

VOL. II. HOME, WASH., DECEMBER, 1901. NO. XI.

LEST WE FORGET.

To The Chicago Martyrs.

Forget them, our comrades, the true and the noble,
Who marched with the foremost in liberty's van,
Who plead for the cause of the poor and down-trodden,
Who spoke the great word of the freedom of man?

Forget them, our brothers, the sweet and the tender,
Who lived for the sake of a world that was blind,
Who recked not the slander, nor heeded the peril,
Secure in the truth, and the love of their kind?

Forget them, our heroes, the strong and the fearless,
Who faced the wild beast in its innermost lair,
Who blenched not though lashed by the rage of the tempest,
Who taught slaves and tyrants what freedom can dare?

Forget them, our martyrs, the grand and the peerless,
Who master'd the scaffold, and conqur'd the grave,
Who murdered, are living, and dying are deathless,
Whose memory lives in the hearts of the brave?

Forget them, when hopeless and shrouded in darkness,
When heavy the burden and long the delay;
They brighten the blackness, and speak from the silence,
And point thro' the clouds to the dawn of the day.

Forget them? By liberty scorned and dishonored,
By justice entangled in sophistry's net,
By truth doom'd to drudge in the service of falsehood,
By love turned to hatred—WE WILL NOT FORGET!

Forget them? When lost to the meaning of manhood,
And deaf to the cause which inspired us of yore,
We crouch with the craven or turn with the traitor,
THEN we may forget—for they know us no more!

Forget them? Humanity's triumph approaches;
The harvest is ripe from the seed they have sown.
Forget them? Ye cannot, ye sons of the future,
When freedom is victor, they come to their own!

JAMES F. MORTON JR.— in Discontent.

CZOLGOSZ CONTROLLED.

Editor Clothed With the Sun:

By the request of Czolgosz I relate to you the following:

First, I will mention that when taking our meals, we sometimes commune, either clairaudiantly or thro, the table, with our spirit friends, they first moving it in response to some remark made to each other.

Since coming here some over three months ago we have used a table left by some party in the house.

Instead of being round like the former dining table it is three feet wide and four feet long, and much heavier. Besides, we sit differently, deposing ourselves on each side, and nearer one end, instead of opposite at the center.

It has never moved during the time until a few days ago when the farther end toward the wall raised three times in succession a few inches from the floor and the name, Czolgosz, announced.

He informed me that he never was importuned by mortals, or had the least desire or inclination to commit murder while the idea of killing the President was foreign to his thoughts—that the fact was, he was controlled by an invisible being to commit the terrible deed—was in reality a victim.

He has not yet, he says, met the cruel, heartless monster who thus through him commited the crime, and almost constantly while in the presence of others kept him thus under control. S. A. M.

The lady who brought me the above came to Home from Los Angeles the past summer with her husband and daughter. The daughter was absent when this was given. They are quiet, unpretending people. I have said from the first that Czolgosz was controlled—that whoever the cotnrolling spirit was, the Catholic church, visible and invisible, was the prime mover, the purpose to excite puplic opinion against the only class of people whose flag means Univesal Brotherhood.

I wondered somewhat that the message should come to me. as neither myself or any one here had heard of the man before the fatal shot. He tried to ingratiate himself with the Chicago comrades a few days before, but his manner was such they thought him a spy. And none here have any more sympathy with that assassination than we have with those who fired on a wedding party in the Phillippines, killing bride and groom, with many others, in order to take a prisoner. Both were dastardly deeds. But, as I published my opinion at the time it must be through that means Czolgosz reached me. My belief in the matter is in strict accord with the Spiritualistic philosophy, and that sometimes those who have been tortured out of this life should control mortals to obtain revenge is not so strange. I have a letter from an eastern lady in reply to "Hepsy Mariar's dreme" taking the ground that Bresci controlled Czolgosz. As likely to be him as another.

Some seventeen years since when urging Spiritualists to espouse the cause of labor as a part of their legitimate work, I warned them that unless something was done here that gave hopes of relief, the fast becoming desperate ones in spirit life wo'd control sensitives to do just such deeds. They are not dead though gone from mortal sight; and we cannot escape them if we would. They blow Gabriel's trump to summon the nations to judgment.

ANOTHER DREME.

