



THE LIGHT-BEARER.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 4, No. 24.

VALLEY FALLS, KANSAS, SEPTEMBER 10, E. M. 280.

Whole No. 166

C. H. GILMAN,

D - E - N - T - I - S - T.

Valley Falls, Kan.

E. L. SENFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Valley Falls, Kan.

Dr. Senft uses "Electric Specific Medicine, Office over Evans' Store.

DR. FRANK SWALLOW,

(LATE OF CHICAGO.)

VALLEY FALLS, - - - - KANSAS.

Office, corner Maple and Broadway.

Dr. Swallow is a specialist in chronic diseases and diseases of women and children. Guarantees a cure in every case of Rheumatism.

Relieved and cured without any operation or detention from business by my treatment or money refunded. Send for circular and should you come here for treatment and not find testimonials of cures as represented in the circular will pay all expenses coming to and going from Emporia.

DR. D. L. SNEDEKER,

Emporia, Kan.

DOOLITTLE & CO.

Dealers in

Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, etc

BARB WIRE,

VALLEY FALLS, - - - - KANSAS.

J. H. SHULER,

AT DELAND'S OLD

STAND ON BROADWAY.

Has a large Stock of

Furniture!

For Spring trade. Fall supply of Collins always on hand, and hence to attend funeral. Terms as low as the lowest.

IRIENE,

OR THE

ROAD TO FREEDOM.

"A Deathblow to the Slavery of To-day."

"A Live Prophecy of the Good Time Coming."

By SADA BAILEY FOWLER.

612 Pages. In Cloth, \$1.00

FOR SALE HERE.

THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM.

-ITS RELATION TO-

LABOR REFORM

-AND PROSPERITY.-

The Principles of Monetary Science,

-DEMONSTRATING THE-

Abolition of Interest

TO BE UNAVOIDABLE.

By ALFRED B. WESTRUP.

For sale at this office. Price 15 cts.

Without Medicine. A Means of cure for

POVERTY, and all disorders resulting from the

Impudence or infidelity of

without Cost. M. A. N

M. E. A. Co., 1287 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Say you saw the advertisement in LUCIFER

The two LUCIFERS, English and German, one year for \$1.50. Send for them

SOCIETY.

The people are in chains; in chains to themselves; in chains to a phantom which is but the focused images of individual incompetence, stupidity, ignorance, malevolence and unthinking animalism. They grovel in the dust at the feet of their Idol, they liek from its bloody garments the spittle they themselves have drooled.

"Society"! What is this thing called "Society"? It is a hybrid, a cross of the chattering monkey and the carrion-digging hyena. It is at once the most brainless and the most loathsome of all existences, real or fanciful. The monkey head wears the clown's cap and bells, the hyena paw is armed with the murderer's knife. It slays and devours the young and sensitive, and innocence and reputation, and manhood and womanhood. And when the bloody knife and the cruel claws have done some peculiarly cowardly and fiendish deed, then the monkey head grins and gibbers and grimaces, tosses its fool's cap and jingles its bells; and then it draws its malignant face into a semblance of satisfied virtue and squeals out some canting phrases in protestation of its great love of peace and liberty and goodness and fraternity. The damned hypocrite!

And this is "Society", the great I Am, worshiped by the masses, and sometimes feared by those who are not of the masses. Worshipped by the masses, because each atom of these masses sees in it an exaggerated Self, and sometimes feared by those who are not of the masses, because they do not realize how contemptibly weak and cowardly the Ogre is. For it needs only the unquailing eye of one determined man, fixed upon it in honest wrath, to send it screaming with cries of mortal fear to its cave of filth. It can never inspire with moral cowardice the heart and brain of the Whole man and woman, though it may, when backed by a mob of its slaves, murder their bodies. "The People"! Bah! They are slaves, and they deserve to be, they,

"with their thumb-worn creeds, Their large professions and their little deeds."

I have never been able to find happiness in conformity. Nor content, nor the least bit of passable pleasure. It was ever my greatest delight to be "odd", to be one apart from the rabble. A sure instinct told me that the majority was always wrong, that no man ever accomplished aught of real, lasting, good for himself or the race who listened to hear what "they say." His high purpose must be to act his own conceptions of right, and his ambition, so far as the public was concerned, to lead and not to follow, to be heard, and not to heed what the prejudice-governed multitude were chattering. "The People"? what cared I for their decision? Did I not know that they could do nothing save in a crowd? They must work in a crowd, fight in a crowd, find their recreation in a crowd, love in a crowd, be married in a crowd, die and be buried surrounded by a crowd. All for show, ostentation; all veneer and artificiality. There was no Personality, no autonomy, no real manhood and womanhood. None were center-stones, all were circumstances, whirling in a mad Dervish's dance around the Idol, "Society." I would have none of it. It was too utterly disgusting and nauseating.

"But," interposes an objector, "you individual fellows do sometimes conform to the usages of society, these enactments of law, which you so condemn. Why are you not consistent?" Simply because to be consistent we must trample upon the bleeding bodies of those who march with us along this battle-trail of life, make of their torn and broken hearts a stairway to the chambers of Solitude. We are bound to them by every tender tie which springs from and twines around human hearts; they are weak, they shrink and cower from the impudent stare of the fool, the insulting leer of the knave. They have not the courage and strength to be true to their highest convictions; they care more for the good opinion and respect of the rabble's Idol than for ours, for we are only the Few. They at one and the same time hate and court this Idol: loathe it, and yet beg piteously for its good opinion and its respect, though it has not enough brains in its thimble-skull to formulate an opinion, not native decency enough to give respectability even to itself. Yes, we conform, sometimes, but it is only to shield the non-combatants, just as we might sign the parole offered at the muzzle of a pistol by a mountain bandit, sign it, with no intention of keeping faith with the scoundrel longer than should be necessary to get our helpless companions out of danger. We may pay the interest blood-money in various ways, because we can not avoid it, and so we may conform to the Sunday laws, marriage laws, tariff laws, and other tyrannical and vice- and crime-breeding statutes; but in some of these cases we do this only because the overwhelming force of unreasoning numbers is against us; while in other instances we yield our sovereignty because we are more merciful to

the weak than are their enemies and ours, the multitudinous insect-subjects of the Idol.

But whenever we do so conform it is to endure the agony of humiliation, to drink the cup of degradation to the very last drop, and not even the approbation and love of those for whose sakes we have made this supreme sacrifice can take from the Marsh cup its terrible bitterness.

And this mental torture, which the dull-thoughted persecutors of the Children of Progress can never feel, - for they cognize not the subtle pains that torment the refined, - we also charge up against the monkey-hyena Idol, which is called "Society." Its throne is built of human bones, cemented together with the blood of its numberless victims, and it stands in the shade of the poison tree of Slander, whose roots, growing deep in the soil of Envy, are manured by Hate and watered by the Hypocrite's tears. E. C. WALKER.

NOTES.

"The eternal fitness of things" is not outraged by the indorsement given by H. L. Green to Walser and Stewart's illiberal, intolerant, and immoral action at Liberal. It is said that "Birds of a feather flock together," and certainly there were never before seen together so congruous a "three of a kind."

Mrs. Slenker writes to Mr. Walser, editor of the Liberal, regarding the work, "Diana." Among other things, she tells him that "Diana admits of no union of sex save for parentage," and adds, "I don't see how any one abhorring free lust as thee does can reject any article favoring temperance as strongly as 'Diana' does."

Mrs. Slenker forgets to add that "Diana" advocates the association of the sexes, and that nude art and nude language are two of her own set methods of reform. Now anything unclothed is just what the editor of the Liberal most fears, from the naked truth to the naked human body. Does Mrs. S. suppose that the man who was so horrified by the presence of one photograph in Liberal, can persevere with equanimity a work so strong in advocacy of the nude as is "Diana," or that he could survive the shock sure to result from the inspection of a collection of "Diana" photos? Let nobody be deceived by that expressed "abhorrence," etc.

The entire disuse of any organ or faculty is not "temperance," no matter if "Diana" and Mrs. Slenker do advocate such disuse.

Will the Credit Foncier of Simla be anything less than an absolute paternalism? Reading the elucidation of its principles in its organ, I am forced to the conclusion that it will not be anything else if those principles are actualized.

The Nonconformist once more makes its appearance, but only to announce that it will appear no more in Iowa. Mr. Vincent, Sr., retires from its editorship, and it will hereafter be conducted by his sons. The next number will be issued at Winfield, Kansas, where the printing plant is to be at once removed.

