

# LUCIFER

## THE LIGHT-BEAKER.

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### LUCIFER

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#### NOTES.

Continued from last week.

But what hypocrites these Christians are! They are continually talking as though temperance was a peculiarly Christian virtue and the Bible the great text-book of temperance. As matters of fact, however, Christians are no more temperate, on the average, than other persons, and their Bible is preponderately on the side of intemperance, four texts to one. Not a word in condemnation of the use of intoxicants was uttered by their "savior,"—rather the whole force of his example was the other way, their own record being the authority. How do these men and women expect to advance the cause of genuine temperance and to have the respect of self-respecting people when they base almost the whole of their propaganda upon a false basis, which is the claim that their Bible is a temperance book? They know better, they know that every time they make such claim they are deliberately falsifying.

Bishop Fellows, of Chicago, spoke upon the assassination of Rev. Haddock, the other night. The Chicago News reports him as saying, among other things, that the quality of the liquor now consumed is vastly inferior to that used a few years ago; that it is poisoned by drugs still more deadly than alcohol, and for two or three years has been of this peculiarly dangerous character. All this is very true, no doubt, but it does not seem to have occurred to Bishop Fellows that this extreme adulteration of liquors is contemporaneous with the fiercely fanatical attempt to force prohibition upon the people of several states through constitutional amendments and unconstitutional statutes. The more rigorous and unjust the law, the viler the adulteration, the more deadly the drug compounds sold under the names of whisky, wine, brandy, etc.

Society is almost in chaos now and it has been brought there largely by the attempt of puritans and politicians to make everybody conform to the puritan's idea of things. The politician has pandered to the puritan because he saw a possibility of power and pelf for himself in the prohibitory and singular crusades. These two pests of humanity have succeeded in manipulating large numbers of voters in their interest.

Mr. Haddock may have been killed by the friends of the saloon, and he may not, but if he *was* killed by them, it is not at all strange. Violence engenders violence, and from the womb of theft springs full armed the demon of murder. Under the forms and through the machinery of the law, large numbers of people have been deprived of nearly every civil and property right. Is it any wonder that they are restive under this legal despotism, that they do not submit patiently to this robbery, that they do not love these spies, informers and pulpit meddlers?

Mr. C.B. Reynolds was mobbed and his tent wrecked at Boonton, New Jersey. He was arrested for blasphemy and held over for trial at Morristown in Oct. The justice, the marshal, and the town council of Boonton were evidently in the conspiracy against him. The city had not the power to protect him from the Methodist and Catholic mob, but it had the power to arrest him for blasphemy and put him through the farce of a "trial," a burlesque on both justice and law.

Bigotry is bigotry everywhere. Its characteristics are the same in all lands and times. Here are the two recent manifestations of its intolerant spirit, at Liberal, Missouri, and at Boonton, N. J. In the one case the persecutors were "Liberals," in the other they are Christians. At Liberal the victims are Free Lovers, at Boonton, the victim is simply infidel to the Christian theology. But the source, motive, and purpose are identical. Mr. G. H. Walser may denounce as loudly as he will the outrage upon C. B. Reynolds, but his persecution of the social radicals is as much more reprehensible than the Boonton bigots' persecution of Mr. Reynolds, as his opportunities for Light and his pretensions to Liberalism are greater than theirs.

G. H. Walser's Liberal of July 29 is a sample of the paper he gets out when left to his own resources by the discharge or forced resignation of the radical editors. Culture, decency and argument are now absent from its columns. It is impossible for one to properly characterize its contents (editorial) without being soiled. Argument is wasted upon such a man, of fair play he has no conception, courtesy in debate he will not tolerate.

The gentleman is welcome to this much free advertising: I want every reader of this to send to G. H. Walser, Liberal, Mo., two 2c stamps and request Mr. W. to mail him a copy of the Liberal of July 26, '80.

I know of nothing that will more quickly and surely kill Liberal in the estimation of all clean, fair-minded, Liberals, than will the perusal of that sheet. Send for it, radicals, and hand it to your Liberal neighbors.

I shall condescend to notice only one paragraph of Walser's. He wants to know if the lady of whom I wrote some just words of admiration and praise is the "woman who gave pastime to girls and boys by exhibiting photographs of nude women to them, or the noble-souled one who was detected in procuring young girls for free love uses." I reply that the context showed clearly whom I meant.

If G. H. Walser had in his youth been less indoctrinated with the idea that the nude human body is the most vile and disgraceful of all things, and if he had been familiarized with genuine art, he would now have a much cleaner mind and purer body. Only provincialism, ignorance, and coarseness sneer at the unclothed human form, either in art or life. I do not know if this man can find delight in anything so pure as a flower, but I have seen those of his school admiring the beautiful colors and inhaling the delicate and rich perfumes of these sex organs of plants, and yet the next moment holding up their hands in horror at the idea of seeing a picture of the nude human body, and all because, forsooth, that body has sex organs! But only ignorance and impurity make such exhibitions of themselves.

As to Walser's charge against the other lady, he knows it to be one of his own or his henchmen's malignant inventions. It is unfortunate that this attempt at a Liberal organization should have been made by a man so strongly influenced by church teachings and Authoritarian principles. Only men and women of the broadest liberality can successfully associate together in any enterprise of this kind,—sectarians always and inevitably attempt the coercion of some one, the forcible establishment of their own peculiar ideas.

Comrades Tucker, Kelly, Gertrude Kelly, and Yarros have all taken their turns at me on the population question. I respect and admire them for their talents, courage, and honesty. I know that they sincerely seek the truth and accept in its completeness the principle of Liberty. Nevertheless, I am constrained to say that they have not succeeded in convincing me that my position is untenable. This confession may be to them an evidence of my obtuseness or my perverseness, and they, especially Sister Gertrude, may feel inclined to write harshly of me, but, if so, I can not help it. I cannot say that I am convinced until I am; I must speak what I believe to be the truth.

Considerable sport is made of the terms Malthusian and Neo-Malthusian, and I am asked to tell the difference between the ideas or principles which these words are supposed to respectively represent. I have never yet seen a definition of the conjoined words, Neo-Malthusian. My understanding of the term is derived from my own interpretation of the principles enunciated by those English writers who call themselves or are called Neo-Malthusians.

Malthus and his immediate disciples held that late marriages, as a preventive check, would obviate many of the evils flowing from the unrestrained increase of the population. But men and women of clear thought and close observation have since his time reached the conclusion that late marriages are not, for various reasons, productive of beneficial results, that many of the evils which they produce or intensify are identical with or equal to those "positive checks" of which Malthus wrote. Hence they have reached the conclusion that harmless, or comparatively harmless, preventives of conception—"contraceptives," as Dr. Foote names them—are very much better than late marriages as means whereby can be prevented the operation of the "positive checks" of war, famine, etc.

Such as accept this doctrine are Neo-Malthusians as I understand the genesis and meaning of the term. Mind you, I speak for myself alone.

#### A CORRECTION.

In the paper of July 30 I am made to say that I "sent to the World" a certain letter of Col. Blood's. What I wrote was that I "read in the World" said letter. This correction was sent in some time since, but failing to appear in either of the two subsequent issues, I insert it here.

I am sorry that so many of our Radical friends are eager for other than a peaceful solution of the industrial question. We have had enough of war, enough blood-lust enough of hatred and vengeance. Let us reason, not fight.

#### THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Song of the Knights of Labor.

[BY JAMES H. CLARK.]

[This remarkable poem first appeared some twelve months ago, and its inspiration is being so literally fulfilled that the lines read like a prophecy.—Ed.]

Swing inward, O! gates of the future,  
Swing outward yow doors of the past,  
For the soul of the people is moving  
And rising from slumber at last:  
The black forms at night are retreating,  
The white peaks have signaled the day,  
And freedom her long roll is beating,  
And calling her sons to the fray.