Saryan:—What has cum ter me that I shud be dremin sich quare dremes? If I wuz a Caholic I'd go to the preste about it; I dont bleve in preste no how, but this gets me. I wunder if a preste cud explane? Well, Ive had another, an quarer than tuther wun. I wuz wher things wuz nicer than Ive ever seen, an the fokes, o but tha wer grand! Jest then the hed man sed, he's a cumin. I wunderd who, but in a minit in walkt Mckinley, an such a fus az tha made I cant tel.

When the gretin wuz dun the hed man an I swan tu man if twant that same ole pope with hiz Sunda face on, an he sez ter McKinley, yer ken blame the Spiritulis fur this. How is that, sed Mac.

Its like this, sed the pope, an he lokt so swete, weve tride tu kepe the dores shut betwene here an thar eccept thru the church, fur the wiked wuns here wud controle the wiked wuns thar ter du wik ed dedes. We kept um all shet fur a long time but wun uv our watch fel aslepe an a Yanke pedler got the ke, opend a dore an went thru, an the uther crowd after him an weged in so, we cudnt git the dore shet agin; an the peple tha call Spiritulis dui awl tha cud ter help um. But fer that we cud hev got the dore shet afore now, an the wiked wun here cudnt hev controled the wiked wun thar ter du the shutin. More 'n that, if tha didnt no tha cud tha wudnt tri, but the Spiritulis ar doin awl tha can ter let awl the wiked wuns no.

That ma be so, sed Mac, but if the bad can get thar the gud can tu, an aint the gud the strongest?

God pervides fer that, an he lets the wiked wuns du hiz wurk when he seez best.

Tru, its God's wil er I shudnt be here, sed Mac, but whars Lasher an Garfelde?

Oh thave gone ahed ter fix fur yer cumin; this is jest a restin place.

Mac sed nothin ter this, but didnt seme egxacly plezd; rely, he didnt seme ter fele ter hum. The pope kep smilin at im, ez did the uthers; an the pope sed, yer nede ter rest, an opnin a dore ter the rite, sed, wil yer honer pleze go in an lie down, an we'l leve yer fur a bit.

Thanks, but Ile go out an luk round a little furst.

When Mac had gon out an the dore wuz shet, that hed man, the pope sed, weve got ter be mity carful er we cant kepe im. He never wuz with us at hart; but we got im half hipnertized an so tide up he had ter du az we sed. Jest a minit after wun cum runin in an sed, he'z gon, Linken cum an tuk im in a shinin car.

An we'l never se im agin, sed the pope, an he lukt so orful I wuz scart wus 'n the furst time an when I wokd Josire wuz shakin me an sain, Hepsy Mariar, what yer holerin fur?

Now Saryan, what can I du ter stop sich dremin? Josire lafs an sez kepe dremin, an he lafs at my spelin tu, but whars the use uv sain wurds wun wa an spelin um anuther? Hepsy Mariar.

Dremton, Nov. 10.

I want to say to all liberty lovers that the arrest of our comrades here, is the signal for their arrest if they dare to discuss the question most vital to the welfare of the race. The conviction of these will be the arrest and conviction of scores of others. Help us to meet the cost of a valiant fight for these, for yourselves, and for your children.

O. C. Verity, Home, Wash. is treasurer of the defense fund.

The Socialists of Chicago have cleared the air by coming out into the open and declaring the cause of Anarchy their cause—So says the Chronicle.

The Catholics of Chicago are organizing Labor Unions under priestly direction. Socialists and Anarchists need not apply.—The People's Press.

CLOTHED WIH THE SUN.

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And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet. Revelation xii. 1.

In all the past, connected with all religious systems, there have been those who have sensed and symbolized the deeper truths of life—have symbolized, but have not understood the deeper meaning that time and experience can alone reveal, and of none is it more true than of the vision or symbol from which the name of this paper is taken—Clothed With The Sun—the symbol of direct power. Woman will not always shine by reflected light. She will assert herself and put the moon of subjection under her feet.

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If you want private information on any subject, enclose not less than one dollar for reply. *The Nautilus.*

And Clothed With The Sun says the same. One of the lessons the public needs to learn is that an editor's time is worth something as well as a lawyer's.

Entered at the Postoffice, Home, Wash. as Second Class matter.