Judging from the closing words of its late Senior editor, the paper will not be so aggressively reformatory in the future as it has been heretofore.

We cordially and earnestly commend Seward Mitchell's World's Reformer to the readers of LUCIFER. While not agreeing with our septagenarian friend in all his reformatory views, we regard him as one of the most fearless, unselfish, as well as most untiring of workers in the Liberal ranks.

We ask the attention of all readers of LUCIFER, who think with us that there is something radically wrong with our financial system, to the "ad" of Westrup's Financial Problem, on this page of this issue. C. T. Fowler, of the Sun, Kansas City, whom we regard as most excellent authority on all economic questions, gives this little book his most unqualified indorsement. He says, "There is nothing to criticize in it but everything to commend." We offer this book, price 15 cts., and any ten cent book in our collection, as a premium for each new yearly subscriber to LUCIFER, and to every old subscriber who will pay up arrearages and renew for one year in advance.

The Nonconformist heads its columns of extracts from the diabolical utterances of the popular press in this way: "What is this but Anarchy?" We unhesitatingly answer--Anything but Anarchy, the very opposite of it, in fact. These murderous declarations of the Times, Tribune, and World--of Scott, Cook and Beecher,--are Archie in the extreme, un-Anarchistic to a degree.

LUCIFER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, - - - \$1.25
One copy, six months, - - - 65
SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

All letters should be addressed to LUCIFER, Valley Falls, Kansas.

No communications inserted unless accompanied by the real name of the author.

Each writer is alone responsible for the opinions advanced or statements made by him

THE MARSHALLIAN HYMN.

PREFACE TO THE TRANSLATION OF THE MARSHALLIAN HYMN.

To understand the foreboding language of the Marshallese, we must take in consideration the position in which the French were placed at that time. The flames of liberty had burst, the government was regarded by the foreign crowned heads as little better than a mob, many of the aristocracy had emigrated, and some were taking an active part against their mother country, while foreign armies were on the borders of France. The French were in the same position in which the Greeks were when Xerxes was crossing the Hellespont for the invasion of Greece, and they looked upon those who had not been touched with the spirit of liberty, in the same light in which the Greeks looked at the hordes of Xerxes. I have retained the original make-up of the song; the same number of stanzas, the same number of verses. The sixth stanza is intended to be sung by children. I offer this translation to the liberal public through the columns of LUCIFER, hoping it may meet with their approbation. JOSEPH LECLERC.

Let us go, sons of our country

The day of glory has arrived,

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

Let us go, sons of our country

MOSES HARMAN & E. C. WALKER
Editors.
M. HARMAN and GEO. S. HARMAN
Publishers.

OUR PLATFORM.

Perfect Freedom of Thought and Action for every individual within the limits of his own personality.
Self-Government the only true Government.
Liberty and Responsibility the only Basis of Morality.

LIST OF OUR AUTHORIZED AGENTS.

Carthage, Mo.—E. S. Galloway.
Wear City, Kas.—Dr. J. B. Cooper.
Near Smokyville, Kan.—J. McLaughlin.
Omaha, Neb.—James Griffith, 1712 Dodge St.
Lawrence, Mo.—H. H. Hutchinson.
Joplin, Mo.—J. Henrichs & Bro.
Joplin, Mo.—(East)—Geo. H. Hutchinson.
Humboldt, Kan.—Wm. Rath.
Hurlington, "—Chris. Brown.
Garnett, "—C. Gregg.
Ottawa, "—W. W. Frazer.
Cedar Junction, Kan.—J. C. Collins.
Hurlington, Iowa.—Werner Backlin.
West Hurlington, Iowa.—James Tott.
Success, Kan.—Chas. Dittiny.
Salina, Kan.—J. M. Utten.
Scranton, Kan.—John F. Young.
Carbondale, Kan.—James S. McDaniel.
Preston, Iowa.—John Drant.
M. O. Hicks, Silom Springs, Ark.
H. L. Joslin, Muskato, Minn.
T. B. Palmer, Manning, Iowa.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. F. Howland & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St., New York City) contracts may be made for it in New York City.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Do Not Mix Your Orders!

When sending for books advertised by Walker & Harman, be sure to address WALKER & HARMAN, not Harman & Son.
When sending for books advertised by M. Harman & Son, address HARMAN & SON, or LUCIFER.
When sending for catalogue, address Walker & Harman.
Please keep an eye on these instructions.

Land, Labor and Capital.

Without intending to interfere between your correspondent, by pen-name, Zeno, and others, and recognizing his perfect right to conceal his individuality, I desire to respond to his inquiry, "can anyone deny that these three factors (land, labor and capital) do actually join in producing wealth?"

Let us not bemuddle the question by the use of words without meaning, or with equivocal meaning. Mr. George repeatedly declares that "the factors in production are dual (land and labor) not a tripartite" (land, labor and capital); explaining that capital is but "a department of labor." When, therefore, he or any one else assumes that capital gives increased power to labor, it is in contradiction of his own fundamental statement, or it is merely saying, what is true enough, that two amounts of labor are greater and can produce more than one. Zeno's reference to the spade and the steam plow proves the very reverse of what it is offered to prove. Both the spade and the steam plow are productions of labor, and are consumed in the production of food, etc. Both are essential and command the same remuneration to the labor employed in their production, or would do so under free competition. Nor in its economical meaning is labor with the steam plow any more productive than labor with a spade. Nothing is more common than the confounding of production in bulk with the production of economic values. The production this year, for instance, of plums in our vicinity has been very large and consequently the price has been so low that it has not paid us even to pick and send them to market, and they have been fed to stock or allowed to rot upon the ground; while a neighbor who has raised celery, cabbage and cauliflower by the use or consumption of a spade and hoe and a little seed has realized a large return for his labor. The capital in the plum trees, just in proportion as it has resulted in large production, has taken from, not added to, the return for the current labor and care they have required. The teaching of the economists, that the constant tendency under free competition is to bring the price of all things to the labor cost of production is doubtless correct. All manufacturers, farmers and men engaged in legitimate business see the truth of this. It is only in comparatively new and exceptional industries that we do not realize it, and it is this consideration, which makes the shrewd managers seek government interference, exceptional legislation, high tariffs and land laws, which will exempt them from the operation of the economic principle, while enabling them to subject labor to a forced competition through the denial of raw material, land, to the laborer.

To say that "land, labor and capital produce wealth" is equivalent to saying that land, labor and fruit produce fruit. How is it possible to proceed by any exact method when we employ terms so equivocal and utterly senseless? It is not Mr. Pryse, but Zeno and Mr. George who are "unable to separate capital from capitalist," or even from laborer. Is it not the capitalist that gets all the profit given capital? "Capital earn wealth!" Yes, when the law allows capital to own the laborer or gives it dominion over the land, to his exclusion, not otherwise.

To nationalize the land is only to do over the work of our fore-fathers. The land is national in this and in every country. "We must make the land common property." No; it is common property, and only legal fiction and class laws prevent its common enjoyment, and which taxing away rent can never give. We do not need to "re-enact the Laws of Nature," nor yet, as Mr. George proposes correct her omissions and deficiencies, but simply to obliterate those impious enactments which enslave man and partition the earth among a robber class. The use of the land only, not its product when joined to labor, is a common inheritance.

"But the case is not as strong against interest as against rent," says Zeno, echoing George. The importance of this statement is only seen when we reflect that interest and rent are interchangeable terms. If a man has a given sum at interest, and he calls it in and purchases land with it which he rents to Zeno, or loans him the money to buy the land with, can either of them point out any distinction between the rent and the interest which Zeno would pay? The "rent theory" upon which Mr. George bases his proposition to tax, I have shown to be wholly fallacious in "Social Wealth," and now Macleod, the great English economic authority, points out how the theory arose by "inverting cause and effect," and shows that rent under commercial ownership is simply the interest on so much money as represents the value of the land.

However sincere Mr. George may be in proposing taxation of rents, what he logically proposes is simply to kill the one wolf he finds among Zeno's sheep, to turn a brace of them, interest and profit, into the sheepfold as sheep, because they are not brown but black and white wolves. Surely the sheep will require "another liberator" who will name and treat the wolf as a wolf though not of Mr. George's particular stripe.

Since rent arises in no such way as Ricardo states, but indeed in a way quite the reverse of it, to tax it highly or lowly would lift no burden from labor; but on the contrary would greatly increase the power of capital and discourage modern enterprise and small managements, and accelerate the existing tendency to reduce the self-employed class to that of dependent wage-workers. To destroy monopoly of the land would doubtless reduce interest and profit to zero, but taxing the rent roll of the monopolist would strengthen, not weaken, his position.