And woe to the rule that has plundered  
And trod down the wounded and slain,  
While the wars of the Old Time have thundered  
And men poured their life-blood in vain;  
The day of its triumph is ending,  
The evening draws near with its doom,  
And the star of its strength is descending,  
To sleep in dishonor and gloom.

The tall trees are crowned on the highlands  
With the first gold of rainbow and sun,  
While far in the distance below them  
The rivers in dark shadows run,  
They must fall, and the workmen shall burn them

Where the lands and the low waters meet,  
And the steeds of the New Time shall spurn them  
With the soles of their swift-flying feet.

Swing inward, O! gates, till the morning  
Shall paint the brown mountains in gold,  
Till the life and the love of the New Time  
Shall conquer the hate of the Old,  
Let the face and the hand of the Master  
No longer be hidden from view,  
Nor the lands be prepared for the many  
To trampled and robbed by the few.

The soil tells the same fruitful story,  
The seasons their bounties display,  
And the flowers lift their faces in glory  
To catch the warm kisses of day;  
While our fellows are treated as cattle  
That are muzzled when treading the corn,  
And millions sink down in life's battle  
With a sigh for the day they were born.

Must the sea plead in vain that the river  
May return to its mother for rest,  
And the earth beg the rain clouds to give her  
Of dew they have drawn from her breast?  
Lo! the answer comes back in a mutter  
From domes where the quick lightnings glow,  
And from the heights where the mad waters utter  
Their warning to dwellers below.

And woe to the robbers that gather  
In fields where they never have sown,  
Who have stolen the jewels from labor  
And bulled to Mammon a throne;  
For the snow-kings asleep by the fountains  
Shall wake in the summer's hot breath,  
And descend in hot rage from the mountains  
Bearing terror, destruction and death.

And the throne of their god shall be crumbled,  
And the sceptre be swept from his hand,  
And the heart of the haughty be humbled,  
And a servant be chief in the land,—  
And the Truth and the Power united  
Shall rise from the graves of the True,  
And the wrongs of the Old Time be righted  
In the might and the light of the New.

For the Lord of the harvest hath said it—  
Whose lips never uttered a lie,  
And his prophets and poets have read it  
In symbols of Earth and of sky,  
That to him who has revealed in plunder  
Till the angel of conscience is dumb,  
The shock of the earthquake and thunder  
And tempest and torrents shall come.

Swing inward, O! gates of the future,  
Swing outward yow doors of the past,  
A giant is waking from slumber  
And reading his fetters at last,—  
From the dust, where his proud tyrants found him

Unhonored and scorned and betrayed,  
He shall rise with the sunlight around him  
And rule in the realm he has made.

The September number of *Democrat's Magazine* is replete with interesting and instructive reading. Among the articles worthy of note are "Thirty Years in Journalism," by Jennie June; "The War of the Rum Power on the People," by W. Jennings Demorest; "Four Friends in a Phanton," "Madame La Fayette, Her Hero Husband and Her Home;" and "A Night Refuge in Paris." Mrs. Hart's serial increases in interest, and "The World's Progress" is highly suggestive. The other features of this popular Magazine entitle it to a welcome in every household. The frontispiece is a beautiful oil picture of a charming child.

MOSES HARMAN & E. C. WALKER  
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## LIST OF OUR AUTHORIZED AGENTS.

Charghe, Mo.—E. S. Galloway.  
Fair City, Kan.—Dr. J. B. Cooper.  
Seamonsville, Kan.—J. McLaughlin.  
Omaha, Neb.—James Griffith, 1712 Dodge St.  
Leavenworth, Kan.—H. H. Hutchenson.  
Joplin, Mo.—J. H. Richards & Bro.  
Joplin, Mo.—East—Geo. J. Hutchinson.  
Humboldt, Kan.—Wm. H. H. Hutchenson.  
Burlington, Kan.—Chris. Brown.  
Garden, Kan.—C. Gregg.  
Ottawa, Kan.—W. W. Frazier.  
Cedar Junction, Kan.—J. C. Collins.  
Burlington, Iowa.—Werner Jacklin.  
West Burlington, Iowa.—James Toft.  
Success, Kan.—Chas. Dinsbury.  
Salina, Kan.—J. M. Liten.  
Scranton, Kan.—John F. Young.  
Carbondale, Kan.—J. H. H. McDaniels.  
Preston, Iowa.—John Durand.  
M. O. Hicks, Bloom Springs, Ark.  
H. L. Joslin, Mankato, Minn.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Putnam's office, 100 N. 3rd St., New York City. For terms of subscription, see page 10.

The Junior returned Wednesday from a three month's canvassing and lecturing trip in the northern states. He will go west on the Santa Fe as far as Osage City and Lyndon next week.

## ONCE MORE.

Once more we call attention to the lecture course of S. P. Putnam, Sec. of the American Secular Union, to begin at the Opera House, Valley Falls, on the evening of Wednesday next, the 25th inst. We hope to see a rousing rally of Liberals and of all who believe that free discussion is the best way to eliminate the evils that now afflict our country, whether those evils be political, social, economic, or religious.

We have received quite a number of letters and cards making inquiry with regard to the proposed meeting. All that is needed is a little energy and zeal—a little wide-awake interest in these vital questions, to make the proposed meeting a grand success.

Arrangements are being now perfected for holding meetings during each of the three days, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, in the City Park—a most beautiful and convenient place of resort, situated on high ground and near the heart of our little city. At these day sessions such live issues will be discussed as the following:

- (1) What is Democracy?
- (2) Have Minorities any rights that Majorities are bound to respect?
- (3) Have we ever had Jeffersonian Democracy?
- (4) Instead of patching up the old Constitution, as is now proposed by so many, would it not be better to make a new one, more in accordance with the original Bill of Rights?
- (5) The financial problem—free banking vs. government monopoly of Money.

Mr. Putnam's subjects are as follows:

1. Universal Mental Liberty.
2. The new Heaven and Earth.
3. The Glory of Infidelity.
4. American Democracy.

One of these will probably be delivered in the park on Friday afternoon.

Again we call attention to the fact that Mr. Putnam specially invites the clergy of Valley Falls and vicinity, to meet him in friendly discussion upon the issues between Christianity and Secularism. Mr. Putnam has the reputation of a cultured, courteous, gentleman, noted for his conservatism rather than radicalism in his methods of treating his subjects. In another column will be found an extended invitation from Mr. P. to the clerical gentlemen. The best friends of humanity, and therefore the most moral of men, are those who by precept and example encourage investigation on all subjects of human interest, while the worst enemies of humanity and therefore the most immoral of men are those who discourage such investigation. "Prove all things and hold fast that which is good."

"Westrup's Financial Problem," price 25 cts. For sale here.

## BRIEF COMMENT.

The London Anarchist for July, while commenting on the Chicago "unpleasantness," takes occasion to direct a shot "amid-ships" at our little craft. He asks: "Does Lucifer really believe the nonsense that it prints—that the bomb-thrower was an Anarchist of the worst description because of his act?" "Quote fair, Polly, quote fair!" The language used by us is not fairly stated by friend Seymour. We did not say at that time, nor have we since undertaken to say, who it was that threw the bomb. We were speaking of the general movement, as we then understood it, to force non-union men to join in the movement for shorter hours and higher pay. As we understood it, the movement of the Chicago strikers was most emphatically and distinctly an Anarchistic one. It was simply a movement to "rule or ruin" the non-union men or "scabs" as they were called.

True, we deplored the use of dynamite on that occasion, but the language used plainly showed that this was on the general principle that the "time for the rightful use of the dynamite bomb in America had not yet come." It was because we knew that the use of force would give the capitalists the very argument and excuse so much desired by them, to call on the government to suppress free speech and free press on the part of the laborer. It was because we knew that the use of force against scabs and capitalists was simply suicidal unless the strikers were prepared to fight the State of Illinois, the general government, if not also the governments of the whole civilized world. It does Lucifer no good to say "I told you so!" but assuredly Mr. Seymour must admit that, so far, our predictions have been only too well verified.