THE AWFUL FATE OF FALLEN WOMEN.

The Mental Advocate comes to me again this month and with an article under the above heading.

Oh, soul of mine! is there no way to make Dr. Paul Edwards, Mental Scientist, and all others who recognize the power of mind—is there no way to make them know there are no fallen women in the sense that the world uses that term! There is no sin, no crime for either man or woman in a mutual, loving sex relation because not legally sanctioned, and those who claim that it is, blaspheme the name of love while claiming that it is God.

"Oh, not that kind of love! that is lust."

And pray, what other kind of love is there except sex love and its branches, paternal love, fraternal love and filial love? You never call any of these loves impure, and yet they are all rooted in sex. Every one of them prove the sex act. Can the branches be pure and the root impure? What is lust? Nothing more or less than desire. If we are hungry for food, then we desire, lust after food. Dr. Chevannes, the philosopher of Lexington, Ky. says the sexes seek each other for life, and he is right. There is no life only through the mingling of those two factors of being, the male and female forces. In them we live and move and have our existence.

Another physician, one who, perhaps, has done more to stimulate thought along this line than all the other physicians in the country, Dr. E. B. Foote of New York City, says:

"People of both sexes generally recognize the fact of sexual attraction; few have given the least attention to the subtle element which constitutes it. This element, if investigated, is found not only to be a nutrient, but a stimulant more potent than alcohol, and naturally possessing none of the injurious properties of the latter. It gives vigor, and, in reality, it imparts erectile power to all the tissues of the body, and aids in producing and preserving plumpness of form. It stimulates ambition, imparts elasticity to the muscles and brilliancy to the eye of those who are favored with its influence. Both sexes have an appetite for it, and frequently without knowing it. They long for something, they know not what, and seek to appease an indefinable desire by resorting to narcotics, stimulants and nervines. Herein drunkenness has an incentive, which has, perhaps, never before been thought of; but it is a fact that, with the imperfect social arraingements which characterize our so-called civilization, and which attempt to regulate the social intercourse of the sexes, men and women go up and down the earth famishing for something they cannot, or will not tell you what—and finally, in their blind search for what their systems crave, take to liquor, tobacco or opium."

Well, what of it! what if the sexes do thus need each other! what does that matter beside the Law! Will the standard morality, the standard religion abate a single claim to save a man from drunkenness or a woman from prostitution? Not a whit. Let God be saved though all men and all women are damned. Harsh, is it? Not half so harsh as it is on that poor girl to be made to feel that she has fallen because she has taken a draught of the fountain of life without the sanction of man's law, oh, I've just found out something—

—HAVE DISCOVERED WHY—

a man is accepted and a woman condemned for the same act. Why is it? What is the reason? I hear from scores of those who have wondered at, and protested against this seeming, would be real, injustice, were it a question of morality, but, as woman is property under the law it is simply a question of business. Property that cannot stand the test demanded is cast aside, and why should woman be an exception? She will not, she cannot be, till she is taken out of the property list, till she really owns herself, and then she will need no exception in her favor. Till then there will be the every day tragedy, as shadowed below.

He sat in honor's seat,
And rapturous ladies gazed into his eyes.
She stood without, beneath the wintry skies,
In snow and sleet.

He spoke of faith's decay;
The ladies sighed because he spoke so true.
She hid her face in hands frost-numbed and blue,
And dare not pray.

"Dare not pray!" Oh, the cruelty of it! You say she has fallen. No, you, the so-called pure ones, have knocked her down with your condemnation. You have enveloped her in a cloud that shuts out hope from this life and the next. Cruel! cruel! No, you do not mean to be cruel; you think it best. And so thought the founders of the inquisition. If there had been, as they believed, a dreadful hell of eternal torture for those who imbibed heresy, then how much better to torture a few to prevent the spread of heresy, and perhaps save the souls of the tortured ones—how much better than that heresy should spread among the people.

Were the doctrine of such a hell true what they did was kindness, but they were wrongly taught; ignorance was the root of that cruelty. Ignorance is at the root of the cruelty to woman. But, as the forces of evolution prevailed against the fires of hell, so will they prevail against this other evil.

Woman is beginning to grow from the soul forces of the life within and the end is sure. All that stands in the way of her full freedom must yield.