The basis of his plan being shown as fallacious, and the measure itself being communistic, not socialistic, state or otherwise, and of the nature of a forced exchange, in any economic aspect, it must be condemned and regarded as opposed to every maxim of equity and justice as well. It would be merely a tax in the interest of shirks.

J. K. INGALLS.

Our former friends living in the neighborhood of Valley Falls, are informed that they can find a good yard and plenty of good water for their teams at Booth & Frazer's Lumber Yard, corner Broadway and Maple streets.

Wonder why the Hebrew God, if he is also the God of the Christian philanthropist, did not think to add another commandment to the decalogue. How it would help these godly prohibitions if they could quote:

"Thou shalt not make, buy, sell nor drink wine nor other strong drink."

This is an excellent time of year for our delinquent subscribers to pay up arrears and make our hearts glad by sending us the names of some new cash-in-advance subscribers. Publishers, editors and printers can work hard, are willing to work hard, but they must have the co-operation of the friends of the cause if the best, or even good, results are to be attained.

Please do not forget that "The Prodigal Daughter," by Rachel Campbell, is a splendid eye-opener on the social question. For sale here. Price, 10c.

BRIEF COMMENT.

A copy of Parsons' Haymarket speech, pamphlet form, as redelivered to the court, counsel and jury, during the late trial, lies now before us. By way of introduction the following is quoted from the Chicago Times of August 10th:

"The climax in the Anarchist trial was reached yesterday. Schwab, Spies and Parsons told their respective stories to the jury from the witness-chair, to a spell-bound and a host of spectators, an amazed jury, and a surprised judge. * * * Parsons was composed and eloquent. * * * His brother, General W. H. Parsons, sat with his eyes fixed upon him during the time he was upon the stand. As soon as Mr. August Spies retired Mr. Parsons took the stand, and in a quiet, deferential tone answered the questions put to him in a firm voice, not appearing to be in the least unnerved by his peculiar speech of life. At last he was asked to give the substance of his Haymarket speech, and he did so, and if the jury, the court, and the audience have been entertained since the trial began, they were entertained by the chief agitator of the Chicago Anarchists. He pulled out of his pocket a bundle of notes, and began at the jury in tones which belokened that the speaker was primed for the finest speech of his life. Luckily for him the witness-chair was a swing-sledge. He held his notes in his left hand, and, together with the swaying of his body, gesticulated with his right arm. From low, measured tones he went on from eloquence to oratory, and from oratory to logic, and from logic to argument."

We read this speech some weeks ago, as reported for the press, and now have just re-read it, and, as a result of this second careful reading we deliberately assert that if A. R. Parsons had never said or written anything else, this speech would immortalize him. It is the most scathing, the most terrific arraignment—yet couched in sober, unimpassioned language—of our present vampyre system—our law-created, law-protected, murderous, capitalistic system—that we have yet seen crowded in so small space. We still hope that the people of Illinois are not yet so insane as to carry out the sentence of that jury composed of twelve "gentlemen" (?) but if such should be the finale of that unparalleled outrage known as the Anarchist Trial, then will A. R. Parsons become the chief martyr hero of the new revolution that will surely be precipitated by these legal murders; and his cruel fate will far better deserve to be held in honored remembrance to the latest posterity than will that of John Brown as the martyr hero whose fate helped to precipitate the revolution of '61.

We would by no means be understood as saying that Mr. Parsons has always been wise and judicious in his utterances. On many points we radically differ from him as to methods, but as an able, fearless, earnest and unselfish champion of the workingman against the robberies and murders of capitalism, A. R. Parsons has no superiors, if, indeed, any equals, in this country.

This pamphlet containing the aforesaid address can be had for 10 cts. of A. H. Simpson, 14 South Morgan street, Chicago. The proceeds of sales are to be devoted to raising a fund to secure a new trial for the condemned men. We most earnestly advise and request every lover of his fellow men—every reader of LUCIFER who would help to avert a more dreadful war than this country has ever known—to send and get a copy of this pamphlet, or better still, a dozen copies for distribution among his neighbors.

We have said that free speech and free press now exist in Chicago only as traditions of the past. Here is a bit of additional evidence. Helen Wilmans, editor of the Woman's World, and hitherto one of America's truest, bravest and most thorough-going reform writers, writes thus to the editor of Foundation Principles, Clinton, Iowa.

"Mrs. WATSONBROOK: You are the most fearless woman I know. I have just been reading your 'Wait? No, Sir!' I am a coward, Lois. Ever since the result of the Anarchist trial here I have been boiling over with rage. Think of hanging men who have no more been proved guilty of murder than I have, and all because an idiotic people—the wretched tool of a monopolistic press, are crying for innocent blood. I have been boiling with rage but dare not say so in my paper. Yonder in the next room my forms are made up ready to go to press, and there is not one word of which my heart is so full."

"Am I afraid to speak my thoughts? Yes I am! My paper would be condemned in the mails if I did, and I should run the risk of having my ribs stamped in by a ruffianly police that have treated hundreds of people in this manner since the 4th of last May when every soul in the city of Chicago was wet under gag law under penalty of death."

Read this, ye men of America! Yes, read and ponder, and if this statement of a true but terrorized woman does not make your own blood boil with rage then ye do not deserve the name of men! Think of women not being allowed to speak their honest thoughts without danger of having their "ribs stamped in by a ruffianly police that have treated hundreds of people in the same manner since the 4th of last May." Helen Wilmans is not the only witness to the brutality and inhumanism of the Chicago police. The capitalistic press itself, though unwillingly, has borne testimony to the same effect. Our readers may remember the statement quoted by us from the editor of the Clay Center Democrat, wherein he says that from personal knowledge he believes that a majority of the people of Chicago, though not approving Anarchy, prefer the Anarchists to the police, "on general principles." That this police was a "set of brutal, drunken libertines, composed of the worst foreign elements," or words to that effect.

Police Inspector Bonfield, the man whom the Chicago Tribune itself charged with having precipitated the Haymarket riot in order to "distinguish himself"—this bloody-minded and bloody-handed prince of ruffians now threatens that "if any violence is done by the friends of these men the lamp posts of Chicago will bear fruit." Perhaps so, and perhaps, too, among the first samples of the fruit that ripens on those lamp posts will be the blackened carcass of Capt. Bonfield himself! Far be it from us to encourage a spirit of retributive vengeance, but it is an old saying that "he who taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." He who inaugurates mob violence, as Bonfield did at the Haymarket, and as he threatens to do again, will most likely himself perish by mob violence.

Truly a most somber cloud, lurid with the images of swift-coming burnings and slaughter, now hangs over the great city of the lakes.

The particular attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Mrs. Howe, on fourth page.

They will do well to correspond with and procure patterns of her, for a reformed dress for women is surely needed.

To our readers who have been expecting to see the continuation of the Malthusian controversy by J. F. Kelley, E. C. Walker and others, we are compelled to say that, on account of the length of the article now on file and the great accumulation of other matter, we are obliged to indefinitely postpone the insertion of Bro. Kelley's last rejoinder, the receipt of which we acknowledged some weeks since.

E. H. Heywood's "Word" again makes its appearance. Eccentric, lively, fearless, as usual. Co-operative Publishing Co., Princeton, Mass. 75cts per yr.

Our readers who want an able and outspoken advocate of Freedom in Commerce, cannot do better than to subscribe for the "Million," published at Des Moines, Iowa. Weekly, only 50cts per year.

Another wide-awake Des Moines paper is the "New Thought," Moses Hall's journal. It is the only Spiritualistic paper that this tough Materialist can read. Weekly, \$1.50 per year.

The above does not hit "Foundation Principles," Lois Watsonbrooker's organ. It is a reform journal, first. By the way, Lois is taking a rest now and Jay Chappel is conducting F. P. Clinton, Iowa. Semi-monthly, \$1.00 per year.

"The Labor Journal," St. Paul and Minneapolis, is the latest addition to our X list. Weekly, \$2.00 per yr.

"Equity"—little, chubby, serious, truth-telling, "Equity," seems to be prospering. There is a supplement, now, in every issue. All reliable readers of LUCIFER take it or will take it. H. P. and G. Replogle, eds. and pubs., Liberal, Mo. Monthly, 50cts per year.

"The Torch of Liberty" is a new Greenback paper, hailing from Mound City, Kas. It is quite neat in its typographical appearance.

AUTONOMY—SELF LAW.

What Are Its Demands.

