observation that the opposite of this is the real fact. The falling off in church attendance and Sunday observance, is rapidly increasing. The day is given up to rest or social pleasure, to excursions and pursuit of relaxation from business. Games and social parties, free from the restraints of religious intolerance, are frequent Sunday occurrences. The long lines of Sunday school children going out for pleasure, have given way to more natural and rational modes of enjoying the life that nature has provided means to sustain. The church has ceased to

be the prime factor of pleasure and ruling power of social pastime. The separation of Church and State is noticeable in all parts of the land. Even the Bible has to be revised so that the language may more fully accord with the modern advance of refined ideas. Education has come to the rescue and the bugaboo of ghosts, hell and lost sinners has ceased to be a terror, and barrier to the advance of science. Women, the main stay of religion, have given way to the new order of things and have joined the procession, determined to be more in harmony with the new order of things. Even in England, the classical land of Christianity, the working classes are to a great extent large stockholders in freethought and enlarged ideas of needs of nature. The scars and wounds of the so-called cross of Christ have lost the fatal impressions by which the priests and preachers have long held away over a suffering people who have lived in tears and anguish through gross ignorance and want of independent investigation. The narrow minds have budged into new life; visions of future life or fear of death have given way, and the new mind looks through and out of the mists of ages of intolerance and pent up misery. A field of bright and glowing happiness looms up instead of the clouds of torment; they now go forth like men from a prison; they are free; they see and act; the sleek, well dressed, and well fed commanders of their bodies have lost control, and the new man goes forward only as his conscience leads. He has stepped into the new road of intelligence; he now sees that life is more than church going and the giving of church alms to keep up a crew of pampered male harlots who have long directed their very existence both in temporal and spiritual affairs.

Franco has shaken the dust and gloom of intolerance from its life to a greater extent than any other country, and there has not been a single Christian in the Cabinet of that country for eight years. Can any one say that religious dogmas are increasing? when thousands of people join the secular funeral procession of Victor Hugo, the world renowned infidel, and the whole republic mourns his loss? The disposition manifested in all ages, to burn and destroy life and property, and all for "Jesus Christ's sake Amen," has now given way to a new-born feeling that is taught and inculcated in American institutions. That all are born free and equal, and if a departure is made from this thought, it is made through ignorance. People must be educated to love and understand nature. Their bestial qualities must be improved by contact with a better class of minds who are willing to instruct, ready to forgive, with brains and hearts devoted to the work of bettering the condition of their fellow men. People must be educated, not in letters alone but by contact with superior talents, with instructors who can bring out the latent power in every human machine. In all our broad land, we find the ignorant and inferior minds just as they were in years gone by—their ideas and inclinations are the same—they have sung the same hymns and listened to the same prayers from day to day until they are in a measure encased in a shell in which they are destined to remain; death being their only relief. It is said that crime and wickedness are increasing; so are the people; so are the facilities for spreading the news of their acts. The day's work of the whole world is heralded by our quick methods of conveying and imparting news, and the universe becomes our own neighborhood in a measure.

It is not the "after death" that should give us thought, but the present. After death we know that the elements of our existence go to the new life. The body and mind of this man combines with a new order to give action and existence to a new form. In the present we should aim to elevate the standard of human existence, inculcate industrious habits, principles of order, cleanliness, and proper respect for persons; we should promote regard for law and order, restrain tendencies to the abuse of the passionate nature, teach the young and budding minds that innocent and manly pastimes may be indulged in, but that proper respect must be shown to the rights of others. That people to become more thoroughly social and humane must enlarge the sphere of their affections. Men and women must become more alike—they must become better acquainted with the ways of each in doing business. (To be continued.)

If the ambition of any man carries him no higher and further than the acquisition of wealth for the mere sake of wealth, then there is nothing in human relations that he will not subordinate to that ruling passion.

From A. J. Searl.

EDITOR LUCIFER: In LUCIFER of Jan. 23, Flora W. Fox says: "I am decidedly in favor of anti-ownership," while, just before, when speaking of a Liberal Convention, she says: "Let every man consider it his bounden duty to take his wife and children."

Is not "his" a possessive pronoun, and does not the said Flora acknowledge ownership by the use of it? How and it is that Mother Nature has set this obnoxious real ownership upon every member of every family. It is "My husband," "My wife," "My child," and will ever remain so, despite all the kicking of all the Anarchists in the world. If this were not so, and if we were all Free Lovers, we should be obliged to introduce our conjugal partner as, "The woman I am living with for the present." The "young one" would become, "The offspring of the woman with whom I lived last year." As to the name of this "young one" no certainty is attainable; it may be "Smith" or "Jones" and so we can see the propriety of the aforesaid method of introduction, no certain name being necessary. Will some boss Anarchist be so kind as to explain the exact relationship existing between him and that woman he lives with this year," but with whom Tom Jones may, without any impropriety, live next year. The word "year" as here used, is intended to denote a period of time of no fixed length, as that would be inconsistent with Free Love, which scorns to "enslave" a woman for any fixed length of time. There is no foundation for the assertion that "Abuse comes through ownership." Ownership tends to compel protection as before stated. I never said a woman should be treated as a potato, but I did give what I thought to be the difference in treatment, which is quite considerable.