Yes, those old inquisitors were wrongly taught, but not more wrongly taught than we have been in regard to this question of sex, that its use is impure unless legally sanctioned, that a woman who tastes the sweets of love without permission is a fallen woman. Such teaching is blasphemy against the Infinite Life Fountain—the idea that human enactments can purify its streams!

"Men are beasts." Not at all, Mr. Ledger Editor, never once thought of it. Men have been wrongly taught, but they too are growing. Thousands are now so far above the standard of the law that they are our earnest supporters in our demand for freedom. But those men who have not grown beyond the standard—property in woman—are justified in treating her as they do, and will be as long as she consents to be owned.

Yes, there are many men who are above both law and custom, but irresponsible power tends to brutalize the holder, and, as men have so long held such power over woman's person in the marriage bed, I am led to wonder that they are generally as good as they are.

IN A QUANDARY.

I am really at a loss whether to take a piece of advice I have lately recived, or to walk in the path that seems to me best. It seems that my editorial on Mental Science disturbed a scientist and she writes:

"Why not put all your energy into telling what looks to you the right way and omit all this decrying of people who just as honestly are telling what looks to them to be the right?"

Yes, why not? The question is a fair one and I do not like to wound the honest soul that asks it. I began to analyze her letter by making quotations and comments for publication, then thought I wouldn't, so sent her what I had written, instead. But here comes The Mental Advocate again, and so full of that which is false that I cannot well be true to myself and keep quiet. Now, sister, permit me to ask you a question. If "We see without us that which is within." How is it then that the writings of yourself and Dr. Edwards of the Advocate affect me so differently? I do not agree with all that you say, but I feel that you are honest. The Dr. seems to me a charlatan, a sycophant anxious only for the dollar. Now please explain?

It won't do, little sister, to stretch the moyety of truth contained in your statement to cover all cases, for, misapplied, it becomes false, misleading. Then, you call me large-hearted, broad minded, and, in almost the next line you tell me I am unjust, ungenerous. I cannot be generous at the expense of truth, and justice demands that I speak for those who cannot speak for themselves, such as seem to be below the Mental Science line. But there is another statement in your letter, my sister, that surprises me very much. It is this:

"If only the narrow and stupid were in all systems but yours, and all the bright and liberal people in yours then you might have an argument."

Please pardon me for the unavoidable reflection but no THINKER would make it the basis of an argument. Truth does not depend upon either the number or intelligence of its advocates, and, as to "my system," I have no system. I am not egotistical enough to attempt to formulate a system—to build a dwelling place for a point of truth that I may discover; for, if I did, I should have to stay by it and I have no time for such work. I am a pioneer blazing the track to the land of freedom for woman, and I naturally, inevitably oppose that which stands across the path.

Freedom cannot come to woman under the present economic system, a system that breeds injustice and crime as naturally as stagnant pools breed tadpoles and malaria. Knowing this, I am grieved and indignant when I find that Mental Scientists seemingly give no thought to the inevitable tendency of the system, while offering to teach the few, for a consideration, how to succeed—yes, the few—for, as things are, the many cannot. No, I am not indignant against those who are honest in their belief, and perhaps I should not be against those who are not honest, but should remember that they too are the product of the system. Yes, and that thought only intensifies me the more against it.

But the reader is waiting for my reason for my opinion of the editor of The Mental Advocate. Dr. Paul says of William McKinley: "There are none left so nearly just, so nearly perfect." Is it true? No, there are thousands left. He may have been as good, even better than the average president, Lincoln excepted, but our political atmosphere is not pure enough to seat our best men in the presidential chair. I could quote several more equally false and foolish statements which, could McKinley speak he would rebuke by saying, Sir, I have no office for you. Now, it is not office but patronage the Dr. is seeking, and he will doubtless get it from high toned ladies who have more money than brains, poor souls!