The basic principle, in theory, on which is built the structure of Democratic-Republican government is Autonomy, Self-Law. It is the principle that the people, the masses of the people, are able to govern themselves, to be a law unto themselves, without any outside help—without any king, lords or rulers, whether human or unhuman—whether natural or supernatural. Is this much admitted? If so then it follows, as we think, that the individual, the unit of the mass of people, is also capable of self-government without help from any outside power, natural or supernatural. For if the individual be not capable of self-government, we ask, where does the mass get its self-governing power? The individual members of society or of the state are not like the spokes and felloes of a wheel. They are not integral parts of a great whole, useless except when bound up with others of their kind into a machine that without its full complement of integral parts is also useless. The individual man and woman is a natural product, does not owe his or her existence to the state—can live and enjoy life to the fullest extent without the existence or assistance of the state. On the contrary, the state is an artificial product, does not exist in nature, is made and unmade by man at his pleasure. The unit of society or of the state, then, is necessarily greater than the state of which he is the author or creator. And if greater than the state then he owes no allegiance to the state; on the contrary, the state owes allegiance to him as its author or creator.

We conclude then that sovereignty—the self-governing power—resides in the individual man and woman, and not in the state at all; and that all attempts by the state (or nation) to govern the individual are simply usurpations of authority, and should be resisted as such.

When we get thus far in the autonomistic argument we are invariably met by the objector with the exclamation:

"Nonsense, this is all sheer nonsense! The average man and woman is incapable of self-government and as no man has any right or authority to govern his neighbor we must have authority vested somewhere for this purpose, and therefore we agree to delegate this right or authority to the state."

But how is it possible, Mr. Objector, for a stream to rise higher than its source? How can the citizen delegate to the state a power or authority that he does not himself possess?

From this dilemma we maintain there is no outlet except by the fiction that rights increase by numbers, or that Might gives Right.

In other words, Majorityism is enthroned as a monarch, and with all the abject devotion of the eastern subject we bow the suppliant knee to this divinity of our own making!

But the question will still recur: What will you do when the individual refuses or fails to govern himself, and persists in trespassing upon the rights of his neighbor? This question is easily answered. While we have no right to govern our neighbor the law of self-preservation allows us and impels us to Restrain him when he invades our rights.

It also allows and impels us to co-operate with our neighbor and help him to defend his rights for help in turn.

"But who is to decide where one man's right ends and another's begins?"

This question is also easily answered from the standpoint of equal rights for all, and from the standpoint of secularism as opposed to a divine or supernatural origin of government. In plain words, eliminate godism from our ideas of government and we will need no learned jurists to tell us where one man's or woman's rights end or begin. We propose to show that God and the paternal State are twin despots; each necessary to the other.

(To be continued.)

For Lucifer.

The Battle Song of the Radicals.
Tune—Korset pa Idas Groat (Cross on Idas Grave.)

Intended especially to typify the mental struggles of radicals (who seem necessarily always a "little band of heroes") and not as some may suppose for a battle song in physical combats, though appropriate enough for that if need arise. The music is one of those strange, wild Scandinavian melodies that seem, in their weird, stirring sweetness, bred from the steel-blind waves and wailing winds of that Northland of saga and mystery.

Marching in the vanguard,
Steadily step and slow;
Little band of heroes,
March to meet your foe!
Hear that drumming!
See them coming!
Hear the bugle ring again—
Make your weapons ready,
Stand your guard like men.
Burnt your ships behind you,
Back you cannot go;
Thermopylae around you,
Fear you dare not show;
Face them squarely!
Strike them fairly!
Cursed be the man that flinches!
Fight for Right and Justice
Till the last man dies!
Ha! their banners fall—
Charge upon them now!
Forth on Freedom's altar
Let your best blood flow!
See them scatter!
Hear the clatter
Of their craven, coward feet!
Liberty victorious,
Truth and Peace shall meet!

J. WM. LLOYD.

For Lucifer. Profession and Practice.

It is surprising to see how the clergy will misinterpret their bible in defense of their wicked practices. Jesus, whom they profess to follow, was opposed to war. He said his servants were not of this world and therefore could not fight. He also said, resist not evil, but overcome it with good; if a man smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also; blessed are the peacemakers, and uttered many other sayings of like import.

Whether these sayings were wise or not the clergy and churches profess to follow him, and as long as they make this profession it is their business to obey his precepts and imitate his practices, but in regard to resisting evil in war, they go directly opposite to what he taught. All the so-called evangelical churches are strong advocates of war when they have some selfish object to accomplish, and their clergy teach them that it is sometimes the Christian's duty to fight, and in proof of this misinterpret the words and acts of Christ.

After he had preached peace to the people without uttering a single word in favor of war, he wanted to enforce his peace principles by example; and told his disciples to take swords. "They replied 'Here are two,'" he told them they were enough. They went forth, and when the high priest's servant laid hands on Jesus one of his disciples who had a sword, smote off his ear. According to the narrative, Jesus healed the wound and told the one who made it to put up his sword, for he that takes the sword shall perish by it.

Now what honest man with a thimble full of brains, could see anything in all this to prove that Jesus believed in war. A great multitude was after him with swords and staves, and if he had had any idea of fighting he would not have told them that two swords were enough, but would have wanted all his disciples with him, and wanted them all armed.

Why then did he want any swords? To enforce his peace principles and precepts, to show to the world that he would not permit his disciples to fight even to save his own life; and the lying priest and clergy, in justification of war have interpreted this act to make it mean directly opposite to what Jesus intended; and so they do almost everything that Jesus taught. Their beliefs and practices are no more like those of Jesus than a scare-crow of old clothes is like a live man.

Christ commanded his followers not to pray at the corner of the streets nor in the synagogues to be seen and heard of men, but to enter into their closets and shut the doors, and pray in secret. All who attend church know that they do not obey him. The priest and clergy teach that God, after creating the world, instituted a weekly Sabbath for rest and worship, because they wanted one day in the week to ride on the shoulders or necks of the people; when there is no such thing in the bible. According to the story God sanctified the seventh day on which he finished his work, and called it holy; but said not a word about the seventh day of the next week being holy, and for twenty-five hundred years nothing is said in the bible about a weekly sabbath; but the priests and clergy lie about it that they may have one day in the week to blindfold and fleece the people. Jesus never observed any sabbath, nor commanded it; and Paul expressly commanded his people to let no man judge them in regard to holy days.

Christ never built a church nor commanded one to be built; but summed

up his religion in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and visiting the sick and imprisoned; but his professed followers now, often build one hundred thousand dollar churches while the poor are starving beneath their shadow; and most of the money is ground out of laborers too poor to worship in such churches.

I might go from the beginning to the end of the bible and show that almost everything good in that book is ignored by the churches, and nearly everything evil in its pages is practiced. Yours,
JEREMIAH HACKER.
Berlin, New Jersey.

Egoism vs. Altruism.

The first law which acts upon man and beast is the law of self-preservation. In its immediate relations to the individual it is strictly egoistic, but it is eminently right, for without it life could not be maintained. It is so potent that in some instances the efforts to save life or bodily injury are automatic. They execute themselves without previous thought. When the finger gets burned it withdraws immediately, without waiting for the intellect to say: get out of the way. Self preservation being the first law, all laws governing individual actions are related to it. As the individuals congregate into tribes and nations, they are still governed by that same egoistic law; but as they increase in intelligence each individual soon realizes that others are governed by the same impulse; that by preserving the rights of others he preserves his own; that by increasing the intelligence of his surroundings he increases his capacity of enjoyment. When egoism has reached that point it is called "altruism."

It is immaterial whether we class the actions of altruism as bearing upon the good of self first; or the good of others first; for in such conduct the good of one reacts to the good of all, the good of all to that of one; and such are moral actions.

The manner in which Tritogen was arguing this subject in former articles, made me think that he was afraid that the poor little *myself*, was going to be left out in the cold in performing moral actions, and for that reason, (to reassure him) I based those moral actions upon the egoistic stand-point. But since moral actions are altruistic I could just as well have based them first, upon the good of all.

I knew very well that as soon as he felt his platform shake he would jump over the fence, and accuse me of standing upon it as an "egoist." But it was not me who said: "I kick the beam of excellence and owe no moral obligations to anybody."

A sensitive conscience and the feeling of moral obligation are the motors to give strength to combat frauds, oppression, and inequality in all its forms. It is immaterial whether moral obligation has been inculcated in the mind by previous teachings; the question for us to know is, whether it was right or not. What can be more righteous than the individual striving to improve himself for the good of others, or striving to improve others for his own good?