Will Flora please give the meaning of "Full Liberty" which appears in italics in her communication? I take it to mean sexual license. If it does mean this, it is self-condemning by the experience of all the ages.

Also, what is meant by "Moral Education" in connection with Free Love? Please give an instance, in a case of certainty, of your "moral training." What would you teach a child as to morality? Lawrence, Kans. A. J. SEARL.

Zeno to Smith.

EDITOR LUCIFER: How can we deal with Rev. R. Smith and his friend God? I believe I require their special attention. Rev. Smith says, "return to God." Now I never lived with God, so how can I return to him? If he desires my company why does he not send for me? "Be abundantly pardoned." For what, Rev. Smith? Why don't you explain the slander about your God which I found in the book you say is "most gloriously true?"

He must have some merit, for he saved even the Rev. Smith, a man so unfortunate as to be without reasoning faculties. We cannot rest, we are told. We don't want to rest, for if we did, how could we "bring forth good fruit?" "The Devil has deceived us." It is the first instance, for in the Bible we find many cases where God deceived somebody, but not one where the Devil did. Then how can we honestly: "Declare that the Lord our God is true?" "His opponents must be liars." This clears me, for one. I am not God's opponent, for how can a stranger be an opponent? We of Lucifer are coy individuals. We are sticklers for propriety. If Rev. Smith has a friend to introduce to me, he must do so in the usual form; at our office, or residence, or that of a friend, or at a ball. But he contents himself with big stories about his partner that are told in an old book that holds so many big fish yarns that we look upon it with suspicion.

Please answer all my questions, Rev. Smith, as a favor. We listen to you as a friend and you ignore us. What step shall I take to return to God? Who was the father of Jesus according to the first chapter of Matthew? How can a man have two fathers, viz: Joseph and II. Ghost, neither of whom is the father of Jesus for you say he is the son of your chum, God. How can a man be two years older than his father, as Jehoram and his son Ahaziah, See II. Chron., 21—20, 21 and 22. I will make a friendly challenge, Rev. Smith: Whatever doctrine you draw from the Bible and ask me to accept, I will prove such doctrine false by the same Bible. Amen.

Zeno.

CURED FROM D. C. SEYMOUR. DEAR FRIEND HARMAN: Yours of late date received, &c. I will say that I have been in very poor health for five months, almost unable to do anything, consequently my failure to come in upon the "Home stretch," with a lift for a new press for LUCIFER. I see you have it ordered and soon will have it located as an engine of power for pulverizing the gods of all the past, as well as the "living God" of the present. Grind them all, Bro. Harman, and in their place give us the procedure of nature. D. C. SEYMOUR.

God. It seems passing strange, when you come to reflect on it, that the very subject on which of all others we really know so little, should be the one concerning which people think they know so much. The Agnostic who stands aghast at the insoluble problem of the universe, and who modestly and reverentially says he knows nothing about God, and therefore neither believes nor disbelieves, is denounced, in church and state, as an Atheist, who positively denies the existence of God, and whose testimony in a court of justice is rejected in many states in the Union. But although we believe much about God, what do we know of him that is certain and satisfactory? It is claimed that he has made himself known to Man through the medium of two revelations—Nature and the Bible. But in Nature, while we see signs of wisdom, power, and goodness, we also see numberless facts which cannot be accounted for in a world where the Supreme Creator and Ruler possesses the attributes just named. See how his poor children are swept off the face of the earth by earthquakes, pestilence, and famine. Knowledge is the prevention, or cure, of nine tenths of all the evils which afflict the world; and yet, for untold ages, God has permitted unnumbered millions to wallow in ignorance, and consequently in misery, when, by a single volition, he could have given them the panacea of knowledge. If a strong man standing on the bank of a river have abundant opportunity to snatch a drowning child from death without imperilling his own life or health, the permission or declining to act, makes him accountable for the event. This is conceded. If then, God permits the sin and misery existing in the world, while he is all-powerful to prevent or remove it, how can he be infinitely benevolent? and how can we worship him as the Eternal Goodness? Nature teaches us nothing about God which satisfies and gives rest to the mind. This is so true that our ancestors, in order to account for the existence of evil, invented the idea of a Devil, as a person who was the rival of God, and who built up his interests in the world faster than God could pull them down, and whose dominion is so absolute as to justify an "inspired" writer in declaring that "the whole world lieth in wickedness." —A. B. Bradford, in Freethinker's Magazine.