But I am not yet done with the Dr. He says: "Let us be content with this physical existence; it is only transitory." The same old chestnut that has come from the well to do classes for ages. Dr., how far back do you belong? Suppose that instead of your "seven rooms" in which "everything is brand new, modest, but 'up to date'" you had to eat and sleep in one room and half a dozen of you at that, and instead of being able to send your son to "France to college" that son had to work early and late to help you to eke out a bare subsistence, how would you like to be advised to be content? Again—You say:

"There is not a diseased atom in our bodies that has not been made so by—perverted thought." You do not say in so many words it is always from our own

thought, but that is the natural inference, for you continue thus: "If all our thoughts were sweet, wholesome, harmonious and benign, we would never fall into the bondage of sickness." Dr., if you had to tramp for work with a sick wife and hungry babes at home, or perhaps your few goods have just been set out of doors because you could not pay your rent, how harmonious and sweet do you think your thoughts would be? If it is the thought that produces the "diseased atom" what of the child that is filled with syphilus because of contagion from its father? Yes the race thought that looks on the sex act as vile unless sanctioned by some human law, this, and not the thought of the babe that comes into the world diseased. And, as things now are, we are all of us more or less subject to conditions that bring disease, conditions that our personal thought has had nothing to do in creating. Some are strong enough to overcome, to come out unscathed in the midst of contagion, and some also grow rich in the midst of poverty. You say the cases are not parallel. I am not so certain of that but cannot give my reasons now. One thing more the Dr. says which is true only for a part of the people.

He states the conditions of health and says they are costless. Does he get his office "flooded with glorious sunshine" for the same price as if on the shady side of the house? Certainly he does not. I have roomed six months at a time where the sun barely touched that corner a few minutes on the brightest day, that because I could not afford to pay the price asked for rooms on the sunny side of the house.

No sir, sunshine in our cities is not "costless." In all our large cities there are thousands who have no time for sunshine and to whom "proper air" is an impossibility, and there are thousands more whose day is the night, made such by the race thought that a woman who yields to love without law has fallen.

And now Dr., even while scathing you, I feel like asking your pardon, for we all, so far as this external life is concerned, are what conditions have made us; but I see so clearly that there is no hope for the whole people under the present system that I don't know how to be patient with proposed reforms that, as things now are, can benefit only the few, while in the mean time, the system remains untouched.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

The following is a part of a poem with the above title. It so illustrates the crushing power the thought directed against a woman who yields to love without law, that I give it here. What comes after is the result of that thought. She is simply the victim.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell: fell like the snow flake from heaven—to hell:
Fell to be trampled as the filth in the street: fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat.
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die, selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low? And yet, I was once like the beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow, with an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—flattered and sought for the charm of my face.
Father, mother, sisters all, God, and myself, I have lost by my fall.
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh;
For of all that is on or about me, I know there is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

Such are the words the poet puts into the mouth of one that society has knocked down and stamped upon because of taking a draught from "life's flowing fountain" without asking leave. Have church and state a joint patent thereon which must not be infringed under penalty of social leprosy? It seems so.

SPIRITUALISM.

To the editor of Clothed With the Sun:

"If you had as much evidence as I have had you would be a Spiritualist in spite of yourself," you say. You are aware that there are different classes of evidence. To which class does the evidence belong which you and other believers in Spiritualism offer in support of spirit existence?

Let us look into the every-day conduct of men and women and see if we can find an answer to this question. It cannot be denied that the subject of spirit existence is an all-important and most interesting question. It will be readily granted that the establishmen of no fact in nature would produce the unbounded joy, the supreme delight and eternal satisfaction that the demonstration of the truth of the future existence of our friends and of ourselves.

The demonstration of such fact would practically obliterate separation. The incident of death would no longer be separation, but as though the loved one had gone on a journey, and the lively anticipation of a happy meeting in the near future would be a source of unfailing satisfaction, and life's greatest horror would fade from the minds of men and women, no longer to darken the pleasures of innocent childhood. The most desirable consumation of felicity being the result of the acceptance of the evidence of Spiritualism, why is it that this sweet haven of rest has not been entered into by the weary longing millions of human kind? To my mind, there can be but one answer to this question.

The evidence which speciailists in Spiritualistic phenomena produce is simply presumptive evidence. From the very nature of the case it cannot be otherwise. [A presumtive assertion. L. W.]

Spiritualistic speculations, as well as the speculations of religionists, are outside of the domain of science. The fields of scientific investigation, though they embrace the boundless universe, yet in their illimitable vastness do not recognize the sophistries and puerilities of those infantile dreams and fancies that have taken their rise in the childhood of the race.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of the idea or belief of a soul or spiritual entity with a separate existence, and independent of the body, that after its dissolution, having emerged from the physical body, would ascend to realms of spirit life to continue its existence, yet the vast majority of men and women have no correct views of the meaning of the word spirit, or soul, sometimes used as a synonim for the word spirit.