It is evident that if individual actions were so conducted that they had no bearing upon the good of self, others, or posterity, such conduct would be superfluous, for when one would be asked: "Does your conduct make you happy?" he would have to answer, no; if asked if it made his neighbors happy, he would have to answer that he did not care. As each and all individuals would be interviewed their answer would be the same; and it is plain that the bearing of all actions must be, self and others, others and self.

Why have heroes, poets, divines and philosophers tried by example and teachings to inculcate a moral standard of conduct? Was it that they should be miserable while others were happy? Not much. They felt that by raising life to a higher plane the sum total of happiness would be raised, and that others, their children, and themselves would inherit their share.

It would not do for one moment to think that the spontaneity of untutored nature would all lead toward the good. Nature has two distinct sides.

I do not doubt that lion story, but I would say that while one lion has roared when his master was whipped, one hundred lions have torn their masters to pieces.

DIOGENE.

Shop vs. Farm.

Editor LUCIFER: Please find inclosed fifty cents, part of it due on LUCIFER. I am nearly ready to leave this part of the country. Send paper until time expires. When I get located again I will renew my subscription. I find that I can do a good deal better at my trade than I can at farming; I will make room for all those that are so eager to get farms. When I left my trade for farming, I was receiving \$2.50 per day for ten hour's work. Since I commenced farming I became independent; yes, indeed; all poor farmers are independent. They can get second hand clothing cheap, and can readily sell corn at 15 cts per bushel, wheat at 45 cts. do., and so on ad infinitum.

I find nearly all newspapers are down on Most & Co. So be it! There were no great many papers advocating the very same doctrine that Most & Co. did, but where, O where are they now? I can tell you, and I don't care a nickel who kicks. They stand exactly where Gerrett Smith & Co. stood when the martyred John Brown made his raid. They were cowards then—as they are cowards now. But Brown and his men carried the war into Africa, and won the battle. This fight could be won the same way had we a hero like John Brown to lead. But how is it now? Why, the same old song they used to sing to Brown—to the ballot! to the ballot! They might better say—to hell! and talk sense—for a poor man will receive as much from one as he will from another. But just at the present time Most is in jail, his companions—that is, a part of them—will get the same dose that Brown received, and we stand and hold up holy hands and thank god that we are not like other people. The next craze on the list I find not capital vs. labor but free love vs. matrimony. In this great and much boasted free country, was there ever, that is to say, hardly ever, a woman forced to marry a man against her will? If there are such they can leave at any time. But the grand trouble always comes in, "How can I get my share of my husband's property which he earned long before I married him." There may be women that had money at the time of marriage, let their husbands squander it, proving the truth of the old prophet, "A fool and his money are soon parted." But look we again; there is your silver dollar; one side has liberty with a man's head, the other an eagle, and in god we trust. Each party is represented as a god, and to save my life I can't tell which to worship; but when you add both sides and the dollar, then I am on hand; will join all creeds, fall down and worship this mighty god in whom we all believe and in whom we are willing—Artemus Ward like—to sacrifice all our wife's relations and to some tall swearing to obtain it. If there were no money there would be mighty little praying, few unhappy marriages, little whiskey and beer made, none to sell it; and to wind up the whole business, if there were no almighty dollar there would be few marriages, no liquor sold, no drinkards, no socialist, no anarchist, no cranks to bother an editor.

But if we had 10,000 men like John Brown to lead the 500,000 Free Thinkers, Prohibitionists, Socialists, Anarchists and Nihilists against those blood-suckers, I, for one, would be ready; actions speak louder than words. Let us have actions; what say you?
JOHN GEMER.
Norfolk, Neb., July 21.

Government a Type of Society.

Editor LUCIFER: If all our people were honorable and just in their intercourse with each other, they could, under our present system of state government, establish a much better administration of affairs than now prevails, which goes to show that society government is only the exact reflection of the moral character of the individual citizens composing it; as they are so will their society, their government be. Under the best system, therefore, they will have the best government. Our present system is not the best, and could it be at once improved to meet our highest ideal of perfection we should still have had government under the present status of individual morality. I believe Thomas Jefferson said: "Government is a necessary evil." This will not be denied. The evil lies in the fact that the great majority of mankind are selfish and unjust and must needs be restrained by the power of government, which is subject to abuse, they are, as Burns says:

"—once weak
And never to be trusted,
If self the wavering balance shakes
The rarely right adjusted."

Hence if "self" is so destitute of the power of judging righteous judgment between itself and others, how can anyone think of abolishing the state which is to restrain and punish evil doers; of wiping out at once this "necessary evil"? Truly does J. Wm. Lloyd say: "If the state should be abolished to-morrow"—our members of society being on the same moral plane we now find them—"another despotism would have its heels on our necks before he could draw a second breath." If this were done, would we not drop into the feudal times originating a thousand years ago, when the strongest was master and the masses were slaves; when the feudal lords built for themselves castles and controlled and housed the many that served them like so many cattle? If a transition from state government to autonomy before the people are fully ripe for the latter, results in relapsing into the feudal system, or something similar, it would not be at all desirable.

I should be only too glad to wipe out the state, to abolish that "necessary evil" were all capable of self-rule, (autonomy)

or if not all, at least a sufficient number so as to make the transition with safety. Could this be done it would be the greatest reform ever achieved, but great reforms, instead of moving with gigantic bound, overleaping instantaneously great chasms of wrong, generally move slowly, requiring great sacrifice of both blood and treasure! However, it is the aim of its friends that autonomy shall come through peace and not war; by means of moral example and suasion and not by the power of brute force. But is not the distance between autonomy and state government so vast, that every sane mind must at once comprehend there is no getting from the latter to the former, except by traveling that distance step by step, if, indeed, we can hope to get there at all? That to get there we cannot abolish the state, but must preserve the same as a ladder, to be modified by time and circumstances, whereon to climb round by round, to a higher plane? That to get there we must grow and ripen into autonomy through the state, which, when we shall have reached that ripened condition, will naturally slough off from the body politic launching us safely into the new and better condition? If this is correct, then let us proceed by trying to take the incipient steps on the highway to autonomy.

They will consist, first, in reforming our individual selves. This will be a very slow procedure, but perseverance will finally conquer.

The next will be to gradually "weed out" bad laws, both statute and organic, of course, through the instrumentality of the ballot, maintaining the state, but, trying to render harmless and less repulsive the "necessary evil." Let us give our whole attention and labor towards making the graduating steps necessarily required to reach autonomy, instead of halting to talk about abolishing the state, which misleads, and expecting that dreaminess and inaction will produce real and solid advancements toward the goal of our ambition Carthago, Mo.
REUBEN KORSZLER.

Anarchism.

Editor LUCIFER: I have just seen it noted that in a series of four lectures delivered at Merrillan, Wis., recently by W. F. Jamieson, the one on "Anarchism, America's Worst Evil," had the largest attendance. I have always thought it somewhat unfortunate that any class of genuine reformers should have called themselves "Anarchists"—not because the etymology of the word is not entirely appropriate to the just aims of all individualists, but because of the indelible fact that the popular meaning of the word has been degraded to signify almost, if not quite, the opposite of that which its etymology justifies. I have but little more respect for the tyranny of that branch of learning than I have for their tyrannies, and therefore it seems to me the part of wisdom to disregard its demands in matters where to regard them is a hindrance rather than a help. If every one could read J. Wm. Lloyd's "Anarchial Government" in Free-thinker's Magazine of August, and could at the same time know who were true Anarchists and who not, according to that article, then there might be no objection to the title. But as that is impossible, the only profitable course left to be taken by Individualists of the school Lloyd fronts of, is to change their name; unless they are willing to suffer the disadvantages of being thoroughly misunderstood by many, if not most of their best friends.

It will be observed that "Anarchist" as defined at the present day by lexicographers, fully justifies the popular conception of the word; as something to be avoided as both dangerous and repugnant, and therefore reprehensible.

It certainly would be a grand desideratum if all peaceable Individualists—all who hold that the highest sovereignty rests in the individual, and that aggression is a crime to be treated accordingly—could unite upon, and marshal under some appellation, plainly signifying at least one of their cardinal principles, and in no wise mislead in regard to any of them. Were I a linguist or lexicographer I would make an attempt to point out that word, but as it is it must be left to other more and competent hands. Think of it, comrades, think of it.
Palatka, Florida.
LEWIS MORRIS.

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS.

Editor LUCIFER: I regret some printer's mistakes in the World's Reformer. In the article, "The Albany Convention," instead as now "it was a success," read "was it a success?" And now let me say to Bros. Harman & Walker, your articles are grand, and I give you a brother's blessing.
In Love,
Newport, Me. SEWARD MITCHELL.