Correspondence Wanted.

I wish to join a few families that are liberal enough to subscribe for and read LUCIFER, to settle on homesteads in Florida, so that by a system of co-operative farming for a few years, we may place ourselves in a position of plenty in the land of roses and perpetual youth. Will persons interested address me as follows: J. Wesley Pratt, West Hanover, Mass? No community system is meant here, although this may be considered as an open question. I enclose 6 cents; send me Love and Law, by E. C. Walker.

P. S. I can not lay by my pen without adding my testimony to the value of LUCIFER. We have seen nearly all of the liberal papers published in this country, but in the front rank, sounding the inspiring tocsin of universal freedom, stands the Light-Bearer. We should be pleased to join in a discussion of the population question, and its relation to labor reform. Yours ever, J. WESLEY PRATT.

Thanks, friend Pratt, for the good words of encouragement. We shall be pleased to receive contributions from your pen on the subject named. II.

Brutal Murder.

On the 7th of January, 1886, many persons, including a family of five—husband, wife and three dimpled children—were tortured to death in the most heart-rending and blood-curdling manner that it is possible to think of.

The murder was accomplished by means of a pitiless hurricane of piercing wind and blinding snow.

Think of it! How the poor scared victims suffered from the awful, keen, and fierce-cutting cold! Oh! the horror of being lost and dying on the merciless, measureless plains! They were seeking a home, poor things!

No reason can be conjectured for this fiendish slaughter, nor can any clue be found to the perpetrator. S. V. M. Sedgwick Co., Kan.

Free to the First Lady.

The publishers of the Housekeeper, Minneapolis, Minn., offer to give that handsome and useful monthly one year (price \$1.00) to the first lady who writes (enclosing \$1.00 to the post office and mailing) from any postoffice where there is now no subscriber. This offer is worth looking after.

Religion Without God, Virtue Without Law.

MR. HARMAN: Would it not be well for Pious Liberals (?) who have so much reverence for, and are so zealous to maintain marriage laws, to consider whether they could be virtuous without them, as well as they can be religious without God, Jesus Christ, and the Bible? A good motto for Freethinkers—Religion without God, Virtue without Law. M. R. MICHENER, Corroll, Iowa.

The Millionaire Club.

Mr. Weaver, of Iowa, has introduced to Congress a Constitutional Amendment providing that the members of the United States Senate shall be elected directly by the people. We are surprised to find the following sentence on the subject in the St. Paul Globe: "It is useless to discuss such a proposition at any length, because the millionaire club, known as the United States Senate, would never pass a proposition like this, which would strike directly at its members and make their re-election forever impossible."—John Swinton's Paper.

Debt the Curse of Civilization.

The National Banks are founded on Debt. Their circulation is Debt; Their business is to create and deal in Debt. They control the volume of currency on a Debt basis. When debt is the foundation of our monetary system, how are you, or any other man engaged in producing wealth, going to escape its burdens? The debts of the country today, are equal to its value, and the secret of it is, that the whole financial policy of the Government is debt. The only way to maintain that policy is to perpetuate an interest-bearing, non-taxable national debt. That debt is the basis of the usury system.—Dawn.

MR. HARMAN, DEAR SIR—LUCIFER is gladly received and closely and carefully read. I was glad to see comrade Walker's proposition to organize a Central Radical League. I heartily agree with the friends of Freethought that we in the western states ought to organize; not in opposition to our comrades of the Secular Union, but to help them to spread the glorious cause of Freethought over the Universe. To help to bring light into every priest-ridden and enslaved life. We have some Radical Liberals around here, and some who would be Liberals if Liberalism were a little more popular. They are free from the idea of a God and Hell, but appear to be blind to the bells all around them. They discard the Bible God but hug to their hearts the God-given institution, Marriage, and cry "obscenity" (perhaps you may differ as to what is obscene.) If the Social Question is mentioned, it is my opinion that this does. Think of the thousands of overburdened wives, deserted homes and weeping humanity, Oh Man, you who think that Woman ought to be satisfied with the place in which man and man-made laws have placed her, swap places with her and see who will long for liberty, the liberty to own their body and property. Enclosed please find stamps to pay for Love and the Law written by E. C. Walker. I also send you one new subscriber, John W. Day Cleopatra, Marcor Co., Mo. Yours for Progress, ANN E. BREWSTER, Cleopatra, Mo., Jan. 23, 1886.