They have not, neither can they, discern their spirit nor find out if they have a spirit.

HENRY C. ROBERTS.

We do not claim, friend Roberts, that we *have* spirits but that we *are* spirits clothed for the time, in flesh. Your statement that we cannot know is mere assertion. It is not safe to set a limit to what may be known. I have seen with my eyes tighly closed, and just as naturally and plainly as with them open. By the same law that I know myself in the body, do I know myself, not my spirit, but myself, out of the body, and I have experienced both.

Referring to the last paragraph but one of the above, I am glad my friend is awake, but its rather hard on me to be left among the "dreams and puerilities," and then to have evidence that they are true! Please, somebody, be sorry for me! But one thing the brother speaks of is entirely new. I have been a Spiritualist for over 40 years. I have known men and women taken from the kitchen and the plough to the platform. Know of a fine physical medium taken from the washtub at which she toiled for her children's bread, and brought before the public to challenge scientific investigators with her wonderful powers, till then unknown. I have known of a child who had not learned to write, giving communications in the handwriting of a deceased relative; and this is but a tithe of what I could tell, but I never before heard of "specialists" in Spiritualistic phenomena. Specialists, trained for the purpose.

As to the picture of the result if a future existence could be demonstrated to the masses, were life all that is needed for happiness it would be true as well as beautiful. As far as it can be true, thousands are in its enjoyment now, and what science don't know of the "boundless universe" would make a big book.

☞ Don't Forget——That one more No. completes the Volume. Then renewals will be in order for the most of my subscribers, every one of whom, on sending $1. and two new yearly, or four six months subscribers can have their own free for the year, but they must be NEW, not names now on the list.

☞ Home is a postal order office, and has been for over a year, yet the postal department is so busy attending to other people's business it hasn't informed all its subordinates yet, and, as a consequence, my last order must be collected at Tacoma.

It is surprising what people will stand when the name of Jesus or the Lord is attached to it. Look at the Salvation Army for instance. It is a vast cadging combination preying upon the public by praying in public, murdering the King's English and blowing noise out of brass horns. All for the enrichment and glorification of the Booth family. When Bill Booth started the game he had not a dollar; now he has a million. Still the public will buy the War Cry, that horrible literary nightmare, and think that they are helping the poor. Lowery's Claim.

Not any more surprising than what people will stand when the name of Royalty is attached. And why has not "Bill Booth" as good a right to win a million from the public as has Ed Guelph to take possession of the millions his ancesters won for him, and the throne of England besides? And the Salvation Army noise is no more silly than the booming of cannon and "God save the king." If brains were honored Bill would stand a better chance than Ed. L. W.

LOVE AND REASON.

The lily's lips are pure and white without a touch of fire;
The rose's heart is warm and red and sweetened with desire.
In earth's broad fields of deathless bloom the gladest lives are those
Whose thoughts are as the lily and whose love is like the rose.

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UNDER THE SYSTEM.

BY ENOLA STARR.

Continued from last issue.

Over four months had passed since Helen had written to Lady Carlton, and still no reply.

"Its that sick brother of Mr. Barton's that's taking their attention, but I feel that I shall hear soon," said Helen to her mother, one morning after John had gone to the office.

"I think you are right as to the cause of the delay," was the reply.

"I did not tell you, mother, I wrote her an account of Miss Vaughn's case, and I am a little curious to learn how she takes it."

"She will not be likely to feel about it as you do, Helen; and that remin s me that we have not written out for lady Carlton what we promised Mr. Barton we would."

"No, she said nothing of it in her note to me and I thought perhaps Mr. Barton might be mistaken as to her wishes."

"More than likely he had not told her yet, they wo'd have so much to talk of."

"I didn't think of that; well, we'll see what the next letter brings."

The first thing John said when he came to dinner was: "Long looked for, come at last; plain Mr. Barton is now Sir Edward, and of course he'll marry now as soon as the decencies will permit; there Helen, is yours," tossing a letter into her lap, "hurry and read it and give us the contents."