And now the great trial of the Communistic Anarchists of Chicago draws to a close. We learn from today's dispatches, (Thursday, Aug. 19,) that the case will be given to the jury to-morrow. We have refrained from comment upon the testimony and pleadings of the lawyers, believing that but little good could be accomplished by so doing. Most of our readers are in the habit of doing their own thinking and forming their own conclusions, and the testimony and pleading in this case have been so voluminous that it would be impossible for us to do more than present the most meager outline. We will just say that so far as we have read these proceedings it has been the aim of the prosecution to prove "conspiracy" on the part of the Communists, resulting in murder; while the efforts of the defense have been, first, to prove that there could have been no conspiracy, and second, that the blame of the tragedy should rest upon the police as the assailing party.

Of course we can have but little idea what the verdict of the jury will be. Much will depend upon the charge of the judge. So far, we believe, there is but little complaint from either side in regard to Judge Gary's rulings. The Chicago Sentinel, Col. Norton's paper, strongly intimates in a recent issue, that Mayor Harrison was not allowed to repeat on the stand the language he is reported to have previously used, throwing the chief blame upon Capt. Bonfield, the leader of the police.

Though the great majority of the weekly and daily papers that come to this office take decided ground against the Communists, they do not all do so. Witness the following clipped from the Clay County (Kan.) Democrat:

"In the Chicago courts the prosecution is daily adding to the overwhelming evidence of the guilt of the anarchists now on trial in that city, charged with conspiracy, and will, no doubt, obtain a verdict of guilty and which will probably be a sentence of death. At the same time, we are left to citizens of Chicago as to whether they should go free or hang, we verily believe the majority would favor granting them freedom."

"The writer visited Chicago during May, and was astonished at the empty expressions for freedom of the anarchists, but as between the anarchists and police, the former on general principles."

"The average Chicago policeman is a brutal, ignorant, drunken libertine of the foreign elements. While there we were waiting for a car one night about midnight, right in the heart of the city, along came a policeman more than half drunk, who roughly ordered us to move on. We explained that we were waiting for a car to take us over to the West Side, but of no avail, he persisted in his order, and as we did not move he aimed a four-hundred blow with his heavy club at our head. We were in time to avoid the blow or we might have been dead; killed at the hands of a drunken policeman as many a poor man has been before."

## NOTES.

Comrade Yarros commits the mistake of the one-evil Anarchists, it is the common error of them all. He says that "The Malthusian sees the cause of poverty in the law of population; the Anarchist, in human institutions." Poverty does not proceed from a cause but from causes. Our Comrade will have it that all the blame should rest upon poor Humanity. I propose that Nature shall be held responsible for at least half of the suffering.

This has been my complaint—my chief complaint—against anti-Malthusian Anarchists: They insist that there can be no division of the responsibility, and that an Anarchist can not be a Malthusian, nor a Malthusian an Anarchist,—which, of course, is only a different wording of the one statement. I have plead for a more philosophical temper than this, and for a broader treatment of this stupendous problem. For the evils which afflict the race, there are many causes. Poverty is one of these evils. Now, all the Malthusians in the world can not convince common sense people that over-population is the cause of all this poverty. Nor can all the Anarchists in the world convince these common sense men and women that bad governments produce all this poverty. Neither can all the temperance writers and moralists convince these same men and women that intemperance and unthrift are the causes of all poverty.

But in each case there are partisans who will adopt and zealously defend such untenable and unphilosophical position. It was in protest against such self-deceiving partisanship that I first wrote upon this subject. I affirmed, and I see no cause to change my affirmation into a negation, that Malthusians and Anarchists each have a part of the truth, and there is no valid reason why they should not work harmoniously

together. And I do not believe that the holding and promulgation of this view can properly disqualify me for association with Autonomists. Sister Gertrude Kelly seems to think otherwise, however, and is evidently ready to read me out of the party. My friend Tucker is considerably broader, but even he seems to have doubts touching my Anarchistic orthodoxy; yet I think he is hardly prepared to say that I must go.

This is a question for reason, for science, for cool examination, for unpartisan philosophizing. Into its consideration we should not import heat, haste, party feeling,—nor uncomradelike denunciation.

Comrade Yarros is mistaken—the people did create the governments. And even as they, by their ambition, their avarice, their cruelty, their cowardice, their indifference and their ignorance, created the governments, so, by their desire for a nobler, a more unselfish, a juster and a more free life; by their courage, their activity and their enlightenment, will they destroy all governments. The people created all the theologies, and they will destroy them all. The people created all the governments, and they will overthrow them all. By their passivity the many most effectively aid the few in the enslavement and degradation of all. The greatest obstacle in the way of progress in this country is the do-nothingness of the masses. They are cowardly, indifferent, apathetic, treacherous. When they awake, the old will pass away. And not before.

Mr. Holmes is aware that the matter in dispute was, chiefly, the rightfulness of denouncing the acts of the New York fire bugs. Mr. Tucker's exposure of what Mosk's followers had done being the cause of the attack of Mr. Holmes upon that gentleman and upon us because of our justification of the action of the Boston editor. Now comes Mr. Holmes and says that he did not aver that these burners of insured property and imperillers of the lives of women and children were entitled to the "praise of those who respect courage and devotion." Well, if he did not say just that then the English language has no intelligible meaning. All that I ask is for the readers of his last to peruse his former article.

What does Mr. Holmes mean when he says, speaking of the fire bugs: "I would never lift my hand or voice against them in behalf of bourgeois morality, truth and justice." I am not asking him to do anything in the name or behalf of "bourgeois morality, truth, and justice." I am protesting against the most cowardly and cruel invasion of the rights of men, women and children, and I make this protest in the name of human morality, truth and justice. If Mr. Holmes thinks that these are the peculiar property of the bourgeois, and that his kind of Socialism has no claim thereto, I sincerely pity him, and detest more than ever such a heartless Socialism. But I am quite sure that but few Socialists, of any school or all schools, will agree with him in giving the bourgeois a monopoly of repugnance to the commission of crimes like those denounced by Mr. Tucker and myself.

Mr. Holmes, addressing me, says: "These men may not have been your friends; yet they never did you harm, and were with you heart and soul in your effort to do away with a tyrannical government."

No man can harm me more than he who, under the banner of my cause, attacks the innocent and helpless, or jeopardizes their lives in the commission of a lesser crime. He has done his worst to mark that banner with the ineffable bar sinister of a needless and cowardly outrage, which in no way can make men more free, or purge more evenly the scales of justice.

Yes, perhaps these men were "heart and soul" with me in my "efforts to do away with a tyrannical government." But even less than the government we are seeking to eliminate, do I like the iron machine which they seek to set up in its place. Had as our existing State, I yet have less fear of it than I have of the Marx-Bismarck collectivity, the "To Be State."

The fact that the so-called Anarchists, of Chicago, inveigh against private property, should be sufficient to convince even "Zeno" of their near kinship to the State Socialists, and the further fact that State Socialists desire to add several to the present functions of the State, convinces me that State Socialism will crush growth and prostrate the individual. The existing State does both of these things; multiply its functions and magnify its powers, and it needs only plain, everyday, reasoning to demonstrate that the evil it will do will be more, not less, than that which it perpetuates now.

When the God-in-the-Constitution advocate asserts that he does not desire a union of Church and State, and that he believes in religious liberty, we laugh at him, his claim is simply absurd. But it is not one whit more absurd than is the assertion of "Zeno" that one can be at the same time a State Socialist and an Individualist.

Now it is in order for Mr. A. K. Owen to declare that he is an Individualist,—to assert that his refusal to allow any private enterprise to be carried on in the Sinaca colony is in perfect harmony with the principles of Individualism. That would match "Zeno's" assertion.