We are full of mechanical actions. We must needs intermeddle and have things in our own way, until the sacrifices and virtues of society are odious. Love should make joy but our benevolence is unhappy. Our Sunday schools and churches and pinner-societies are yokes to the neck. We pain ourselves to please nobody. There are natural ways of arriving at the same ends at which these aim, but do not arrive. Why should all virtue work in one and the same way? Why should all give dollars? It is very inconvenient to us country folk, and we do not think that any good will come of it. We have not dollars. Merchants have. Let them send them. Farmers will give corn. Poets will sing. Women will sew. Laborers will lend a hand; the children will bring flowers. And why drag this dead weight of a Sunday school over the whole Christendom? It is natural and beautiful that childhood should inquire and maturity should teach; but it is time enough to answer questions when they are asked. Do not shut up the young people against their will in a pew and force the children to ask their questions against their will.—Emerson.

I affirm it as my conviction that class laws placing capital above labor are more dangerous to the republic at this hour than chattel slavery in the days of its haughtiest supremacy.—Abraham Lincoln.

"The mono-gold advocates are doing their best to monopolize the money of the world. Their measures are admirably calculated to sweep into the hands of the millionaires the assets of the industrial classes at very disastrous rates.—John Thompson, Pres't Chase National Bank.

TIME CARD.

ACQUINOS, TOPEKA & SANTA FE WEST.		
California & Mexico	No. 1,	11:18 a.m.
Express & Mail	No. 3,	11:25 p.m.
Colorado Express	No. 5,	10:43 p.m.
Through Freight	No. 9,	9:59 a.m.
Way Freight	No. 13,	
GOING EAST.		
Atlantic Express	No. 2,	4:33 p.m.
New York Express	No. 4,	4:30 a.m.
Through Freight	No. 10,	3:15 a.m.
Way Freight	No. 14,	0:58 a.m.
KANSAS CENTRAL DIVISION U. P. R. R.:		
GOING WEST.		
Passenger and Mail	12:54 p.m.
Local Freight	8:30 a.m.
GOING EAST.		
Passenger and Mail	11:50 a.m.
Local Freight	3:45 p.m.

Through tickets for sale, and baggage checked through to all points in the East a Missouri River Route, H. D. BURTON, Agent.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.
BY THE LATE HUGH CONWAY.

"What a dear little man!" exclaimed Beatrice, as she walked to the table and looked at the sturdy child.

She was the first woman the child had seen since he left his friends at the refreshment-room. Maid-servants, with the curiosity of their sex and kind, had peeped surreptitiously over the balustrade, but had not attracted notice. At such a tender age as his woman is a child's natural protector. He at once quitted his stalwart friends and ran across the table to the fair girl, who smiled and opened her arms. The little man darted into them, and with a chirrup of delight laid his head on the girl's shoulder and seemed perfectly happy and at rest. He was so pretty that no woman could have refrained from caressing him. Miss Clauson kissed him again and again, then, like every one who came near him, fell to stroking his golden locks and twining them round her fingers. The child's eyes began to close under her soft and soothing touches.

"He must go to bed," said Beatrice, decisively.

"Certainly," said Uncle Horace. "Where had he better sleep?"

"Jane has a most comfortable bed," said Herbert.

Jane was the parlor-maid, but Herbert in his housewifely capacity knew the quality of every bed in the house; even the amount of bedding on each. Mr. Mordle turned away. He was afraid of disgracing himself by a burst of ill-timed mirth.

"No, no," exclaimed Beatrice; "he shall sleep with me. Look at him, Uncle Horace, isn't he a perfect cherub?"

"He's a pretty little boy; but we don't know where he comes from, my dear. I hardly think you ought to take a strange infant to sleep with you."

"Oh, nonsense, Uncle Horace! See what a clean, beautiful boy it is. Whittaker, send a large can of hot water to my room. Come, my pet; I will see how I can act the part of a nurse-maid."

Singing and crooning and carrying the child in the most approved fashion, Miss Clauson proceeded to bear her prize away.

"You had better look at his linen, Beatrice," said Horace. "It may be marked with his name."

After this the three men went back to the dining-room and talked the curious occurrence over and over.

In about half an hour's time Beatrice reappeared with the intelligence that the boy's clothing bore no mark of any kind. Indeed, it all seemed brand new. She was apparently much delighted with her new toy. She kept running up and down-stairs, to ascertain that her *protégé* was sleeping the sleep of innocent babyhood. At last she went away altogether.

"Beatrice is more demonstrative than I believed her to be," said Horace, regretfully. Herbert echoed the regret, but Mr. Mordle said nothing. He thought the instinctive kindness she showed toward this mysteriously-sent child added another charm to the many he had already discovered in Miss Clauson.