FRIEND HARMAN:—I gave away my last LUCIFER, which breaks my life. Will you please receive the enclosed stamps and send me another number? Allow me to say that I am pleased, which don't more than half express my thought of LUCIFER. It is small in size, but a mountain in soul. May it ever live.
Yours Respectfully,
J. G. MARY.
Clinton, Kan.

From Utah.

Thanks to the furor the contemptible federal ring have been making lately— their unlawful and malicious act in call-

ing out the U. S. troops to serve civil processes, and the variety and extent of the constructions of the court upon the spirit and power of the Edmunds law—has turned the eyes upon us, and opened the ears of a great many honest, and heretofore deceived people. All we have ever asked has been to be fairly and justly judged and investigated.

Before every generation comes up important questions to be solved by that generation. As the labor question seems to be agitating the whole civilized world, more or less, I will speak of that. The people here have adopted co-operation. There have never been any strikes among the Mormons, and there never can be. All the profits arising from invested capital eventually returns to the laborer. There are no suffering poor among us, no homeless orphans, and no tramps but those imported. The men are all laborers and preachers. The women are all housewives and sisters of charity, to assist all now coming, to care for the sick, aged or infirm, as also those victims of circumstances whom you find in every community. And if polygamy is not better than the monogamy and licentiousness of those who are trying to break up the homes and ruin the lives of a great many families in this territory, then God help the civilization of the nineteenth century.
A MORMON WOMAN.

Lucifer's Benefit

The following named books and pamphlets have been sent this office from time to time to sell for the benefit of the paper. Please order of us and thereby help along the cause.

AN ESSAY ON the Ownership of Land, by James Beeson, 24 pp. 10 cts.

THE IMAGE BREAKER Series, by John B. Hemmings, sets each, Titles: Jefferson an Unbeliever; Palms and Wesley. The Decline of Faith. Protestant Intolerance. Washington an Unbeliever.

OUR NATURAL RIGHTS, by Thomas Algeo Dwyer. The pamphlet also contains the Deserted Village, by Oliver Goldsmith. 35 cts.

PHILOSOPHY of the Labor Movement, by Frederick A. Hinkley, 24 pp. 5 cts.

A TREATISE on Spirit Mediumship, Containing preparatory rules for self-development. 82 pp. 10 cts.

A FABRICATED ACCOUNT of a Scene at the Death-bed of Thomas Paine. 20 pp. 10 cts.

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER, or The Price of Virtue, by Rachel Campbell. 28 pp. 10 cts.

THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM, its Relation to Labor Reform and Prosperity, by Alfred H. Westrup, 32 pp. 16 cts.

PROHIBITION, by C. T. Fowler. 28 pp. 10 cts.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND, by Lyander Spooner, 110 pp. 35 cts.

TRUTHSEEKER ANNUAL and Free-thinker's Almanac 1896. 25 cts.

PEOPLE'S POWER, or How to Wield the Ballot, by Simeon Stetson, 60 pp. 20 cts.

REORGANIZATION OF BUSINESS, by C. T. Fowler, 28 pp. 10 c.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY better than Eternal punishment, by M. Hulece. 38 pp. 10 c.

THE STORY HOUR, by Susan H. Wikon. 24 pp. 21 cts. Excellent for the children.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS of TO-DAY, or the Mormon Question, by a Gentle, 91 p. 20 c.

COMPREHENSIVE COMMENTARY of the Bible. Five large volumes. \$1.25 per vol., (publisher's price, \$6.00 per vol.)

144 SELF-CONTRADICTIONS of the Bible. 37 c.

ACTS of THE ANTI-SLAVERY ANTI-SLAVES, by Parker Pillsbury. 633 p. \$1.00.

LEGENDS of the PATRIARCHS and Prophets, by H. Haring Gould. 375 p. 75 c.

SHAKER THEOLOGY, by Elder H. L. Bads. 222 p. 50 c.

PROPHETIC VISIONS and SPIRIT communications, by Lucy Lovina Brown 30 c.

Address LUCIFER, or M. HARMAN & SON, Valley Falls, Kan.

Job Work.

We are prepared to do job work at the following prices. Remember that we prepay all charges of Express or postage, and guarantee satisfaction.

	Per Doz.	Per 100.	Per 1000.
Envelopes, XX.	.55	1.75	2.50
Note Heads.	.70	1.25	2.00
Liquor Applications.	.50	1.25	2.00
Invitations (record.)			

100 to style of card, 50 to 2.50

Other kinds of work in proportion. Send for estimates on any work you may need.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF TODAY

—OR—

THE MORMON QUESTION

IN ITS

Economic Aspects.

A study of Co-operation and Arbitration in Mormonism from the Standpoint of a

Wage-worker, by A Gentle, Author of "Utah and Its People."

This is a startling work, and one that every live man and woman will wish to

read. 90 octavo pages. Price, only 20

cents. Address, M. Harman & Son, Valley Falls, Kan.

TIME CARD			
ATCHISON, TOITKA & BANTATE:			
WST.			
California & Mexico	No. 1,	11:18 a m	
Express & Mail	No. 2,	11:26 p m	
Colorado Express	No. 3,	10:03 p m	
Through Freight	No. 4,	9:58 a m	
Way Freight	No. 13,	9:58 a m	
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,	9:58 a m	
KANSAU 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	11:00 a m	
Local Freight	3:45 p m	
Through tickets for sale, and baggage checked through to all points in the Eastern Missouri River Rates.			
H. D. BUTTS, Agent.			

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY THE LATE HUGH CONWAY.

She was fairer than ever—fairer in every perfect, the clear pale face more beautiful, the dark grey eyes more wonderful than of old. And, as she had given that little cry of joy, something had leapt into her eyes which Carruthers had never before seen there, or never before seen so clearly and undisguisedly. The surprise of seeing him had swept away caution, and for the space of two seconds, Frank was able to read the very secret of her soul.

No wonder he held her hands and gazed silently in her face. What had he to say—What could he say? The certainty that she loved him made his task no easier—the task of telling her that he knew her secret or at least a great part of it—the task of asking her to remain in him and let him help her. So he remained silent until she gently drew her hands from his.

The light had faded from Beatrice's face. She also after a moment of forgetfulness was coming back to her own world and its troubles. Her eyes dropped and her face clouded. "How did you find me?" she asked in troubled tones.

"By a strange chance. I will tell you how some day."

"Tell me now."

Frank shook his head. "Not now," he said. "Let it suffice that I have found you."

"But," said Beatrice with agitation, "do others know—can others find me? If you learned it why not another?"

He saw the display of fear, and hastened to reassure her. "No one save myself can learn it in the same way. Your retreat is safe."

She sighed her relief. There was an awkward pause. Frank was the first to break it. "Beatrice," he said, "I have come a long way to see you. I have much to say—may I have much to say to me. Can we go to some place where we can talk?"

"Yes, we can go to my home," Beatrice called her boy, and Frank, glad of anything to break the awkwardness of the moment, greeted the little fellow and made friends with him to such purpose that he insisted upon Mr. Carruthers holding his chubby hand and walking with him.

"What a pity to cut that bright hair!" said Frank to Beatrice.

"It was more than pity—it was cruel, but it was cruel necessity," she said sadly.

Beatrice led the way to the house in which she lived. She walked with her head bent, and as one in deep thought. She could not make up her mind whether to be glad or sorry at Frank's coming. She saw, however, that it put an end to her present mode of life. That it meant confession, revealing of everything. That it meant return to England and to such friends as would still be her friends. That it meant shame and sorrow. It also meant safety and humanity from persecution. She began to regret that she had yielded to Sarah's wish to go to England and see Hervey. But that was not much consequence. She felt sure that as soon as Carruthers learned her history, her affairs would pass into hands more competent to deal with them than the hands of two weak women. So on the whole her feelings were those of relief.

And yet for some, for one reason, Frank was the last person she would have chosen to whom to reveal her secrets. She shrank from having to show the man she loved that her life for years had been one of deceit. Now that the devil had to be confessed to him, it seemed to lose all the innocent nature which she had hitherto flattered herself it possessed. In short, if such a thing can be imagined, Beatrice felt, as Carruthers once felt her to be, as an idol would feel when just upon the point of being hurled down from its pedestal.