R. A. VanWinkle says that "none except the most degraded and savage agree with you" (as)  
That might be a mere matter of opinion were it not for the fact that the indisputable excellence and high literary finish of Mr. VanWinkle's communication leave no possible room for doubt in the matter. It is thus demonstrated that we are ignorant bores and cruel and degraded savages, while Mr. VanW. is a gentleman, a scholar, and a master in belles-lettres.

Spencer and Buckle have simply recorded the past work of Evolution,—what Evolution now does for Humanity depends entirely upon what is done by human hearts, brains and hands. In the present and future life of the race, the brains of men and women are the chief and potent factors in all advance made or to be made. Things are done by doing, not by standing back and talking of what Evolution will do.

## The "Grand Old Man."

Shall the tie that is binding us be but a tether—  
"Nought, but a fetter between our lands?"  
All the world waits for your answer, whether  
We govern by handcuffs or clasp of hands.  
Do not mislead by promoters of panic;  
He not beguiled by the Drummer's plan;  
Show that your metal's not falsely Britanic,  
But true in its ring for the "Grand Old Man."

Well may they dub him the "one-man power,"  
Standing alone when there's room for but one.

In his pride of place, like a mountain-tower  
That catches the rays of the rising sun!  
We in the valley of final decision  
Gather round him as close as we can,  
To see what he sees on his summit of vision,  
The triumph that beckons the "Grand Old Man."

Gerald Massey in Pall Mall Budget.

The Senior was suddenly taken quite ill yesterday, (19th inst.) and today was unable to be at the office. Under these circumstances, the broad shoulders of the junior Publisher must bear the burdens of all errors found in inside pages.

## To the Clergymen of Valley Falls and Vicinity.

GENTLEMEN: You claim that you have a revelation from God; that this revelation is necessary to the salvation of every man, woman and child on this planet; that they who do not accept this revelation will be eternally damned, and suffer indescribable torments; that after death there will be no opportunity, however convincing the evidence may then be, to accept this revelation; and that now is the day of salvation.

If there is such a revelation from God it is certainly addressed to human intelligence—it is capable of proof to every fair minded individual and therefore on a free platform where reasonable evidence is alone admitted it must find a triumphant vindication.

It is therefore the duty of all those who have evidence of their revelation, to present that evidence and convince all that will listen, of its validity.

Especially in view of the tremendous consequences involved in a rejection of this revelation, is it the duty of those who are called by God to proclaim it to the world, to make use of every means by which they can reach their fellow men in order that those may believe and be saved. Such also must be the will of the good God who made this revelation, and who must desire that the largest possible number shall have a fair opportunity to judge of its claims and accept a fact of such infinite importance.

In order therefore to carry out the will of God and give his servants an opportunity to show their devotion, and save many souls into his kingdom and diminish the horrors of hell, I hereby cordially invite you to join in a discussion of this all-important question. I desire to have you present arguments in favor of this revelation in order that by the power of reason and evidence I may accept this revelation and others with me, that thus the glory of God may be declared and your own faith be vindicated and souls saved from eternal damnation. You will never have a better chance to do a service to humanity.

How can you eat, drink and be merry while so many souls are being lost? How can you keep silent when you have in your possession evidence that will convince every honest seeker for the truth? I implore you for the honor of God and the welfare of Humanity, to tell us what you know. We are ready to listen. All we ask is fair debate. The truth must prevail. If you refuse to accept this free platform for the investigation of this supreme question, I shall then be constrained to think that you do not believe what you say, or else believing you are too weak and cowardly to defend the cause of your master, and honor his name. I believe in science, and I will defend science whenever an opportunity is given before an intelligent and free tribunal. If you believe in Christ you will be equally ready to defend him, or else confess that you have no reason for your belief, or having a reason you have not enough back bone or brains to tell what that reason is on a free platform. I hope that for the glory of God and the sake of humanity, you will put on your armor, come forth from your coward's castle, and on the plains of common sense defend your faith! If you cannot do this, then resign your positions and earn an honest living by the sweat of your face.

I will meet one, or a dozen of you at any time or place, in a fair and honorable debate. I do this because I believe in my cause. If you believe as sincerely in your cause you will accept the challenge. If you cannot trust in God to that extent, then either he is a poor God or you a most unworthy believer.

Yours truly, SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.  
August 10, 1886.

## A Bargain!

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For LUCIFER.

**A Few Thoughts.**  
I see that nearly all newspaperdom join, in one accord, against Herr Most in picturing him as a monster in human form. Apart from his utterances, which may be considered as inciting to riot what are his crimes, and where did he bury all his dead? In his last public speech he is pictured as holding a rifle in one hand, while the other is in close proximity to the faucet of a beer keg. Such attitudes might be considered more comical than dangerous.

I saw lately his picture in the Chicago Express—side view. It looks as if the artist had made an effort to draw his jaws to the length of that of a crocodile. The writers who write about him, try to make out that Most has an "abnormal development of the posterior cranium," which makes him a human monster. The truth is that the shape of a man's head is not always a true index of his character. The shape of the head is formed during gestation, following in a great measure the line of heredity, and also adapting itself to the shape of its present abode, and the treatment during infancy will modify its shape. Some Indians have flat heads, because they tie their papooses on flat boards, and it has no effect upon their character. I have in my mind two men who had receding foreheads and the top posterior part of their craniums far more developed than that of Most, and who were men of very good intelligence, and tender and peaceful nature. We will also see very fine shaped heads that are full of wickedness, and others that are as hollow pumpkins.

It is through the eyes, the laugh, the features of the face that we must judge the character of men. A man cannot hide himself any more than he can run off from himself.

I think the chief crime of Herr Most in the eyes of men, was to make fierce verbal attacks upon the existing social state. He saw that some were despots while others were slaves, and the effects of his teachings to redress those wrongs would have been to let the slaves take rifles and become despots in their turn.

Rev. Talmage in one of his sermons lately, recounted the case of a woman who was working for one of those despots. She became dissatisfied with the tyrant, and found that she could get work in another establishment. When she asked the tyrant for her pay, he refused it, and kicked her down stairs. There was no redress for her, because justice is a scarce and a dear article, and the poor cannot afford the luxury. When this tyrant will have made fortune by grinding the hearts and insulting the souls of those who toiled for him, he will very likely blindfold the public by making what are called a few charities; giving to some what he has snatched from others. He may also want to buy "honors," may be a seat in Congress, at his death resolutions will be passed that he had an irreproachable character and is an irreparable loss. It will then cost the public a few thousand dollars to bury that piece of bad clay with good clay. What a grand burlesque is this life!

I also saw the picture of the so-called Anarchists in the Chicago Tribune. They were made to appear with hard and repulsive features. But men who were trying to have labor get a better share of the wealth which it creates; although they may have been wrong in their manner of reaching that end, and wild in their utterances, cannot have repulsive features; they are not human monsters.

A late number of the Woman's World contained a good synopsis of the labor troubles, and a sketch of the Anarchists. Helen Williams revealed the other side of the medal, the side which before had been religiously kept in the shade.

DIOGENES.

For LUCIFER.

**Chronic Errors.**

"If love was free from all man-made customs, laws and restrictions, and all individuality protected, the loving and lovable would not be starving and pining as they now are for the want of expression, which as Mrs. Chandler says is as essential as breathing."—J. H. Cook.

The above is the utterance of one of the most persevering among the students of Nature; yet, I suggest, there is a possibility that he is mistaken. One of the most valuable of all the bright gems of thought coming from the pen of Mrs. Heywood is: "Love must be controlled by reason." The instincts of human nature are not safe. The most vehement love is often the most dangerous, or most likely to lead to unhappiness.