The three men sat together until it was too late to hope that matters would be cleared up that night. No mother, no telegram came. The curate bade his friends good night, and walked back to his lodgings in the village, thinking what a charming picture Miss Clauson with the child in her arms made. Poor Mr. Mordle! He had only known Beatrice a week, and was already beginning to dream a foolish dream.

The brothers continued sitting one on either side of the fire. They were not early-to-bed people. Now that they were alone they said little more about the arrival. For three hours they had been discussing every possible theory which might account for the child's appearance among them, so the subject was threadbare, and they sat in silence trying to invent fresh causes. Suddenly a most curious and startling suspicion entered Horace Talbert's mind—a suspicion which now and again made him glance at his brother. Could Herbert by any chance know all about the matter? He had certainly seemed greatly taken with the little boy. Horace remembered how much at home the child had made himself with Herbert. Now, when he, Horace, came out of the drawing-room with Beatrice, he had found Herbert stroking and patting the little head. Could there be romantic passages in Herbert's life about which he knew nothing? He pool-poached the thought; but it came again and again.

Just after one o'clock, and when the brothers were thinking of retiring, to their great surprise Beatrice reappeared. She was in dainty dressing-gown and slippers. After waiting until Mr. Mordle must certainly have gone she had come down—of course to hear if any news had arrived. Uncle Horace, with his eyes fixed on Herbert, expressed his conviction that no news was meant to arrive. Beatrice looked suspiciously into the fire. Her head was bent forward, her hands clasped round one of her knees. She made a pretty, almost classical-looking picture, no doubt duly approved of by those men of taste, her uncles.

"Then what will you do?" she asked, at last.

"We will wait until to-morrow, or the day after; then put the matter into the hands of the police," said Horace decisively.

Herbert said nothing, so his brother's suspicions increased. He sat there, as if to say good-night. She looked for awhile on the rug, apparently listless, interested in a series of tiny circles which she was describing with the point of one slipper. Presently she looked up with a flushed cheek and spoke in a quick hurried way.

"If nobody comes for the boy would you mind my keeping him?"

"My dear!" cried Uncle Horace, aghast. "If?"

She clasped her hands. "Oh, Uncle Horace!" she said, "I have had such a dreary miserable life ever since I was seventeen. I have nothing to do—nothing to live or care for. I could be so happy with that dear child to look after. Come up and see him sleeping. He is the sweetest baby!"

"Such nonsense, Beatrice!" Uncle Horace scolded himself into his chair and showed by the action that a legion of sleeping babies would not induce him to go and look at their slumbering forms.

"Then, you come, Uncle Herbert. He is a prettier sight than any of your old masters."

Herbert gave his quiet smile. He was of less stern stuff than Horace—called stern, if either of the Talberts could be that. He suffered Beatrice to lead him to her room; duly admired the little stranger, then, with his niece, returned to Horace. After this manifestation of weakness Horace's unworthy suspicion was all but certainly.

"You will let me keep him?" pleaded Beatrice. "I am sure you will."

Horace made no reply to her unreasonable request. In their usual dignified manner the two gentlemen made their preparations for shutting up. Beatrice went back to her room.

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CHAPTER V.
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Presently Miss Clauson made her appearance with the child on her arm. She had washed him and dressed him, combed his hair into a wavy mass of burnished gold, and so brought him to the breakfast table fresh and sweet as a rose in June. She placed him on a chair beside her, by the aid of sundry cushions raising him up to a proper level. Having adjusted him to her satisfaction, she ordered bread and milk to be prepared.

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And, to tell the truth, she was a young woman who appeared to want something to arouse her. She was now, at the age of twenty-two, very different from the girl who so hastily threw down the glove to her stepmother. Her quietness and undemonstrative manner, of which the Talberts so much approved, seemed scarcely natural to a girl with beauty, rank, and riches. For, indeed, she was beautiful. If her face showed no color, its healthy pallor was more attractive to a right-minded man than all the rosy cheeks that ever existed. Her brown hair grew in great masses, and lay down on her well-shaped forehead. Her eyes were gray—a strange wonderful gray—so deep in shade that most people would have called her dark-eyed. Her features were perfectly straight. Her face was oval. Her lips were just full enough to make her spatulate demeanor seem inconsistent with the dogmas of physiognomy.

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Moreover, she had that air of distinction, upon the possession of which the Talberts not unjustly prided themselves. They were glad to think it came to her from their side of the family—her father, the baronet, being like most baronets and other titled personages, a very ordinary-looking man. Tea to one if you go to a charity ball or other mixed assembly, upon asking the names of the most distinguished-looking men you will find them nobodies. I never inquire now—it is too painful to be told that the noble-presence man who smiles so condescendingly at Mr. Smith, whilst that other insignificant-looking being is Lord This or the Duke of That. It upsets one's cherished ideal as to what the aristocracy should be.