Carruthers, who had his own thoughts to trouble him, and to whom it seemed that any conventional remarks would at the present juncture be mockery, respected her meditations, so that, save for the hiccuping of the boy, silence reigned until Beatrice found herself in her room with Frank sitting near her. It struck her as so strange that he of all others should be here, that even now she wondered if she was dreaming. She shut her eyes, feeling to read remorse in them.

"How are they all at home?" she asked. "How are my uncles, and dear old Hazlewood?" Her eyes filled with tears. Her emotion did not escape Carruthers.

"They are all well," he said. "I heard from Herbert a few days ago. He sent me your letter."

"Will they ever forgive me?" said Beatrice. "Will they ever speak to me again?"

"I hope so," said Frank gravely. "They were, of course, much vexed and upset."

Beatrice glanced at him nervously. Even he had but held out a hope of forgiveness—and he loved her. She wished he had not come to Munich.

"Do they know my reason for leaving England?" she asked timidly.

"No. They have hazarded many guesses, but not one has been near the truth."

"Do you know why I left?" she asked. A look of pain settled on Carruthers's face. "Yes," he said, softly. "Chance has given me your story. But to me—only to me."

"Do you know all—that I have done, all that I have suffered?"

He rose. There was strange agitation in his manner and voice. "All!" he exclaimed. "Beatrice! Beatrice! how can I find words to tell you what I know? Beatrice, did I not just now hear that child call you mother?"

"Yes, he is my son," she said, calmly.

"All!" continued Carruthers, excitedly. "Need I know all? Need I be racked by hearing the one I love tell me all? Need I pain her by forcing her to hear me? Have I not heard enough? Why should I seek to know more?"

"Let me tell you my story, Frank," she said, beseechingly.

"No!" He spoke in that imperious tone which she had once before, in a slight degree, noticed. "No! Listen to me, Beatrice, believe me, I have longed to find you. I have sighed for this moment. If I have surprised your secrets it was not for my own ends. Beatrice, when chance showed me where you were, I came to you with but one object. This morning—even when, at last, I saw you, I had but one thought. It was to come to you, to say I have sought you because you are in distress, because you want help. Such help as I can give is yours. Without question, without the hope of reward, it is yours."

Again she strove to interrupt him. He checked her.

"Listen! I have more, much more, to say. I have seen you again!" his voice changed to one of supreme tenderness. "I have held your hands. I have looked into your face—the same sweet face of my dreams. Beatrice, all is changed with me. He knelt beside her and took her hands. "If once I wished to know all, now I say, tell me nothing. What is the past to me? Hide it away; forget it, scorn it. Our life begins to-day. I love you, bend down and tell me you will be my wife."

She forcibly drew her hands from his, covered her eyes, and sobbed.

"You love me," he went on, passionately. "Is it for my sake you will not do this thing? Look at me—read in my eyes what my heart desires—know that you have the power of making or marring a man's life. Beatrice! My love, my only love, answer me!"

Once more he tried to take her hands. She tore them away with a cry of anguish, and her fearful eyes rested on his troubled, upturned face.

"Frank," she said, "you are killing me. Spare me and let me speak!"

He waited in anxious silence until her sobs died away and sustained speech was a possibility.

"Frank, Frank!" she said. "You have been misled. You have heard but half the truth. You love me, yet dare to think that if what you have heard is true I would be your wife. I cannot blame you for believing. I have no right to blame. My actions have helped that belief. Yet in believing it, you, Frank, have given me the sharpest pain of all that I have known."

Carruthers bent his head and prayed she would forgive him.

"I have nothing to forgive. From whom did you think I fled—from what danger? Frank, I fled from the man who is my husband—the man who more than five years ago took advantage of a girl's folly, married her and made her life a misery."

Carruthers rose from his knees. His face was white as a sheet. He was the picture of despair. A legion of Mrs. Millers would not now have caused him to throw up the faintest shoo. Her husband! The room seemed to swim around him.

When he recovered himself he saw Beatrice with the tears falling down her cheeks. The sight was bitter reproach to him. How had he kept his vow? Instead of giving her comfort and aid he was but adding to her trouble. Moreover, a keen sense of shame came home to him. Instead of joy he had felt fresh misery when Beatrice's words told him that her secret was not one of such nature as he had been led to believe. That his first thought upon hearing the truth should have been one of sorrow showed him that he had reached a depth of selfishness and degradation which no love could excuse or condone. He blushed for himself, and for the sake of his manhood strove until he regained composure. There was a strange calm on his face when, once more, he drew near Beatrice.

"Tell me all," he said in a quiet voice. "No, don't fear for me. She glanced at him inquiringly. "Tell me all, I can bear it. I can help you."

She told him all. Told him without self excuse, without even exaggerating her husband's sins against the world and against her. She told him without claiming mercy on account of what she had suffered; but there was a pathos in her voice, an utter helplessness in her manner which told her listener more than words could have told. His heart neared as he thought of her; his blood boiled as he thought of the villain who had wrought this misery.

He heard her to the very end in silence. Throughout her tale she had not spoken of her husband by any name; but from the first Carruthers guessed who he was. As she finished speaking he turned his pale face to her. "The man's name is Hervey," he said.

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I have seen him twice." As he spoke Carruthers involuntarily clenched his hands. There was a kind of savage satisfaction in thinking under what conditions he last saw the rogue. He wished he had struck even harder. He frowned and his mouth grew hard and stern. Beatrice saw the facial change.

"Do you blame me too much to forgive me, Frank?" she asked anxiously. He looked at her with eyes as soft and tender as a woman's.

"Blame you? Who am I to blame you? What have I to forgive? You have all my pity—all my sympathy. Again I offer you such help as I can give—such help as a brother can give a sister. You will take this from me, Beatrice?"

She placed her hand in his. "Yes, I will take it. It is more than I deserve. Ah, how I wish I should my trouble enter into your life!"

His fingers tightened on hers. His eyes sought hers. "Beatrice," he said, "I did not live until I knew you. You have a right to

claim all I can give. Yet there is something I must ask—something I must know. You have told me much—all you tell me all?"

"I have told you all."

"No, not all. Beatrice, life promises to be but a sorry affair for me. Let me have such consolation as it can give. Beatrice, let me hear you say with your own lips that had things been otherwise you could have loved me—would have loved my wife."

She met his eyes bravely. "Yes, Frank," she said softly. "I will say that. I will say more. I love you now. Ah, Frank, reproach me, blame me, when I tell you that although I know it meant unhappiness for you it was a sweet moment to me when first I knew that you loved me."

After this avowal there was silence for a minute. Then Carruthers leaned forward. "Beatrice, my love," he said hoarsely, "kiss me once. I only ask it once."

She flushed to the roots of her hair, yet she made no resistance. Carruthers drew her to him and for the first, and for all he knew, the last time their lips met. He took, she gave, the one kiss. When it was over Carruthers released her from his embrace, and the two drew apart.

Here, no doubt, Mr. Carruthers will sink immensely in public esteem. He acted as a hero is never supposed to act, or at least in fiction. He lost an opportunity. Every one who has studied the nature of true love as depicted by the modern passionate writers and skilled analysts of the human heart must feel that Mr. Carruthers should have then and there clasped Beatrice to his heart and have sworn that love overruled everything. He should have followed that one modest kiss by thousands. He should have said "What is the marriage tie when two souls are in such ecstatic communion as yours and mine?" He should have said "There are other lands. Lands where no one knows us, where life may be a perpetual dream of love. Let us fly there and be blessed!" In the mad whirl of his passion such scruples as she, for appearance sake, urged should have been swept away, and married or unmarried, he should have borne her off, his for ever and ever! Yes, he lost such an opportunity that his conduct must be apologized for!

He did none of these wild, passionate things simply because he was an English gentleman, who wished the woman he loved to be his wife and the lawful mother of his children. True, that his love had carried him away sufficiently to make him willing to blot out an imaginary past. It was great enough to raise and restore the woman he loved, but it was not great enough, or shall we say too great, to dream of degrading her!

CHAPTER XXXI.

A WOMAN WITH A MISSION.

Inspiration, as a rule, sours about the pettiness of detail, and of all inspiration that one whose wings are worked by religion flies the highest and freest from trammels of custom and caution. A man or a woman inspired with an ethical mission to humanity feels fully convinced that, provided the eyes are kept steadfastly on the glorious result, the brambles which have for ages choked the path leading to the great goal will in some mysterious manner get cleared out of the way; without fault of this kind inspiration shakes to the dull level of wisdom.

Sarah Miller was a woman with a mission; a mission, however, of a personal not of a general nature. Her mission as she read it was to insure the worldly happiness of her beloved mistress, and her faith in the inspiration which prompted the task was such as to make her believe that she would succeed.