Carry out your highest and most poetic idea of sex freedom and the result is—dual marriage. The reason is this: Men instinctively love virtue; women instinctively love men of experience. A man may be lacking in attraction, but if he has been accidentally rich in "experience" he is the one most certain to be loved. Let me illustrate: A beautiful girl of fourteen or fifteen

attended my school; a young man of nineteen fell desperately in love with her. He pressed his suit for three or four years and was rejected. "He is a good man," says she, "I wish I could fancy him." The good man finally grew desperate. He didn't care what he did and fell into dangerous company. His "starving" and "pining" ended. \* \* \*

While studying educational and mental problems I had occasion to visit a lunatic asylum. My beautiful girl of fifteen had changed to a ghastly wretch. She with her mother was an inmate of the asylum. She had loved the good man; she fell desperately in love with the man she could not fancy when he was innocent, but she gave him her life and health after he had bought himself rich in experience. With a foul disease, she weeps and looks to the western sun, wishing it would set sooner on her ocean of life. Her mother is hopelessly insane, and spends her time in asking every person she meets: "Are you happy?"

This tells the whole story. Marriage is safe; it is instituted to serve the selfish part of ignorant man's nature or the progressive nature of intelligent men.

A lady friend wrote to me facetiously, "Marriage is big enough and old enough to take care of itself." Very true; and it will. Place twelve virtuous men and twelve virgins, all of equal attractions, all in an isolated colony with perfect liberty to choose according to natural affinity, and the first result would be polygamy. The first two or three men who might accidentally gather the first experience, would be the favorites. The virgins would willingly share with four or five women rather than lose their particular affinity. Subsequently a reaction would take place; jealousy would assert itself and there would be a general breaking up; lastly dual marriage. All experiments on a small or large scale, will end the same.

I have stated a fact which men have been slow to believe; they hoped it were not so and have been kicking against the pricks—goals I mean. Loving and lovable men will not willingly "starve" and "pine" for the sake of a doubtful experiment.

And further: There over will be something sacred in the family relation. Brothers are generally nearer than half-brothers, and wandering parents and children can never forget the once pleasant home.

My position is false or true. If it is true, the most convincing arguments of the variety must dissolve. 1st. "A married man is put upon his good behavior; he will try to make himself attractive." Far from it. He will make himself as useless as possible and spend all his time in gathering experience.

2d. "The lovable and loving are starving and pining because of man-made institutions." Error.

3d. "Hereditary, as a science demands perfect freedom of the sexes." Another error. Heredity demands aspiration, health, self-control and scientific selection.

Under proper conditions, the aspirations of one generation become realities in the next. Health and self-control may or may not be hereditary. If the parents are alike and live strictly according to Nature's laws, improvement is barely possible; if parents are contrary in temperament, improvement is almost certain. Such a condition will hide a multitude of sins.

It will be found that selection is more important than vehement love. The younger children of a family are apt to be more intellectual than the eldest. A pair of light complexioned red heads can never love strong enough to raise healthy children.

The most disastrous error that ever cursed the world is this: "Love is independent of the will."

It is a matter of habit: If a girl is brought up to believe that she must marry a rich man, an industrious man, or a man of good character and intellect, she knows him when she sees him. If her ideal is beauty alone, she acts accordingly. If she has no well defined ideal, she may accept the first offer, provided the man has lost his modesty. It has been estimated that only one in thirteen among married women is living with the man of her choice; but what is so contrary to the poetic idea of love, is the fact that the warmest mutual love has not always the most fortunate ending, and the compromise, where reason governs, are most prosperous.

It is worthy of remark, that the more intelligent women are apt to value men at their true worth.

Under any circumstances, self-control is a necessity. With the greatest liberty imaginable the individual must compromise. What if the affinity is engaged? What if a half score of girls want to kiss a fellow at the same time? Some one must wait, then self-control is indispensable. If so then let reason govern supremely, and then we may live free from the infirmity.

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart; I know that I love thee whatever thou art.

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

For LUCIFER.

**Materialization.**

ED. LUCIFER: At the time I was so hospitably entertained at your residence I promised to favor your numerous readers with an article on Spiritualism. I do not think of anything more practical than the subject of Materialization, which is daily taking place through one W. Aber, at 33 12th st., Topeka, Ka.

His seances are attended by people of the highest position and unimpeachable character, who declare positively that they meet, converse with and recognize their departed friends. Mr. Aber is a young man 25 years of age, about medium height, fine features, erect, wears a light mustache, with the rosy hues of health on his cheeks, and is what the world calls good-looking.

He resides with his widowed mother to whom the world is indebted for not only his existence, but the development of his valuable gift, which enables him to demonstrate with absolute certainty the immortality of the soul. Hence those who are fortunate enough to visit Mr. Aber, with good desires at the bottom of their investigations, have no further use for blind faith, vain hope, or uncertain belief, as taught by the christian churches, because they have actual facts and direct revelations through their own recognized friends and nearest relatives.

Hence the revelations, through materialization and other phases of mediumship, are made more valuable than through the Bible, as they take place in the present enlightened age, and have data and authenticity. For example: Balthazar saw the hand of a man writing on the walls, words that neither he nor his wise men could interpret. Is there anything now that compares with this? I do not know of anything exactly like this, but in our day many have been the times when a hand was seen to write, a hand formed for the occasion; and some times a ring or token on the hand has been recognized as having been worn by the hand of the person when in this life, who is writing the communication.

Topeka, Kan. DR. T. J. GILE.

(Concluded next week.)

**Zeno Rejoins.**

EDITOR LUCIFER: When the similarity of Anarchism, Individualism, State Socialism, Nihilism and the Declaration of Independence is recognized, it will be fortunate for each. They are all consistent with perfect freedom. But Herbert Spencer has condemned one of these terms, State Socialism, confounded it with Communism and called it slavery. He was working for Privilege, yet the other schools of freedom echo his falsehoods. Henry George also advocates freedom and he is misrepresented. He is shown as the author of a scheme to tax away land rent, while the fact is that he first asserted and proved the natural right of every man to land, his taxation scheme being only a means to that end.

The extract from Mr. Pryse in a late LUCIFER, is a sample criticism. We need not be mournful when laborers run after a man who thinks taxation of land rent will abolish war. Laborers have generally paid rent willingly; shall we mourn when they declare it robbery? They also pay profit and interest cheerfully; here is room for another liberator, but we need not condemn a man who does not attempt the whole. If I see a wolf and a lion among my sheep I will not condemn the man who tries to kill the wolf but cannot see the lion or thinks it is a sheep.

But the case is not as strong against interest as it is against rent, for the necessity which causes interest is created by rent. Mr. Pryse says: "Labor alone produces wealth," as opposed to Mr. George's statement: "As land, labor and capital joined in producing wealth," etc. Land is the source of raw material; capital is an aid to labor. Can any one deny these three factors do actually join in producing wealth?

"Capital earn wealth!" Most certainly. For proof compare the spade and the steam plow. To avoid interest i. e. the tribute to a steam plow owner, get a steam plow of your own. If one man uses the plow of another surely Individualism would allow the borrower to pay to the lender whatever of the increased production was agreed upon. Let every man use his own capital and interest disappears. This can be done when land, the source of all capital, is accessible to all men. The only just way to destroy interest is to avoid it.

Henry George never "assumes it to be natural and just that our industrial system should embrace two classes: the capitalist and the laborer." Mr. Pryse is unable to separate capital from capitalist. What Mr. George did

assume was that as capital gives increased power to labor, a part of the increase should go to the owner of capital; but he also shows that all monopoly and despotic power held by capitalists, springs from private ownership of land. He objects to no plan whereby the producer should be the owner of the capital he uses. When opportunity is equal to all, perhaps there will always be men who produce capital which it will be convenient for another man to use. The Anarchist or Individualist ought to be the last person to interfere or condemn any contract made by two parties.