"She took it, looked at the addr'ss then put it into her pocket, saying:

"I don't care to read it just now; if there's anything in it I want you to know I will tell you to-night."

"Now sis, that's too bad, but I suppose I must submit," yet he looked anything but submissive. The fact was he felt that Helen had the confidence of their English friends in a way that he did not, and it annoyed him.

After dinner he stood around awhile as if he half hoped Helen would relent, but finally went back to his office; then Helen opened her letter and read it to her mother. She first glanced over it and exclaimed:

"Why, they are married now! It is signed Sir Edward' and lady Barton."

"Now John will feel hurt because he wasn'et told," said Mrs Middleton.

"Well he needn't, mother. A man doesn't surrender his name, but lady Barton couldn't sign her new name without letting me know; Sir Edward says: 'You will be surprised to learn that we are married, but my brother wished to see us united and we couldn't refuse him. It was a solomn scene, and in heart we pledgd ourselves to our people and to the world at large as well as to each other.'"

"If all our aristocracy were like that what a different state of things we sho'd have," remarked Mrs. Middleton.

"Yes," replied Helen, "and he attributes it all to his mother; I wonder to what she attributes her unusual traits of character?"

"Read what she says and you may learn," and Helen read:

"Dear Miss Middleton:—I cannot tell you how much I am indebted for Miss Vaughn's history which you were so kind as to send me, it has given me so much food for thought. I hope soon to receive a full statement of what you were kind enough, you and your honored mother, to tell Sir Edward of the influences surrounding her before your birth, and the subsequent effect upon yourself.

Oh the wonderful power of hereditary environment!

"I am satisfied that to woman belongs the power and the right to redeem the race, and will, when she can be free to choose her own conditions for motherhood. I have a history to give you in regard to my own heredity which will perhaps surprise you, but I wish to hear from you again first. I will say this however: titles are of no value to me, and though legally born to one, could I have had the ordering of things I would rather have been plain Miss Carlton, and now Mrs. Barton, than to have the title, and Sir Edward would rather have remained plain Mr. Barton, but we are so tied up by the conventionalities that it would be considered as much out of place for us to repudia te our titles as it would in your country to assume titles."

There was nothing more of importance and for a little time not a word was said Both mother and daughter were busy with their own thoughts. Presently Mrs Middleton remarked:

"We must redeem our promise now and write out, and send that account, for I am anxious to learn of the heredity that could produce such a character as lady Barton."

"I am ready to do my part, mother, but did I ever see that early friend of yours, Mrs. Bonner, Julia you always called her?"

"Not to recollect her; you were not a year old when she went west, but what made you think of her now?"

"Why, she's connected with my heredity, as you know, and I dreamed about her last night; how long is it since you heard of her death?"

"Over ten years, how I wish I could hear something of her boy, when is Millie coming back?"

"Oh, any time, she may be here today," just then the barking of the dog caused Helen to turn and look out of the window. "Talk of old mischief and she's sure to appear!" she exclaimed, "here she comes, but there is a stranger with her, a young man, I won ler what that means?"

Ordinarily Helen would have rushed out to meet her friend but now the presence of the stranger deterred her. Mrs. Middleton, when Helen said it was a young man, stepped to another window and looked through the bl nd. There was something in his appearance that caused her to go to the door with Helen when the bell rang.

"I found this gentleman," said Millie, "inquiring for the Middletons, said his mother used to know them, so I brought him along, but I can't introduce him as I don't know his name."

"My name is Bonner"—

"I knew it! its Julia's boy!" and the usually quiet woman sprang forward, threw both arms around him, pressed him to her heart then held him at arm's length, eagerly scanning his features in her hunger for the looks of the friends of her youth.

There were tears in the eyes of both the girls, but Millie, true to her nature, created a diversion by saying:

"Why, mother Middleton! I didn't think you would set us girls such an example as that, and then, after bringin; him to you, you don't even tell him who I am."

This brought things back somewhat to their normal condition. The girls were introduced and soon conversation flowed naturally, still Mrs Middleton could not keep her eyes from the young man's face. Presently he said something that made her ask if he was married.

"No," he eplied, "I had no luck in the west, so came east."

Then, to turn the joke on Millie, and to still further relieve her own emotions she said

"Here are a couple of forlorn maids, perhaps you can get one of them."