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When, in a few hours' time, the brothers drove back with a wagonette full of tea, coffee, sugar, yellow soap, house flannel, bath stone, emery paper, or whatever else was needed to make the wheels of household management run smoothly, they found Beatrice still engrossed by her charge. They did not say much to her. Saturday was too busy a day to think of any thing save the affairs of the house, and as many precious minutes had been wasted in making inquiries at Blacktown station, the brothers were hardly pressed for time—so hardly pressed that when, about four o'clock, the curate called, they sent their apologies by Whittaker, and left their visitor to be entertained by Miss Clauson.

The Rev. Sylvanus Mordle, when he thanked Heaven for the many blessings it had bestowed upon him, always excepted the name he bore from the list. It was, he told himself, a particularly terrible name—doubtly so when its owner was a clergyman. He felt it to be provocative of laughter, if not of contempt. Even as a Howard, a Talbert, a Montmorency, or a Plantagenet is called upon to live up to the great name he bears, Mr. Mordle found it incumbent on himself to endeavor to live away from his singular designation. To counteract the sinister effects of such a name he felt compelled to affect an air of cheerfulness even under the most trying circumstances which fully justified a man's looking lugubrious. He considered his name a great drawback to him in his professional career. The gift which every young clergyman fancies he possesses, of preaching impassioned sermons, was sadly shorn by his name. In this perverted age, when puns are not considered signs of social depravity, Mr. Mordle felt sure that a tear in his eye—even the delivery of a pathetic sermon—would be fatal. The least lachrymose tendency in manner or words would present too great a temptation to be resisted by weak human nature; in spite of the best intentions the word "mordling" must suggest itself.

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On the principle of living it down, he was always brisk and cheery in his manner. It was never too hot, never too cold, never too sunny, never too windy for Sylvanus Mordle. He preached almost merry sermons, conveyed in short incisive sentences, rattled out in a quick, decisive, quite-beyond-doubt way. His phrases followed one another like the detonations of a cracker. They seemed designed to stop the listener on the breast, and hammer and hammer away at that sin-haunted receptacle as if meaning by a series of repeated blows to enforce conviction and obedience. They were crisp, strong, muscular exhortations, eminently suited to the spiritual needs of the poorer parishioners. Only when he preached a funeral sermon could Mr. Mordle's style be eviled at. On such an occasion he was bound to be doubly careful not to get his manner mixed up with his name, so sometimes his discourse did not quite satisfy the bereft relations and grieving friends.

But a funeral sermon was only due to a deceased member of one of the families of position; moreover, Oakbury is a healthy spot, and when an important death did occur the rector was usually in his place to do his duty. So the Reverend Sylvanus managed very well.

For the rest, he was a man of about thirty, pleasant-looking and popular, but disinclined of the good things of this world, yet not hankering after them—doing the whole work of a curate and three-fourths of that of a rector, for one hundred and twenty pounds a year. It was lucky he had a good constitution and a small fortune of his own!

This afternoon Mr. Mordle felt the Talberts' excuses no slight to himself. He begged the brothers might not be disturbed. He was quite content that Miss Clauson should

entertain him *à-la-carte* as long as possible. He inquired if any news had arrived about the missing mother; then, turning his attention to the child, went through a variety of those little actions which grown-up people, rightly or wrongly, suppose ingratitude children. Noticing how the pretty boy clung to Beatrice, he complimented her on her rapid conquest of his affections—a compliment in which Miss Clauson might have found a deeper meaning. Looking at the child, she called much cooler to learn what had transpired, but had been compelled to attend a funeral several miles off. He alluded to the melancholy reason for his delay with as much cheerfulness as many people mention a wedding.

"And where are your uncles?" he asked.

"In the housekeeper's room," answered Beatrice demurely.

"Busy, of course—Saturday. Bad day to call. What are they about now?"

As he jerked out his short sentences, Beatrice glanced at him and saw his eyes twinkling. She could not help smiling.

"Well—what is it?" asked Mr. Mordle.

The girl gave a little gurgle of laughter. The curate once more repeated his question.

"Oh, Mr. Mordle," said Beatrice, "they are doing the clothes!"

"Quite right; some one must do them. Now I wonder," he continued in a more reflective way than usual, "I wonder if they look them out for the wash on Mondays."

"Oh, no; not so bad as that. But did you ever know anything so funny?"

"Took you by surprise, of course?" said the curate briskly.

To be Continued.

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A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY THE LATE HUGH CONWAY.

"What a dear little girl!" exclaimed Beatrice, as she walked to the table and looked at the sturdy urchin.