State Socialism, or true co-operation, destroys both rent and interest by making both land and capital common property. Not all capital, however; only such as it is necessary to use for common purposes. Henry George laid down his proposition plainly: "We must make land common property." If his taxation scheme is inadequate, perhaps he could be induced to abandon it. He looked for a cheap and peaceful method to destroy land monopoly. But how it could "wipe out of existence the small farmers like a cyclone," is a mystery. Taxes would decrease, not increase. The tax on land is now less than the sum of all other taxes while the reduction of rent in trade centers would largely destroy the profits now necessary to satisfy the landlord. Let any political party favoring Mr. George's scheme, grow powerful enough to threaten the defeat of the party in power, and land values would decline enormously, perhaps three-fourths, because the speculative value would be imperiled. Large tracts would be ownerless under taxation. In the panic the owners would sell to actual settlers for a nominal price. If the plan led to nationalization, that would perhaps not be permanent, if some other plan offered still more freedom. Nationalization presupposes an intelligent people, with too much love for liberty to allow their representatives or servants to become their masters. Ignorant people will be enslaved in any case. We ought to laugh, not mourn, when a man disturbs the habitual acquiescence to monopoly which now possesses the people.

A correspondent asks why a writer need obscure himself by means of a pseudonym. Simply because there is no merit in the bravery that proclaims doctrines to the enemy, who cannot understand, but can retaliate with slander and pecuniary injury. Of all belligerents the spy is the most valuable. If a man subsists by working for a corporation while endeavoring to destroy corporate rule, he is a spy, and the bold assertion of his principles would destroy his usefulness. Perhaps his real name would give no more weight than his false name; perhaps the corporation would not care a straw what their employees think, but perhaps the latter do not care to be revealed and surely no harm is done. But I had rather write my own thought over a non-descript, than to sign my real name to a very clever illustration by Prof. Denslow, on the absurdities of a certain theory of evolution. This was done lately in LUCIFER. It is legitimate to quote, but quotation marks are in order.

ZENO.

**From R. A. Van Winkle.**

I see in LUCIFER many long and prosy articles by E. C. Walker and others in relation to population and kindred subjects, indeed its columns are almost filled up with the idiosyncracies of those who claim with E. C. Walker to be in the advanced corps of free thought and Liberalism, though all such claim is bald assumption on their part, and is silly and ridiculous. If such men really knew more than others and had clearer views about these questions there might be some little excuse for their assuming such superiority for their nostrums that they dole out to us whom they class as bound in the fetters of conservatism and ignorance, and to question any of their pet theories it makes no difference how absurd they may be you are accused of abusing them and misrepresenting their principles. Now brother Walker and all others who thus set up such superior claims to eminence for your peculiar conclusions prove you to be fanatics and bigots, and nothing more.

If Malthus and his doctrines about population were heeded by the intelligent and civilized portion of mankind the ignorant and superstitious would soon be on top again and an attempt to put mankind on a level intellectually or physically is all bosh, and this talk of raising up a superior race of St.ewart men and women to supercede all others is vain and will never be done by your suggested methods if done at all it will be on the existing planes of advancement which is working out wonders in that direction. For facts I refer you to Spencer and Buckle and others, and that the present condition of man in Europe and America although it has been quadrupled as to numbers, in general intelligence and civilization there have been an advancement of one thousand fold and that within a short period of time comparatively, that man is better clad and housed, having more of the comforts of life and even luxuries than ever before; that labor is better remunerated than ever in the history of Europe and America; less pauperism, ignorance and vice; that the general health has made a corresponding advance which is evidenced by an advance in the length of life thus setting at naught the vagaries of Malthus and others, and those theories about population the pessimist may howl over the present situation yet it is far superior to that of the past, and the future of Europe and America history and civilization. So away with silly postisms. Nature is ever equal to

the occasion and will provide for her children, and just as civilization has advanced so have governments, and in some respects religion also. The silly idea of anarchism is too gaudy and visionary to engage the attention of only visionary idealists and impracticable theorists. We want a government for police duty, with us we have no rulers, Lucifera to the contrary notwithstanding. Majorities do not rule, they only determine who shall be our servants (not rulers) even minorities cannot invade the rights of minorities or individuals; they are preserved by the organic laws which neither Congress nor the state legislatures can set aside. If there has been any invasion of rights appertaining to man individually, join me and others to correct the same instead of those wild imaginary dreams of Anarchy, free love and other vagaries. The whole world of intelligent mankind have decided the case against you, none except the most degraded and savage agree with you. You seem to imagine the universal verdict of civilized mankind must be set aside on these and other kindred questions. Your modesty is only equal to your pretensions of superior wisdom and understanding of all intricate and vexed principles and questions that are up for examination, and after you have once passed your judgment that ought to settle the controversy, especially among free-thinkers and Liberals. Brother Walker pettifogged himself into an excuse for not attempting to answer my former allegations and specifications and they remain unanswered to this day. If he can stand it, I certainly can, etc.

(Concluded next week.)

**An Anarchist's Note-Book.**

LUCIFER had a great deal to say about the Chicago communists and their little bomb. Both sides were heard, and the fairness of LUCIFER's directing minds in the treatment of their critics justly merits our commendation and applause. But it seems to me that the case was not thoroughly and soberly discussed. Those who were "frightened out of their wits" have unqualifiedly condemned the dynamiters, while those who "were enthralled out of their wits" have glorified them as heroes, martyrs, and avengers of the republic. I will attempt to consider the case coolly and without prejudices. What are the facts?

A large gathering of citizens took place at the Haymarket square, in Chicago. Addresses were delivered by men named Spies, Parsons and others. There was nothing unlawful about it, nothing to warrant police interference. All of a sudden the police rush upon the citizens with foaming mouths, clinched fists and drawn revolvers, threatening and cursing, and an officer commands them in the name of the people of the State of Illinois to disperse. We are peaceful, remonstrates one of the speakers, but he is not heeded. Instantly some quick (considered and hot-headed fellow, in his indignation and excitement, throws a dynamite bomb at the brutal villains, which, while considerably lessening their number, teaches the surviving a wholesome and practical lesson.

Now, the right to make the bloodhounds swallow a dose of their own medicine cannot be disputed. The police are, as every hypocritical editor will assure you, the servants of the people, whose duty it is to maintain peace and order and to protect us from invasion and injury. When these servants seem to play possums, and invade our rights in lieu of protecting them, we are justified in treating them as criminals and outlaws. We have a right to meet force by force. The question, then, is one of policy, expediency. Was it wise, rational, to throw the bomb? Clear-headed and sober-minded people can have but one answer: No! While heartily sympathizing with the outraged and insulted citizens and fully sharing their indignation and righteous wrath, we nevertheless insist that passive resistance was by far the most superior, rational and dignified method of asserting their right to free speech and peaceful gathering. There may be occasions when such a course of violence is required and useful, but the utmost care, precaution and prudence must be exercised in organizing and carrying out such measures, for the chances almost invariably are, that these measures will do more harm than good and carry destruction and demoralization into the ranks of the plotters. This is certainly the case in Chicago. The bomb proved a godsend to the authorities who "latched on an anarchy," while it had a disastrous and crushing effect on the reform movement.

The enemy is too strong to be affected (to any considerable degree) by our violent attacks. If brute force were to decide the issue between Liberty and Authority, we should find ourselves battling for a lost cause. It is folly to boast of the power of the sword and poisoned dagger. The strength of the Revolution is in its moral power. It is because the cause of Liberty is the cause of human nature, the cause of human progress and true civilization, that we are so hopeful of ultimate success. All the battles Liberty has fought and won were not decided by physical force. The growth and spread of intelligence caused the gradual and steady decline of tyranny and superstition. Knowledge is Liberty's best ally. Reason is Liberty's best weapon. Our future conquests, like those of the past, will be made by the force of reason, and of reason only. Is it not madness, then, to deprive ourselves of the opportunities of peaceful propaganda and agitation? Only the spread of intelligence and progressive ideas can strengthen the Revolution. Ignorance and superstition cannot be destroyed by explosions, and it is ignorance and superstition that we have to fight. Every ill-advised act of violence lessens the opportunities of educational work among the people and decreases the possibility of social reform. And when, finally, freedom is completely crushed and a reign of terror inaugurated, the progress and valuable lives must be lost in recovering the means and opportunities so foolishly and recklessly thrown away.