The girls colored but laughed, and the young man, entering into the spirit of the joke, proceeded, as Helen afterward said, to take an inventory, his eye finally resting upon Millie.

"There, I knew it!" exclaimed Helen "no chance for me where Millie is," and she ran out of the room, followed by the laughing Millie.

Young Bonner remarked upon the evidently strong friendship existing between the two girls, and Mrs. Middleton replied:

"Yes, and the friendship between your mother and myself was so like theirs I think of Julia, as I always called her, whenever I see them together. She was so young when your father died I tho't she would marry again."

"No, when I was quite young I heard her say that no other man could ever fill his place."

"I fear" she continued, "she never got over the loss of the home your father provided for her; the memory of it has always been a source of pain to me, and my husband regretted having to sell it."

"Having to sell it," repeated Bonner, looking a little puzzled.

"Yes, Henry, I am glad you have your father's name and that is what I used to call him, may I call you so?"

"Certainly; I prefer that you should."

She then told him what Mr. Middleton had told her of the situation of his business at the time of the sale. He listened attentively and then asked:

"Did you not write mother something of this at the time?"

"Yes, I told her all about it, but you were so young at the time I thought you would understand better by hearing it from me."

"I don't think, dear lady, that I fully understood the matter, but I saw the letter and heard mother say she felt better toward Mr. Middleton because of it."

"That comforts me much, Henry, for I am fully satisfied that the system under which we live is the cause of a large portion of society's wrongs, but Helen can talk with you on that subject better than I can. I only wanted you to know the facts so you could do my husband justice."

"I am glad you have told me, is the house my father built still standing?"

"It is, the man who bought has kept it for his tenant to live in, but died recently, and its for sale now."

"Well, we will go and see it, I want you to go with me."

"Certainly I will, and Henry, I have felt a strong desire to buy it, if you will stay with us I shall be only too glad to buy it for you."

"You are too generous. I should like to own the place and will buy it myself if the price is such that I can."

"Do not refuse me; my husband sav'd himself through what cost your mother the loss of her home; he died wealthy and I often feel that my abundance has been purchased by her pain, and it wo'd be such a satisfaction to me to see you in possession of that place without cost to yourself."—

Just here she sprang to her feet, reach'd out her arms and fainted. The girls ran in, she was lifted to the lounge and the usual remedies applied. Presently she opened her eyes and looked inquiringly around.

"What is it, mother?" asked Helen.

"I saw your father."

"Clairvoyance is getting to be quite common, and is now considered the natural opening of the spiritual sight." remarked Bonner, noting the anxious look on Helen's face.

"Are you a Spiritualist?" she asked.

"I know something of their teaching and have had some strange experiences myself."

"And so have I," she replied, "I wish I knew more about it."

"Well, I know that what I am going to do is right," said Mrs. Middleton, rising to a sitting posture, "for when I told Henry I wanted him to have the place that was his mother's without cost to him, I saw your father, and he bowed and smiled."

"Henry and Helen, double H, and it will be all in the family, wont that be nice!" exclaimed Millie.

"Oh you incorrigible, no one will get the blues where you are," said Helen in response.

Well, the place was bought and deeded to Henry Bonner. No one objected but John, and he might as well have kept quiet. A week had not passed after Henry Bonner came before it was evident there was a strong attraction between him and Millie. She had found her "prince."

To be continued.

PROFESSIONAL MURDERERS.

They [the people] see the unceasing care Kings, Emperors, Presidents bestow on diciplined armies, see the parades, reviews, manoevers they hold, and of which they boast to one another, and the people eagerly crowd to see how their own brothers, dressed up in bright-colored, glittering clothes, are turned into machines to sound of drum and trumpet, and who, obedient to the shouting of one man, all make the same movements; and they do not understand the meaning of it all.

Yet the meaning of such drilling is very clear and simple. It is preparing for murder. It means the stupifying of men in order to convert them into instruments for murdering.

And it is just Kings and Emperors and Presidents who do it, and organize it, and pride themselves on it. And it is the same people, whose especial employment is murder-organizing, who have made murder their profession, who dress in military uniforms carry weapons, (swords at their side) who are horror-struck and indignant when one of themselves is killed.

—TOLSTOI.

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