She was the first woman the child had seen since he left his friends at the restaurant. Maid-servants, with the curiosity of their sex and kind, had peeped surreptitiously over the balustrade, but had not attracted notice. At such a tender age as this woman is a child's natural protector. He at once quitted his stalwart friends and ran across the table to the fair girl, who smiled and opened her arms. The little man darted into them, and with a chirrup of delight laid his head on the girl's shoulder and seemed perfectly happy and at rest. He was so pretty that no woman could have refrained from caressing him. Miss Clauson kissed him again and again, then, like every one who came near him, fell to stroking his golden locks and twining them round her fingers. The child's eyes began to close under her soft and soothing touches.

"He must go to bed," said Beatrice, deviously.

"Certainly," said Uncle Horace. "Where has he better sleep?"

"Jane has a most comfortable bed," said Herbert.

Jane was the parlor-maid, but Herbert in his housewifely capacity knew the quality of every bed in the house, even the amount of bedding on each. Mr. Mordle turned away. He was afraid of disgracing himself by a burst of ill-timed mirth.

"No, no," exclaimed Beatrice; "he shall sleep with me. Look at him, Uncle Horace, isn't he a perfect cherub?"

"He's a pretty little boy; but we don't know where he comes from, my dear. I hardly think you ought to take a strange infant to sleep with you."

"Oh, nonsense, Uncle Horace! See what a clean, beautiful boy it is. Whittaker, send a large can of hot water to my room. Come, my pet; I will see how I can act the part of a nurse-maid."

Singing and crooning and carrying the child in the most approved fashion, Miss Clauson proceeded to bear her prize away.

"You had better look at his linen, Beatrice," said Horace. "It may be marked with his name."

After this the three men went back to the dining-room and talked the curious occurrence over and over.

In about half an hour's time Beatrice reappeared with the intelligence that the boy's clothing bore no mark of any kind. Indeed, it all seemed brand new. She was apparently much delighted with her new toy. She kept running up and down-stairs to ascertain that her *protégé* was sleeping the sleep of innocent babyhood. At last she went away altogether.

"Beatrice is more demonstrative than I believed her to be," said Horace, regretfully. Herbert echoed the regret, but Mr. Mordle said nothing. He thought the instinctive kindness she showed toward this mysterious-seemingly child added another charm to the many he had already discovered in Miss Clauson.

The three men sat together until it was too late to hope that matters would be cleared up that night. No mother, no telegram came. The curate bade his friends good night, and walked back to his lodgings in the village, thinking what a charming picture Miss Clauson with the child in her arms made. Poor Mr. Mordle! He had only known Beatrice a week, and was already beginning to dream a foolish dream.

The brothers continued sitting one on either side of the fire. They were not early-to-bed people. Now that they were alone they said little more about the arrival. For three hours they had been discussing every possible theory which might account for the child's appearance among them, so the subject was threadbare, and they sat in silence trying to invent fresh causes. Suddenly a most curious and startling suspicion entered Horace Talbert's mind—a suspicion which now and again made him glance at his brother. Could Herbert by any chance know all about the matter? He had certainly seemed greatly taken with the little boy. Horace remembered how much at home the child had made himself with Herbert. How, when he, Horace, came out of the drawing-room with Beatrice, he had found Herbert striking and patting the little head. Could there be romantic passages in Herbert's life about which he knew nothing? He postulated the thought; but it came again and again.

Just after one o'clock, and when the brothers were thinking of retiring, to their great surprise Beatrice reappeared. She was in dainty dressing-gown and slippers. After waiting until Mr. Mordle must certainly have gone she had come down—of course to hear if any news had arrived. Uncle Horace, with his eyes fixed on Herbert, expressed his conviction that no news was meant to arrive. Beatrice looked mystically into the fire. Her head was bent forward, her hands clasped round one of her knees. She made a pretty, almost classical-looking picture, no doubt duly approved of by those men of taste, her uncles.

"Then what will you do?" she asked, at last.

"We will wait until to-morrow, or the day after; then put it over into the hands of the police," said "uncle" decisively.

Herbert said nothing, so his brother's suspicions increased. It ailed rose, as if to say good-night. She stood for awhile on the rug, apparently intent, interested in a series of tiny articles which she was describing with the point of one slipper. Presently she looked up with a flushed cheek and spoke in a quick hurried way.

"If nobody comes for the boy would you mind my keeping him?"

"My dear!" cried Uncle Horace, aghast. "Here?"

She clasped her hands. "Oh, Uncle Horace!" she said, "I have had such a dreary miserable life ever since I was seventeen. I have nothing to do—nothing to live or care for. I could be so happy with that dear child to look after. Come up and see him sleeping. He is the sweetest baby!"

"Such nonsense, Beatrice!" Uncle Horace scolded himself into his chair and showed by the action that a legion of sleeping babies would not induce him to go and look at their slumbering forms.