(Concluded next week.)



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## A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY THE LATE HUGH CONWAY.

In fact, Beatrice's night, although not effected for strategic reasons, was a masterpiece; a move which bound her enemy hand and foot. Savagely he looked forward to the time when circumstances would force him to take the best offered maid. Well he knew that the moment Beatrice moved herself to reveal the truth to her friends, the moment she elected to confess her girlish folly, and face what shame and blame might be due to her, every shred of power he held would be gone. It was, therefore, imperative he should find Beatrice and reopen negotiations upon a basis more favorable to her. Reflection and the risk he now ran of losing everything made him inclined to lower his demands. He would take fifteen hundred, even a half of his wife's income, and if she wished it, would enter into a regular deed of judicial separation. He would be silent so long as the money was paid or so long as it paid him better to be silent.

What if he gave out that he was dead and waited until she had married again? Then his way would be supreme. But to gain this advantage he must be silent. It might be for years, and in the meantime must somehow make a living. Perhaps, after her former experience, she would not marry again. Any way the state of his exchequer put a veto on the waiting scheme.

He expected no unextorted help from her. He looked for no mercy. He had showed none. He had blasted her life; robbed her years of early womanhood of their sweetness; he had traded on the romance which lies in the heart of every young girl, then, for mercenary purposes, had turned and crushed it out. He had shown her, nay, in brutal words, told her that he had married her to raise money in order to save himself from the penalty due to his crime. He well knew what he had done, and knowing this he had not even ventured at attempting to cajole her when they measured strength at Blacktown. Had it been needed the stern set of her features—the scorn of her manner would have told him that he had no mercy to expect, that it was a duel between the two.

He must find her! As the months went on the necessity of finding her became more and more obvious. He had, after the manner of a gambler, who feels that any hour may bring the great stroke of luck, lived luxuriously. His money had by now so diminished that he saw he must shortly do one of three things, find Beatrice, earn money, or starve.

The first, the most desirable course in every way, seemed impossible. He had made, both in person and through such inquiries at Sir Malngay's house as could be made without exciting comment and suspicion. He had even been down once more to Oakbury, seen the Talbotts, but had learned nothing to his advantage. So course number one could not be counted upon to meet the emergency.

Course number three, if the simplest, was the most unpleasant, so he was constrained to adopt number two; at least, provisionally.

Before his disgrace Hervey had occasionally done some work for illustrated periodicals. As this branch of his late profession seemed to offer him the best chance of supplying his needs, he called upon two or three people whom he had known in former days, and who, moreover, knew what had caused his protracted absence. He simply said he was anxious to redeem the past and begged for a helping hand. Selfish as the world is supposed to be there are many willing to help a fallen man or to his legs. Hervey received one or two promises which might or might not lead to remunerative work.

The months passed very distantly and drearily for the second seeker, Frank Carruthers. He knew not where to turn, where to look for Beatrice. However, he was better off than Hervey, for he had direct intelligence from her. Once a month she had written to her uncles, but her letters gave no clue that could be followed. They bore no address; they were posted in London; they mentioned no places; not even a country. She said she was living an exceedingly quiet, calm life. She longed to see dear old Oakbury again, and wondered if it would ever be her lot to do so. In each letter she requested the necessity for the step she had taken and hoped that if ever her uncles knew her true reason for it they would forgive her. She trusted, nevertheless, that they would never learn it. The only hints at locality in any one of her letters were that she mentioned that the weather was bitterly cold, and also that she spent much time studying art; was, indeed, learning to paint in oils.

The letters Herbert, who felt sympathies for his cousin, sent on to Frank, and Frank perused them again and again, endeavoring by the light he had gained to read between the lines. And the more he read the more mystified he became. If Mrs. Rawlins's tale was true, there was something which Herbert and Florence never could, never would forgive; yet Beatrice wrote as if forgiveness was not an impossibility. Moreover, it struck Frank that her words expressed a doubt as to whether her uncles had learnt the reason

for her flight. When should he find her? When should he learn the whole truth?

He searched her letters in vain for his own name, for any message to him. The omission troubled him, not because he thought himself forgotten, but because it showed him that Beatrice felt there was a fate, which nothing could overcome, keeping them apart. So her letters gave him no hope.

Had he been an idle man Frank Carruthers could never have borne those months of suspense. But he was hard, very hard at work on a second book. Believe me a man does not write his worst when his heart is sad. A deficiency of the gastric juice or a superabundance of little acid may ruin a man's work, but not necessarily grief. Toothache may prove fatal to inspiration, but heartache need not. So pending the appearance of his first book, which had for some reason been delayed, Frank was busy with a successor.

About that first book, a satirical, semipolitical novel, which, by the by, made a great hit, Mr. Carruthers, like all new writers, was as nervous and fidgety as a young husband whose beloved wife is for the first time about to increase the population. One day it struck him that the great work would be more taking if adorned with illustrations. He mentioned his idea to the publishers, who quite agreed with him, only adding that six full page illustrations would cost so many pounds, an expense they did not feel justified in incurring. But if Mr. Carruthers liked to bear the cost, well and good. Frank, who had money to spare, said he would see for how much he could get them done.

He called upon a friend, a Mr. Field, who knew all about such matters, and inquired where he could find hands competent yet not too costly. And this friend happened to be one of those from whom Maurice Hervey had begged a helping hand. So it will be seen that the hereafter mentioned meeting between Carruthers and Hervey was, like all so-called chance meetings, when traced back to its cause, quite a natural sequence. Indeed it is hard to see how things could have happened otherwise.

"There, a fellow called on me a day or two ago," said Mr. Field, "a fellow who's down on his luck now. He might suit you."

"Can you recommend him? What is his name?"

"I don't know that I can recommend him, but you may give him a trial. He calls himself Henry Morris. He's down on his luck as I said."

"Write him a line and ask him to call on me," said Carruthers, who liked to help men down on their luck. "Is he clever?"

"He's been idle so long I can't say. Look here, Carruthers, make him do the drawings on approval; and if I were you I wouldn't give him any money on account."

"Send him to me and I'll talk to him," Carruthers was just leaving the room when his friend called him back.

"I say, Carruthers, I'd better tell you, then you can't say I didn't. This chap has been in quod five years for forgery. His name's Maurice Hervey. I suppose he's out now on ticket of leave. He tells me he means to run straight for the future. Now you know all about it and can please yourself."

The consequence was that Carruthers, who held the same belief as him with "the larp of divers tones," resolved to see this man and, moreover, to treat him as if he had no knowledge of his antecedents. He was glad to help any one back to the straight path.

Carruthers, who hated the bother of catering for himself, still lived at his hotel. He had taken an office in a quiet street some little way off. Here he spent the greater part of the day, writing his new book, correcting those delightful objects the proofs of a first book, or thinking sadly of Beatrice's and his own lot. This office was on the first floor and approached by a steepish, straight flight of uncarpeted stairs.

One morning he heard feet on the stairs; heard them stop on the little landing in front of the door which bore his name. Some one knocked, and Frank shouted "Come in." To his surprise a gentleman in walked the man who had demanded Beatrice's address and so outraged old Whitaker's sense of dignity. "What do you want?" asked Frank brusquely.

Hervey explained that Mr. Field had written to him and instructed him to call, so Carruthers knew that the man who was so anxious to find Beatrice was a forger, felon, and ticket-of-leave man. He raised his head and coldly scrutinized his visitor.

Hervey until that moment had not recognized him. He did so then, and knew that the recognition was mutual. All question of the original purpose which had brought about this meeting faded from the mind of each man. With each Beatrice was the one thought.

"Will you give the address I wanted when last we met?" asked Hervey eagerly.