Everything in this woman's life turned on her devotion to Beatrice. Her mind was like a dark, sunless ruin, in the centre of which springs one pure white marble column, and that column her love for her mistress. The wild words she once used when telling Frank Carruthers what she could do for Beatrice's sake, if anything, fell short of the truth.

It is absurd to suppose that any one of us is entitled to such adoration from a fellow creature. Very probably David himself did not deserve Jonathan's unpampered devotion any more than Beatrice deserved that of Mrs. Miller. Nevertheless, if human affection were doled out into the scale against personal merit most of us would fare extremely ill in this world. Simple justice, like pure republicanism, and many other indisputably correct things, works better in theory than in practice. Mrs. Miller's strange worship of Beatrice must be sought for in causes other than the girl's merits or even her servant's gratitude.

It was the outpour of an impetuous, passionate nature, hemmed and diverted from its proper course by the stony barrier raised by the creed of predestination. It was something which, if dreary Calvinism had not beaten it back to earth, would have soared heavenwards, and have there found a legitimate field for expansion and exercise. Had Sarah Miller's religious education, or the bent of her peculiarly constructed mind been such as to lead her to follow a more cheerful profession of faith, she would have been an ardent and, perhaps, happy Christian devotee, walking this earth with her eyes turned heavenwards, as do those who look upon this life as nothing more than a comma in the endless volume of eternity. Alas! such a beatific state was far beyond her reach.

The belief that ages and ages before she was born, her place, not only in this world, but also in the next, had been irrevocably fixed, the terrible conviction that she was one of the many doomed by God's will to eternal torture, a fate which not the prayers of a lifetime, or the conduct of a saint, could avert or in the slightest degree mitigate; this fearful belief closed round her like the walls of a prison from which there is no escape, from which death itself is no release. How in such a state of mind could she turn with feelings of love and adoration to the Supreme Being? Who had doomed her to such unutterable woe? No, she could fear Him, tremble before Him, abase herself at His feet, pray her wild hopeless prayers, but such love as she had to give was fain to bestow itself upon an earthly object, and for want of a better that object was Beatrice.

(Continued.)

DIANA. Sexual Advice for the married, Third Edition, Revised and Improved. Dianism is the road to True Love and pure parenthood. Price 25 cents. Stamps gladly taken. Please order from—

ELMIRA J. SECKLER, Snowville, Va.

Wonderful

cures of Scrofulous diseases continually add to the reputation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. John McDonald, 121 Suffolk st., Lowell, Mass., says: "For a number of years I was a great sufferer from Scrofula, which manifested itself in early childhood. So virulent and offensive were the sores which appeared on my body, that my parents kept me from school most of the time. I became emaciated, pale, languid, and feeble, and my friends said it was Consumption. A physician in New York state recommended treatment with

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

to remove the Scrofula from my blood. After taking six bottles I was permanently cured."

Sold by all Druggists.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

GOLD

Fields are scarce, but there who write to Sunco & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from \$5 to \$25 per day. Some have earned over \$100 a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is now.

FOWLER'S PAMPHLETS!

Co-Operation, its Laws and Principles. 25 pages of splendid reading matter. Just what is needed to-day. Don't miss it.

THE REORGANIZATION OF BUSINESS.

In the Store and the Bank, on the Farm and in the Factory. Practical application of the principles of Co-operation.

PROHIBITION.

An unanswerable argument against summary methods in temperance reform.

CORPORATIONS.

With Special Reference to Railways and Telegraphs. The difference between Corporations and Co-operation. This is Mr. Fowler's latest.

Price, 7 cents each, the four for 25 cents
Address, WALKER & HARMAN, Valley Falls, Mo.

13 Weeks. The POLICE GAZETTE will be mailed securely wrapped to any address in the United States on receipt of One Dollar, Liberal discounts allowed to agents, postmaster and clubs. Samples sent free. Address all orders to RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES

EIGHT PAGE SEMI-MONTHLY
EDITED BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.
Advocates a Humanitarian Spiritualism, and holds it as a

FOUNDATION PRINCIPLE

That all gain coming from the use of natural wealth belongs to the party through whose labor it is secured, and not to some other claimant—that no man or set of men has the moral right to hold land not in actual use from those who need it, and that rent taken for the use of such land is robbery, and illegal when measured by the law of natural justice.

Accepts no authority but that of Justice, and alive all through. Send for it; price \$1. per year. Address
LOIS WAISBROOKER, Clinton, Iowa.

ADVERTISERS

can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing

Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce St., New York.
Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet

John Seckler

THE 1-PRICE CLOTHIER.

Would respectfully call the attention of all in want of Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, etc., to prices that DEFY COMPETITION:

Men's Suits from \$5.00, to Tailor Made for \$25.00.
Boys' Suits at from \$4.00 to Tailor Made for \$15.00.
Childs' Suits at from \$2.75 up to \$12.00

UNDERWEAR IN ALL GRADES AT THE SAME PROPORTIONS!!

No Misrepresentations Made to Effect Sales, But Goods Represented for Just What They Are.

We also have a fine Merchant Tailoring Establishment and a fine Assortment of Piece Goods to select from.

A Call is solicited from Respectfully,
JOHN SECKLER,
LEAVENWORTH KAN.

423 DELEW ANN STREET.
N. B. A reliable watch Waterbury) will be presented to every purchaser of \$20.00.

A COMFORTABLE, Healthful And Practical DRESS FOR WOMEN.

Any woman desiring patterns, can obtain them, with all particulars relating thereto, on application to MRS. S. E. HOWE, Burlington, Iowa.
Say you saw the advertisement in LEUCIFER

Bible Temperance.

THE BIBLE AND THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.
AN EXAMINATION

-OF THE-
CLAIM OF MODERN CHRISTIANS
-THAT THE-
BIBLE IS A TEMPERANCE WORK.
By E. C. WALKER.

CONTENTS:
Prefatory Note; Introduction; List A.—Passages Unequivocally Condemning the use of Wine. List B.—Passages Commending or Enjoining the use of Wine or Strong Drink, or both, or including a plentiful supply of Wine among the blessings to be bestowed upon favored individuals or tribes, etc., or including the deprivation of it among the punishments inflicted upon the disobedient. List C.—Passages Conditionally Condemning the use of Wine, etc., upon stated occasions, by certain persons upon certain occasions, etc. List D.—Passages which incidentally mention the use of Wine and Strong Drink without either Condemning or Commending them. List E.—Passages Showing that Scripture Wine did Intoxicate. Conclusion.

"Every honest and rational movement in favor of temperance is to be commended, but this subversive stuff called 'Bible Temperance' is unendurable. I have long felt that this sham ought to be punctured. It has been done at last, and most effectively done by the logical pen of E. C. Walker."
JOHN E. REMBURG.

Price, per copy.....\$0.10
Per dozen.....\$1.00
Address, WALKER & HARMAN, Valley Falls, Kan.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF TODAY

OR—
THE MORMON QUESTION

IN ITS Economic Aspects.
A study of Co-operation and Arbitration in Mormonism, from the standpoint of a Wage-worker, by A. Gentile, Author of "Utah and its People."
This is a startling work, and one that every live man and woman will wish to read. 90 octavo pages. Price, only 20 cents. Address, Walker & Harman, Valley Falls, Kan.

AN INDISPENSIBLE BOOK.

By Dr. E. B. FOOTE, JR.

THE RADICAL REMEDY IN SOCIAL SCIENCE

OR—
BORN BETTER BABIES
Through Regulating Reproduction by Controlling Conception.

An Earnest Essay on Pressing Problems, 124 pp. Price, 25 cents.

To each present subscriber to LEUCIFER who shall pay up all arrearages and for one year in advance (\$1.25 per year) we will send postage paid, one copy of this most valuable book.

To each new subscriber to LEUCIFER who shall send us \$1.25 for one year in advance we will send, free one copy of this book. Send at once and get one of the best books ever published.

OTHER EXTRAORDINARY OFFERS!
Forty-Three Lectures by Col. R. G. Ingersoll. Bound in cloth. Lettered in gilt on back and side. More of the Colonel's sayings and writings than you can get in any other form for the money. Price, \$1.50
This Large Book, together with Dr. Foote's "Radical Remedy," for \$1.00
Each old subscriber to LEUCIFER who shall send amount of arrearages and two dollars and thirty cents (\$2.30) will receive LEUCIFER for another year and both of the above books.

Do not delay sending your orders. Address, WALKER & HARMAN, Valley Falls, Kans.