"Then, you come, Uncle Herbert. He is a prettier sight than any of your old masters."

Herbert gave his quiet smile. He was of less stern stuff than Horace—that is, if either of the Talberts could be called stern. He suffered Beatrice to lead him to her room; duly admired the little stranger, then, with his head, returned to Horace. After this manifestation of weakness Horace's unworthy suspicion was all but certainly.

"You will let me keep him?" pleaded Beatrice, "I am sure you will."

Horace made no reply to her unreasonable request. In their usual dignified manner the two gentlemen made their preparations for shutting up. Beatrice went back to her room.

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The Rev. Sylvanus Mordle, when he thanked Heaven for the many blessings it had bestowed upon him, always excepted the name he bore from the list. It was, he told himself, a particularly terrible name—doubtless why its owner was a clergyman. He felt it to be provocative of laughter, if not of contempt. Even as a Howard, a Talbert, a Montmorency, or a Plantagenet is called upon to live up to the great name he bears, Mr. Mordle found it incumbent on himself to endeavor to live away from his singular designation. To counteract the sinister effects of such a name he felt compelled to affect an air of cheerfulness even under the most trying circumstances which fully justify a man's looking lugubrious. He considered his name a great drawback to him in his professional career. The gift which every young clergyman fancies he possesses, of preaching impassioned sermons, was sadly shorn by his name. In this perverted age, when puns are not considered signs of social depravity, Mr. Mordle felt sure that a tear in his eye—even the delivery of a pathetic sermon—would be fatal. The leastlachrymose tendency in manner or words would present too great a temptation to be resisted by weak human nature; in spite of the best intentions the word "mordling" must suggest itself.

A surname one cannot choose any more than one can choose a dark or a fair skin; but whilst the curate was willing to allow that the name of Mordle was an unavoidable congenital misfortune, its conjunction with Sylvanus he looked upon as a foul crime, and reviled the godfathers and godmothers who had lacked such a soft-sounding appellation to Mordle.

On the principle of living it down, he was always brisk and cheery in his manner. It was never too hot, never too cold, never too sunny, never too windy for Sylvanus Mordle. He preached almost merry sermons, conveyed in short incisive sentences, rattled out in a quick, decisive, quite-beyond-doubt way. His phrases followed one another like the detonations of a cracker. They seemed designed to slay the listener on the breast, and hammer and hammer away at that sin-hardened receptacle as if meaning by a series of repeated blows to enforce conviction and obedience. They were crisp, strong, muscular exhortations, eminently suited to the spiritual needs of the poorer parishioners. Only when he preached a funeral sermon could Mr. Mordle's style be called at. On such an occasion he was bound to be doubly careful not to get his manner mixed up with his name, so sometimes his discourse did not quite satisfy the bereft relations and grieving friends.

But a funeral sermon was only due to a deceased member of one of the families of position; moreover, Oakbury is a healthy spot, and when an important death did occur the rector was usually in his place to do his duty. So the Reverend Sylvanus managed very well.

For the rest, he was a man of about thirty, pleasant-looking and popular, not dissatisfied of the good things of this world, yet not hankering after them—his whole work of a curate and three-fourths of that of a rector, for one hundred and twenty pounds a year. It was lucky he had a good constitution and a small fortune of his own.

This afternoon Mr. Mordle felt the Talberts' excuses no slight to himself. He begged the brothers might not be disturbed. He was quite content that Miss Clauson should

entertain him *tele-a-tele* as long as possible. He inquired if any news had arrived about the missing mother; then, turning his attention to the child, went through a variety of those little actions which grown-up people, rightly or wrongly, suppose injudicious children. Noticing how the pretty boy clung to Beatrice, he complimented her on her rapid conquest of his affections—a compliment in which Miss Clauson might have found a deeper meaning lurking had she cared to look for it. He would have called much earlier to learn what had transpired, but had been compelled to attend a funeral several miles off. He alluded to the melancholy reason for his delay with as much cheerfulness as many people mention a wedding.

"And where are your uncles?" he asked.

"In the housekeeper's room," answered Beatrice demurely.

"Busy, of course—Saturday. Bad day to call. What are they about now?"

As he jerked out his short sentences, Beatrice glanced at him and saw his eyes twinkling. She could not help smiling.

"Well—what is it?" asked Mr. Mordle.

The girl gave a little gurgle of laughter. The curate once more repeated his question.

"Oh, Mr. Mordle," said Beatrice, "they are doing the clothes!"

"Quite right; some one must do them. Now I wonder," he continued in a more reflective way than usual, "I wonder if they look them out for the wash on Mondays?"

"Oh, no; not so bad as that. But did you ever know anything so funny?"

"Took you by surprise, of course?" said the curate briskly.

To be Continued.

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