"I will not," answered Carruthers shortly. He did not this time assert his inability to oblige his questioner because he was unwilling to confess that Beatrice's present abode was a secret kept even from her own friends. He had also made up his mind that nothing should tempt him to ask this ex-convict a single question. An attempt to get at the truth through such a medium as this would be a degradation, an insult to the woman he loved.

His visitor took the blunt refusal very badly. The truth is that Mr. Hervey's temper was not improving, or rather his command of it was, from a sustained course of cigars and whisky and water, growing illful and intermittent. Besides, Carruthers had a way with him which was particularly irritating to those who had the misfortune to quarrel with him. On a previous occasion Hervey had found it almost more than he could put up with. However, with the exception of slapping his hand on Frank's table he controlled himself for the present.

"I must insist upon your telling me," he said. "I have to make an important business communication to Miss Clauson."

Carruthers smiled contemptuously. "Her trustees, the Messrs. Talbott of Oakbury, manage Miss Clauson's business. I believe. Or you might go to the family solicitor, whose name I will give you."

"My business is of a private nature. I demand this address. I have a right to ask it," Carruthers shrugged his shoulders, elevated his eyebrows in true Talbott fashion, and again smiled that irritating smile.

"My good sir," he said, "cannot you understand that I absolutely refuse to gratify you? That a gentleman is not justified in giving every one who asks it a lady's address? Go to Sir Malngay Clauson, he is the proper person to apply to. As to rights, I am certainly within my own if I ask you to leave my room. No doubt you see that the business which gave me the pleasure of this visit cannot be carried through."

Hervey scowled, hesitated, and then walked out of the room. He was wise in so doing as he might have said more than he intended; and a premature disclosure, indeed, a disclosure at all, of the truth would entirely ruin his clouded prospects. As, from lack of politeness, or flurry of discomfiture, he left the door ajar Carruthers rose and walked across the room to close it. Just then the door opened and the two men confronted each other on the threshold.

"If you write to Miss Clauson will you give her a message for me?" asked Hervey with forced civility.

"That depends exactly upon what the message may be."

"Will you tell her that I called on you and said the matter could now be easily arranged? There's no harm in that."

"There seems none. When I write I'll give it."

"You'd better mention my real name. It's not Henry Morris—it's—"

"I am acquainted with your real name," said Frank with perfect nonchalance. Hervey grew very angry.

"Now I wonder who you may be," he said, "you who write to her. Perhaps, you're sweet on each other, and look forward to a happy marriage." An incautious remark of the rogue's, yet one he could not refrain from making; not could he refrain from cycling Carruthers to see how the shot told. Hard as the effort was Carruthers preserved his equality.

"Perhaps so," he said carelessly. "I can't, however, imagine it can be of the slightest interest to you." The scornful emphasis laid on the last word tickled Hervey like a whip.

"Perhaps so?" he echoed with his mocking laugh. "Ha, ha, do you think I'm a fool? Do you think you take me in with your studied ease? Don't I know you're dying to know who I am and all about me?"

"I know a good deal already," said Frank, in scathing tones. "If I felt any wish to know more I should apply at Scotland Yard, or wherever the proper office may be."

This taunt was more than even the most available ticket-of-leave man could be expected to let pass. It flushed Hervey entirely. He bolted over. With the violent expletive which invariably accompanies such an act he struck out full at the speaker.

This Carruthers was one of those deceptively men who at first glance give little promise of much strength. Yet if his frame was spare his shoulders were square, and all the weight he carried was bone and muscle. He may be summed up in the simple word wiry; and wiry men, as many a muscular-looking athlete knows to his cost, are not adversaries to be despised. He was far from being one of those marvellous creatures, usually officers in the Guards, who, in fiction at least, can crush up silver dragons, toss with one hand a sixteen stone ruffian over a ditch or a millrace, but all the same he had his fair share of manly strength.

After parrying Hervey's blow, he simply jerked out his right arm to the very best of his knowledge and agility, throwing the whole weight of his body into it, and, in the language of what may now be called the revived prize ring, "got well home."

These were the only two blows struck, and for this reason: Hervey, when he received Frank's blow, was standing on the landing. He staggered back and went headlong down the steep stairs. It seemed as if his neck must be broken. However he gathered himself up, groaned as in pain, shook his fist at the victor, swore, and then found his way out. Carruthers returned to his papers, but the reflections to which this interview gave rise made his afternoon a blank so far as literary work went.

Two days after this his friend Field called on him. "I say, Carruthers," he exclaimed, "you're a nice sort of young man. I sent a fellow who wanted a helping hand to you and, hang me! you gave it to him with a vengeance. Helped him down, not up, though."

"He's been to you, has he?"

"Yes, he called to-day—in splints. Said you insulted him and chucked him over the stairs. Can't think how you did it. Doesn't seem like you either."

"I had the best of reasons."

"So I told him; but he won't believe me. You've broken his fibula or tibia, or his tib and fibula."

"His leg! I saw the blackguard walk away."

"Perhaps I'm not right about the names. His arm is broken. He vows he will have compensation. Go to law, etcetera."

"I don't think he will," said Carruthers, significantly.

"Perhaps not. If your reasons were good ones. I don't ask them; but look here, old fellow. He's got no money, and won't be able to earn any for a while. Don't you think you ought to do something for him?"

"No, I don't," said Frank; "but I will. Keep the fellow away from me. But you can pay his doctor's bill, and let him have a pound or two a week until he gets all right again."

Field laughed. "You'll find it a costly amusement breaking bones like this."

"My dear Field," said Frank, "if you knew all I know, you'd think it was cheap at the price in this particular case."

So by a strange irony of fate for some weeks Maurice Hervey was fed and doctored at the expense of Frank Carruthers.

CHATTER XXVIII.

"I CANNOT LIVE THIS LIFE!"

Beatrice was at Munich. Munich, that city for its size, perhaps, the most regal capital in Europe. Munich, with its fair streets, noble statues, palaces old and new, libraries, museums, art galleries, and fast feeling reputation for cheap living. Munich, which stands boldly out on a barren plain, no doubt feeling it has little, which it need be ashamed to show to the world, except perhaps the vagaries of the eccentric life it leads.

Beatrice never quite knew what induced

her to choose the capital of Bavaria for her resting-place. Honestly, when she wrote from London to her uncles, she had not settled whether to wend her way. She might then just as likely have gone to Paris, Brussels, Vienna, or Berlin, as to Munich.

She fixed on Germany for various reasons. She had that feeling, which justly or unjustly, is common to most English people, that an unprotected and not unattractive woman is more free from annoyance in a German than in a French town. She also fancied she knew the German language better than she knew French. The scientific severity of the great Teutonic tongue had always charmed her. She had studied it deeply. She could read it in its classic forms with a certain amount of facility. She believed she could speak it well enough for the purposes of ordinary conversation. Alas! she was but one of the many who, when gutturals, compound words, and divisible particles are flying about like hail, find what a fraud is the boasted phonetic spelling, and what an age it takes to feel at one's ease amid the elephantine gambols of the unwieldy language. Nevertheless for the above and other reasons she chose Germany.

As the party had left Blacktown provided with no traveling indispensables, except the most important of all, money, many purchases had to be made in London. All were, however, made in time to catch the evening train to Dover, and that night Beatrice and her charges crossed the Channel. Then it seemed to her she was once more able to breathe. In London she had been haunted by the dread that Hervey would follow and find her. Once out of England she felt safe.

As it understood that Beatrice was not flying from shame which a revelation of her foolish marriage and subsequent act of deception, would entail; although she would willingly have paid a large yearly sum, so long as her husband left her in peace and kept the secret. Gladly would she have made some arrangement which would spare her pride the mortification of her being known as the wife of a felon. Gladly would she have done all in her power to save her father, her uncles, and such friends as she had, the pain they must feel when all was revealed. Yet it was not on this account she fled. Her one aim was to save the child from the man who was his father.

[Continued.]

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